December 10, 1932

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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ALAN FOSTER

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DEC. 10, 1932

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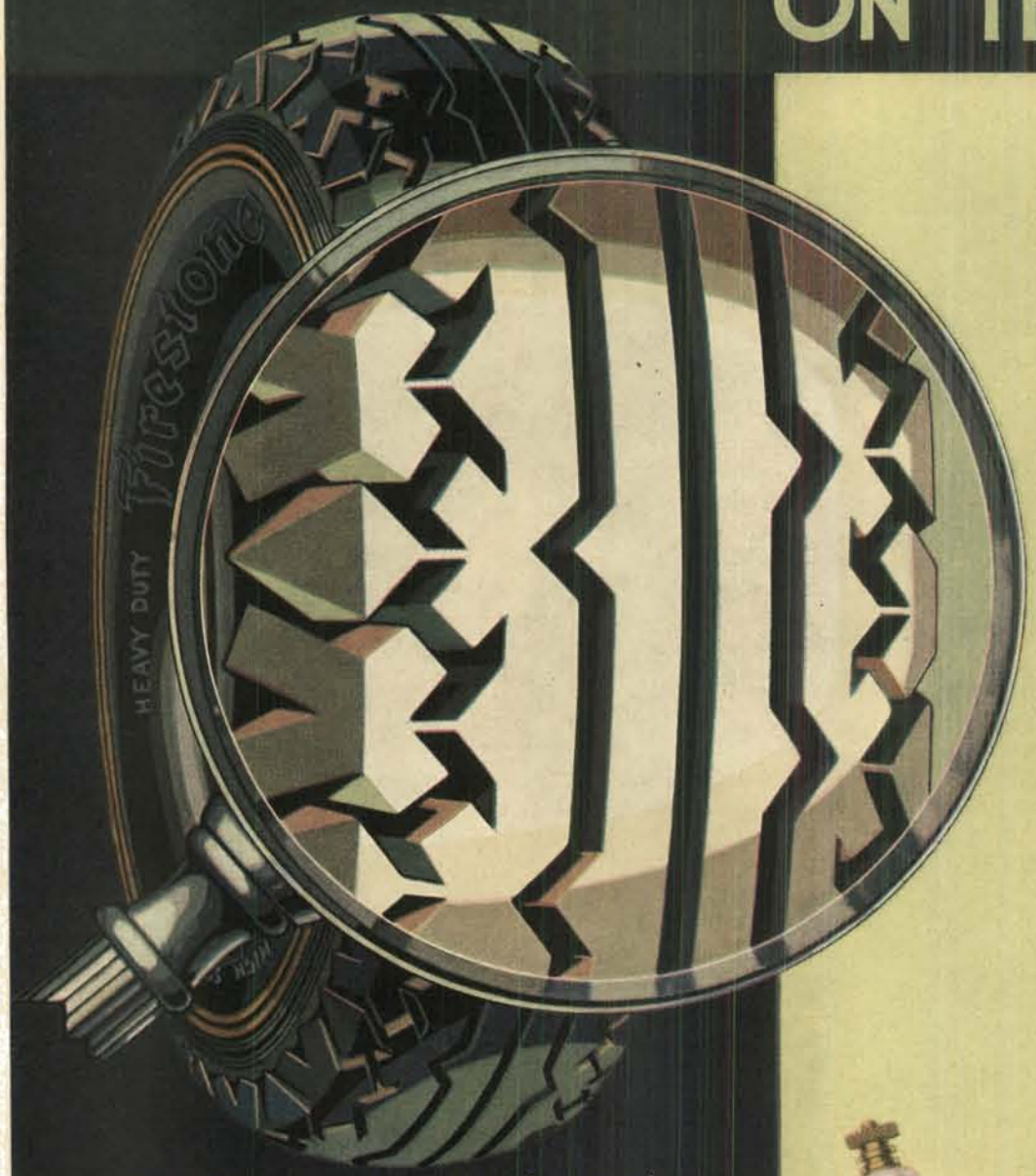
FIRST CHOICE
OF DRIVERS WHO RISK THEIR LIVES ON THEIR TIRES . .



The Firestone Tread is designed with angles and projections to give the maximum traction and non-skid. The brakes can stop the wheels, but the tires must stop the car.

[*Listen to the* **"Voice of Firestone"** *every Monday night over N.B.C. nationwide network*]

SKIDDING and SLIPPING, punctures and blow-outs, happen when tires are worn thin and smooth. *Don't take chances by driving another day on thin, smooth, worn tires.*

Fall and winter are the most dangerous driving months of the year—pavements and highways are wet and slippery from rain, slush, snow and ice.

Firestone Tires hold all world's records on road and track for Safety—Speed—Mileage—Endurance.

Glen Schultz recently broke another world's record in the daring Pike's Peak Climb, *where a skid or tire failure meant death.* This is the sixth consecutive year Firestone Non-Skid Tires have been on the winning car.

For thirteen consecutive years, Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires have been on the winning cars in the 500-mile Indianapolis Race—over an oval track at speeds up to 150 miles an hour—*the most gruelling test of tire dependability in the world.* Race drivers will not risk their lives on any other tire.

Ab Jenkins recently set another world's record on Firestone Tires by driving his Pierce-Arrow 112 miles per hour for 24 consecutive hours, covering 2,710 miles, on the hot salt sands of Salduro, Utah, *without tire trouble.*

Why buy any other tire when *Firestone Gum-Dipped Non-Skid Tires cost no more and are first choice of men who know.*

The Firestone Service Dealer in your community will give you a liberal allowance for the tires now on your car, to apply on new Firestone High Speed Tires—with the *added protection* of *Two Extra Gum-Dipped Cord Plies Under the Tread*—the *extra strength* of *Gum-Dipping* and the *extra non-skid efficiency of the tread.*

Trade In Your Smooth Worn Tires Today!

Firestone

TIRES • TUBES • BATTERIES • BRAKE LINING • SPARK PLUGS • RIMS • ACCESSORIES

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Women.. YOU asked for a watch like this..

- *You wanted it small.*
  IT'S TINY.
- *You wanted it accurate.*
  IT'S PRECISE.
- *You wanted it low-priced.*
  IT IS.
- *And it's made by* **HAMILTON.**

YOUR REQUEST is not unreasonable . . . but you must know that the smaller the watch, the harder it is to make *accurate*.

Making such a watch has not been easy even for Hamilton. Yet Hamilton *has* made it.

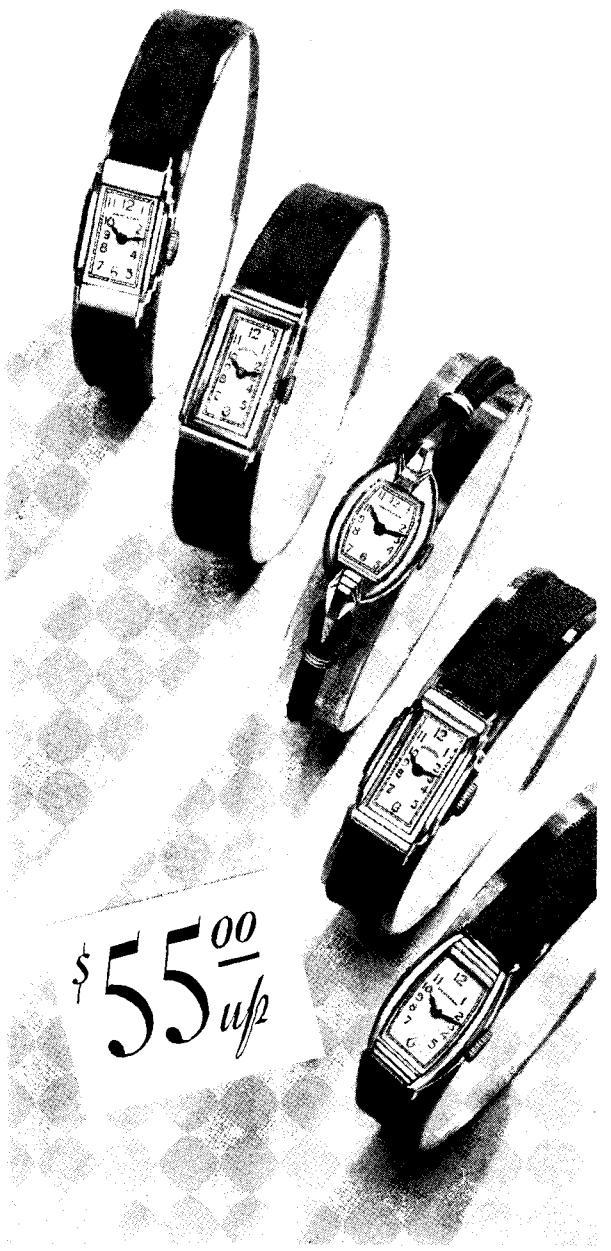
You can see how small it is by placing the end of one slender finger over it. The watch is hidden from view.

Imagine all the infinite care and delicacy Hamilton watchmakers had to use in order to *build* accuracy into *that* tiny space!

It took many long months and called for methods new to the watch industry. It demanded new scientific instruments of extreme precision. It exacted extraordinary human skill.

★ ★ ★

Tiny, accurate Christmas gifts! (In center panel, reading down) GLENWOOD. *filled gold, $55;* MAYFIELD, *filled gold, $55;* VIRGINIA, *cord model, solid gold. $70;* RONDEAU, *solid gold, $65;* QUADRILLE, *solid gold, $65. See them today!*



This marvelous, minute mechanism they have perfected is, perhaps, the most accurate *small* watch in the world. Yet it sells for a truly low price.

Look at the five beautiful models of this new watch. Graciously they bow to you and gently speak their names: Glenwood, Mayfield, Virginia, Rondeau, Quadrille.

Their loveliness is refreshing . . . blending simplicity and modernness. All are 14 karat, solid or filled gold, white or natural yellow. Each has 17 ruby and sapphire jewels. Any one of these watches, resting lightly on your wrist (on *her* wrist, sir!) promises faithfully to keep *accurate* time.

This newest Hamilton is exciting . . . but its making is not unlike that of *all* Hamiltons. The same care, the same patience, the same superlative skill, are employed in the making of every Hamilton. That is the reason Hamilton *fineness* and Hamilton *accuracy* have become legend in the world of watches.

When you Christmas-shop at your jeweler's, ask him to show you this tiny new watch. Ask him to show you, too, all the beautiful Hamiltons—in pocket, strap and wrist models. *His* Hamilton is there, too.

Hamilton has prepared an illustrated Christmas folder, describing in detail this newest watch and other Hamilton models. We'll gladly mail a copy to you, upon request. Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

HAMILTON

the Watch of Railroad Accuracy

Watches pictured. From left to right: FARRAGUT. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, natural yellow or white, with secometer dial, $55. PUTNAM. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, natural yellow or white, with raised gold figure dial, $55. SARGENT. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, natural yellow or white, $50. EDGEWOOD. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, natural yellow or white, with oxidized line design, $50. MOUNT VERNON. 17 jewels. 14k filled gold, natural yellow or white, $50. Other Hamiltons, in many attractive models for both men and women, from $45 to $500.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

AS PAULINE explained it to her father, it was all quite simple. She loved Mal Vincent but she couldn't love him. No girl could. She knew *that he loved her and was convinced* he wasn't capable of loving anyone or anything. She would never marry, never. That was settled, anyway. She'd never marry and she was extremely glad about it, so she thought she'd cry again because the whole thing was a matter of complete indifference to her.

That was her state of mind after she had proposed and Mal had turned her down. It was the end of summer and things looked desperately bad. Dwight Mitchell Wiley shows you all the grim—and, fortunately, imaginary—obstacles in their path, in "Don't Marry Money."

THE Right Honorable Winston Churchill, in the course of a long and distinguished career in the British government, has become thoroughly acquainted with England's problem in India. That problem, Mr. Churchill finds, is very similar—though on a different scale—to our problem in the Philippines. Next week he presents to the American people a careful study of the Philippine situation and a dispassionate recommendation for our future action. Its aim is to maintain peace in the Yellow Seas and it is entitled "Defense in the Pacific."

"CRASHED somewhere in Canada," the injured man said clearly, "somewhere in Canada, failing to reach objective, New York. . . ."

The injured man was Captain Marnier, the French ace. He had been trying to restore his fame, compromised by debts and careless living, by flying from Paris to New York. And now he was down in the wilderness, beyond reach of the telegraph, among suspicious backwoodsmen. Georges Surdez describes his greatest adventure in "Wings of Fame."

BILL CUNNINGHAM gives you the highly colored inside story of his country's third largest sports industry — wrestling. The flying tackle, which brought the sport back into prominence, makes it truer than ever that "the bigger they are—"

LYNN MONTROSS contributes the Short Short Story. Roark Bradford gives you a ringside seat at the meeting between Blue Steel, "The Razor Man," and Bobo, whose weapon was a club. Katharine Haviland-Taylor writes the tragedy of a stifled soul of sixteen in "Something Useful for Christmas." Freling Foster, Don Marquis, John T. Flynn, Arthur Somers Roche and Zane Grey carry on with unabated zest. We're bedazzled.

This Week

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December 10, 1932

DAMON RUNYON
Tobias the Terrible. **A little guy from Pennsylvania, who came to town looking for tough characters. Page 7**

KATHARINE ROBERTS
Artists Don't Need Ruffles. **What Alla Nazimova knows about life. Page 9**

LUCIAN CARY
Just to be Stubborn. **The story of two cablegrams, two men and a girl. Page 10**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Bitter-Sweet Charity. **Rackets that use your sympathy instead of machine guns. Page 12**

FREDERICK C. PAINTON
Two Loves. **The girl was Russian; she needed advice about American ways. Page 14**

WILLIAM MacHARG
The Locked Door. **O'Malley once more uses his head. Page 16**

DON MARQUIS
The Plight of a President. **With incidental accompaniment. Page 17**

JOHN T. FLYNN
Up and Down with Sam Insull. **Insull takes over Chicago. Page 18**

ZANE GREY
Thunder Mountain, Part VIII. **How Kalispel turned thief. Page 20**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Double Scoop, **by Patterson McNutt. Page 22**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
The Great Abduction, Part X. **Organizing the pursuit. Page 25**

THE "WHO WILL SELL LIQUOR?" AWARDS Page 30

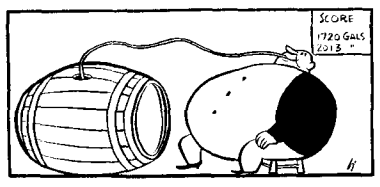
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **You owe it to your friends. Page 48**

EDITORIAL
The Best Will Serve. **Page 50**

●

Any Week

MR. L. D. HEADLEY of Montreal, Canada, observes that Mr. John McSparren, the dry Democrat of Pennsylvania, scoffingly calculates *that only* twelve states would permit the sale of beer and that to raise the half-billion dollars that beer might fetch to the Federal treasury every family in these states would have to consume seventeen hundred pints yearly. Mr. Headley says that this would be easy, granting that Mr. McSparren's figures might by some miracle be right. All Mr. Headley would do is to "corral a few American expatriates in my home town and ship them back to the United States—one to a state—and make that half-billion safe for democracy."



SOMEBODY is going to get a wholly satisfactory kick out of the news that four hundred and eighty-nine Canadian postmasters have been fired since last August for participating in partisan politics. So, as requested by Mrs. John Tremple of Montreal, we publish the tidings.

RIGHT up to the point where James Warner Bellah's hero in Too Many Wives drove his magnificent motor car out of Yuma, Arizona, in "a brooding huff," Mr. G. A. Smith of that city was enjoying himself. But he quit reading at that point to notify us that the hotel accommodations in Yuma are unsurpassed and that— But you get the point. Anyway, we do. And we're pretty sorry for Mr. Bellah's hero, too, because we've been in Yuma and were never more comfortable.

SPEAKING of Canada, as we were a moment ago, we were there ourselves recently. And it was there that we learned of a man who at once became our personal hero. He is a butcher who was closing his shop after a trying day. A masked youth poked a gun into his ribs, notifying him that it was a question of his money or his life. In an honest rage, our hero turned upon the bad man (whom he recognized as the particularly obnoxious son of a neighbor) and not only disarmed him with a slap but gave him a pretty beating as he dragged him blubbering to the nearest police station. We had thought of running around to congratulate that butcher-hero but on second thought felt that he might not be in the best of humors.

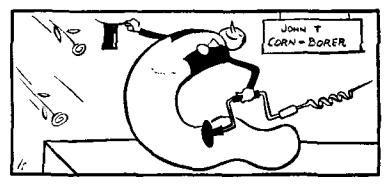
AND Mrs. S. S. Mahoney of Pittston, Pennsylvania, gives us her recollection of a dialogue she overheard as she emerged from the Senate gallery in Washington. One of that profound body's most persistent orators had just delivered himself of many thousand words. A baffled-looking and elderly lady asked her escort what the senator had been talking about.

"I don't know," said he. "These fellers got too much sense to take ordinary folks into their confidence."

"I'M pretty tired hearing the politicians and professional reformers drag George Washington and Abraham Lincoln into their speeches," protests Mr. Allan B. Terrence of Charleston, West Virginia. "Don't they know that if Washington or Lincoln were living today they would be arrested for breaking laws they never thought of and probably would have hated?"

WITH what some folks call mingled feelings we read this from Mr. J. K. Ohsner of Grouette, Arkansas: "I am nineteen years old and never had anything but Collier's to read. Dad won't buy any other paper: says Collier's is good enough for us."

"COME, come," cries Mr. Edward J. Herman of Troy, New York, "let us not forget all those pre-election promises of government economy. Here's my scheme: Cut the size of the national House of Representatives to the same proportions as the Senate—two representatives from each state elected at large. Let's go."



DOUBTLESS there are people in this country who have wondered why somebody hasn't stepped forward with a good word for the corn-borer. Anyway, here it is. And from no less an authority than Mr. C. E. Wharton, president of the National Farm Council and president of the Federated Farm Clubs of Ohio. From Kenton, Ohio, he urges that the Federal government's five thousand corn-borer agents be dismissed because, among other reasons, the borer often helps the farmer by thinning the corn out and because "at a certain season the worm turns into a butterfly and while the boys are looking for the worm under the seat of your flivver the butterfly into which the worm has turned is ten miles overhead."

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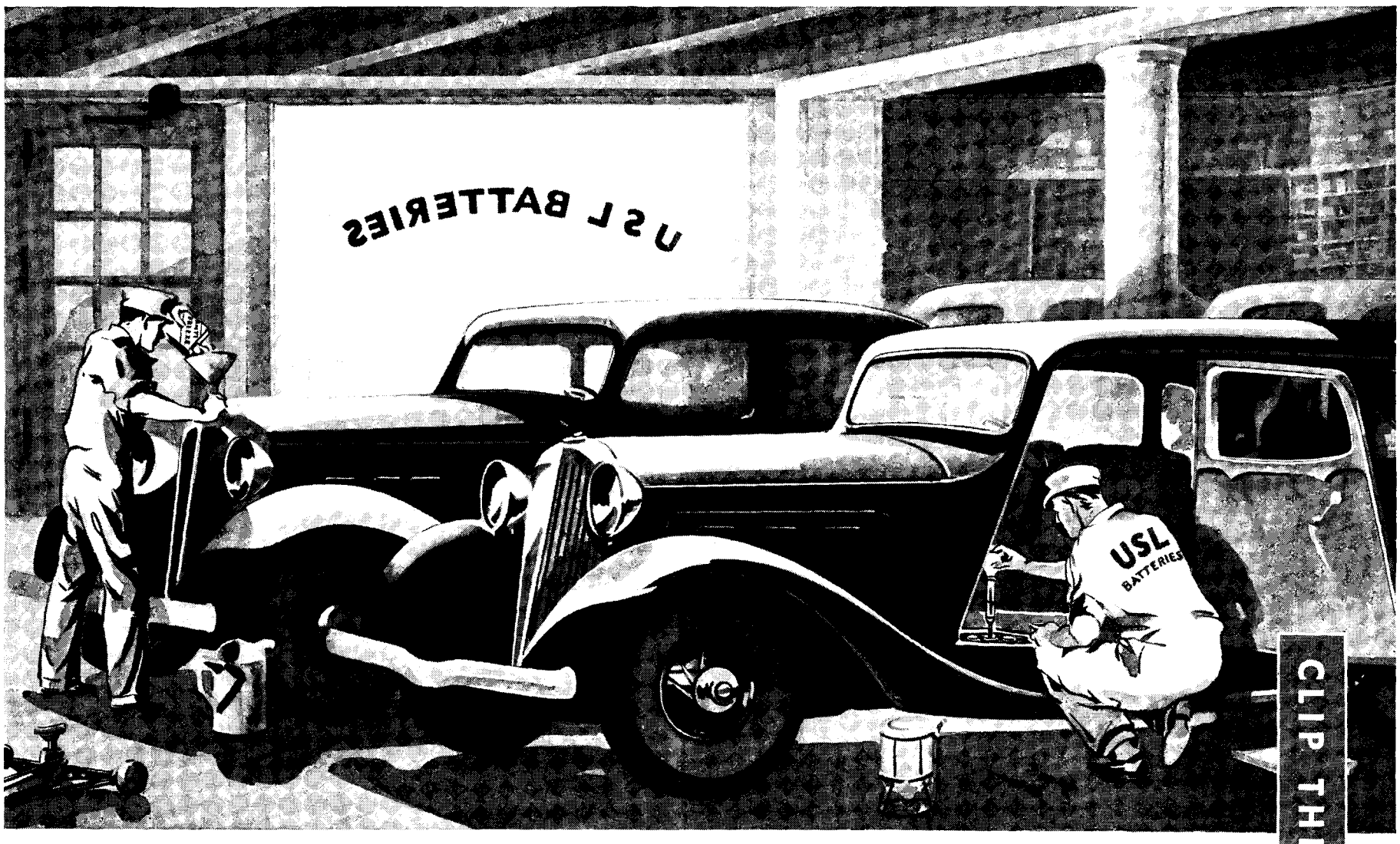


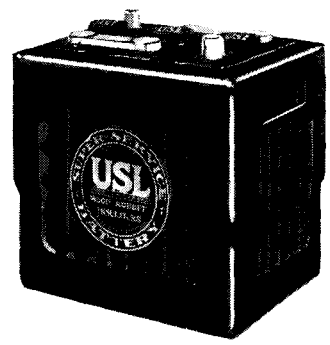
Anti-freeze time is Battery time

Cold weather is *tough* on batteries

When you have your radiator serviced with anti-freeze, by all means have your battery put in condition to withstand the severe strain of cold weather service. For it is at this time of year your battery is most likely to fail.

Go to any one of the 18,000 USL dealers. He will gladly give your battery a complete cold weather inspection... This inspection will almost certainly save you needless trouble and expense later on.

When your present battery needs replacing, remember that outside dimensions, appearance, or number of plates do not tell you how much power a battery will deliver or how long it will last. Many batteries look as good as USL on the outside but actually deliver only half the performance and life... Why gamble with your battery dollars when you can now buy a USL for no more than a so-called "bargain battery"?



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These handsome gold leaf initials for your car—golf bag—traveling bag or any other article are free.

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NOTE: This coupon cannot be honored unless signed by a USL dealer. To locate a USL dealer, look for his USL signs or look in your Classified Telephone Directory under "Batteries." If you cannot locate a USL dealer, write "Cannot find USL dealer" on the coupon and mail it to us.

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Power to Spare

USL BATTERY CORPORATION · NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK
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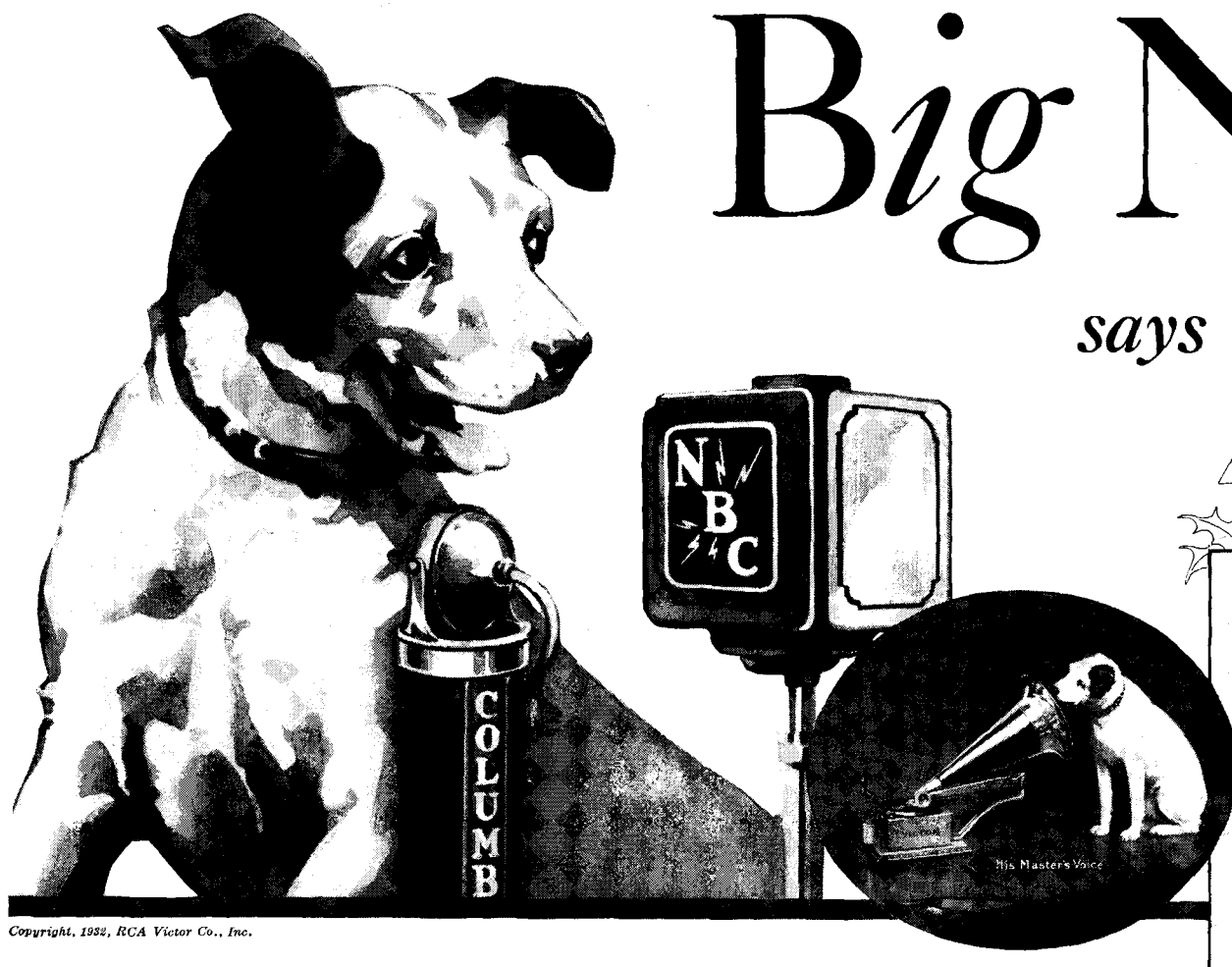
says the Victor Dog



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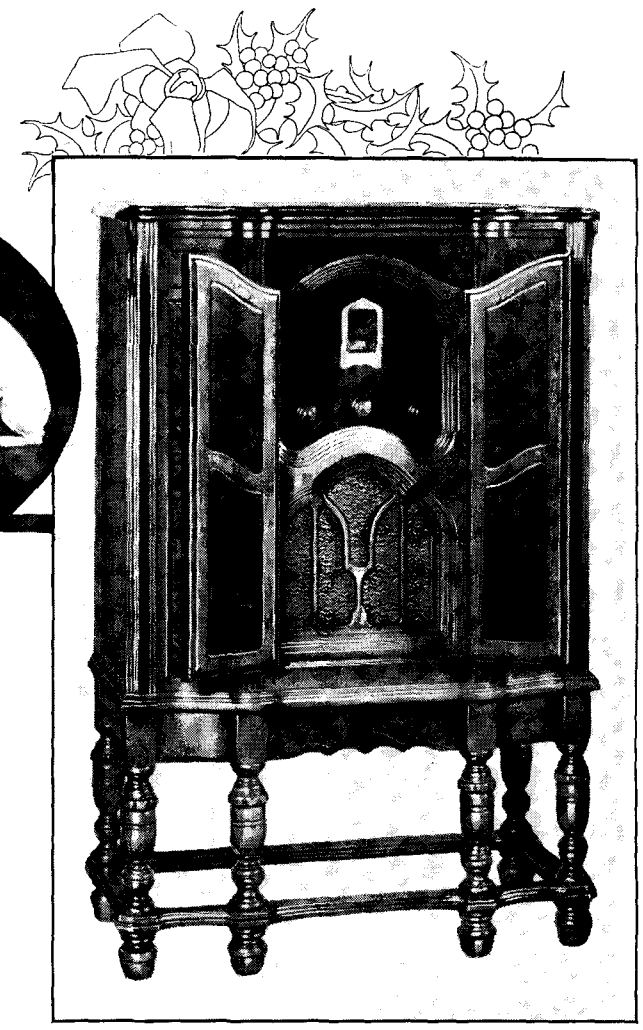

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"In my new radio you hear two complete octaves more of music . . . which means every instrument from a piccolo to an organ comes in richer, fuller . . . throbbing with life. You hear instruments you've only half heard before. It's *all* there —and twice as fine. This radio does things, and *gets* places!

"It's a gift of year after year of pleasure... your dream of what a radio *should* be come true, rich, vivid, wonderful!

"Sure, there's a reason. Nine new improvements... each a real feature... ranging from new tubes to new speaker, plus the magic of Bi-Acoustic tone. At last—you'll really hear, as I did, my master's voice!

"The price? Another thrill. And such easy terms, too, if you like. Don't let anyone get ahead of you on this radio. Hear it . . . put any one of the models through its paces. Stop at any RCA Victor store —where I, personally, will be waiting in the window for you. Hear what two more octaves of music does to a radio program! You'll marvel at new tone magic!"

And for your car . . . enjoy an RCA Victor Automobile Radio—with dyna-motor—at only $69.50.

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"B" Amplification, Automatic Tone Compensators, Dual Automatic Volume Control, Extended Musical Range, Tone Equalizers, Improved Loud Speakers, 12 New Type Radiotrons, Noise Suppressor, Acoustically Perfect Cabinets. Nine Great Improvements.

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AND FOR GROWN-UPS . . . "Tristan and Isolde" (Prelude, Love Music, Love Death) by Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. $8.00. "Grand Canyon Suite" (Grofe) Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra. $5.50.

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The gendarmes try to stop her but the young doll gets to Tobias and kneels at his side

Tobias the Terrible

By Damon Runyon

Tobias Tweeney is a very little guy, weighing maybe as much as a dime's worth of liver, but even little guys can fall in love and sometimes they feel very bad about it indeed

ONE NIGHT I am sitting in Mindy's restaurant on Broadway partaking heartily of some Hungarian goulash which comes very nice in Mindy's, what with the chef being personally somewhat Hungarian himself, when in pops a guy who is a stranger to me and sits down at my table.

I do not pay any attention to the guy at first as I am busy looking over the entries for the next day at Laurel, but I hear him tell the waiter to bring him some goulash, too. By and by I hear the guy making a strange noise and I look at him over my paper and see that he is crying. In fact, large tears are rolling down his face into his goulash and going plop-plop as they fall.

Now it is by no means usual to see guys crying in Mindy's restaurant, though thousands of guys come in there who often feel like crying, especially after a tough day at the track, so I commence weighing the guy up with great interest. I can see he is a very little guy, maybe a shade over five feet high and weighing maybe as much as a dime's worth of liver, and he has a mustache like a mosquito's whiskers across his upper lip, and pale blond hair and a very sad look in his eyes.

Furthermore, he is a young guy and he is wearing a suit of clothes the color of French mustard, with slanting pockets, and I notice when he comes in that he has a brown hat sitting jack-deuce on his noggin. Anybody can see that this guy does not belong in these parts, with such a sad look and especially with such a hat.

NATURALLY, I figure his crying is some kind of dodge. In fact, I figure that maybe the guy is trying to cry me out of the price of his Hungarian goulash, although if he takes the trouble to ask anybody before he comes in, he will learn that he may just as well try to cry Al Smith out of the Empire State Building.

But the guy does not say anything whatever to me but just goes on shedding tears into his goulash, and finally I get very curious about this proposition, and I speak to him as follows:

"Listen, pally," I say, "if you are crying about the goulash, you better dry your tears before the chef sees you, because," I say, "the chef is very sensitive about his goulash, and may take your tears as criticism."

"The goulash seems all right," the guy says in a voice that is just about his size. "Anyway, I am not crying about the goulash. I am crying about my sad life. Friend," the guy says, "are you ever in love?"

Well, of course at this crack I know what is eating the guy. If I have all the tears that are shed on Broadway by guys in love, I will have enough salt water to start an opposition ocean to the Atlantic and Pacific, with enough left over to run the Great Salt Lake out of business. But I wish to say I never shed any of these tears personally, because I am never in love, and furthermore, barring a bad break, I never expect to be in love, for the way I look at it love is strictly the old phedinkus, and I tell the little guy as much.

"Well," he says, "you will not speak so harshly of love if you are acquainted with Miss Deborah Weems."

With this he starts crying more than somewhat, and his grief is such that it touches my heart and I have half a notion to start crying with him as I am now convinced that the guy is leveling with his tears.

Finally the guy slacks up a little in his crying, and begins eating his goulash, and by and by he seems more cheerful, but then it is well known to one and all that a fair dose of Mindy's goulash will cheer up anybody no matter how sad they feel. Pretty soon the guy starts talking to me, and I make out that his name is Tobias Tweeney, and that he comes from a spot over in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, by the name of Erasmus, or some such.

FURTHERMORE, I judge that this Erasmus is not such a large city, but very pleasant, and that Tobias Tweeney is born and raised there and is never

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much of any place else in his life, although he is now rising twenty-five.

Well, it seems that Tobias Tweeney has a fine position in a shoe store selling shoes and is going along all right when he happens to fall in love with a doll by the name of Miss Deborah Weems, whose papa owns a gas station in Erasmus and is a very prominent citizen. I judge from what Tobias tells me that this Miss Deborah Weems tosses him around quite some, which proves to me that dolls in small towns are just the same as they are on Broadway.

"She is beautiful," Tobias Tweeney says, speaking of Miss Deborah Weems. "I do not think I can live without her. But," he says, "Miss Deborah Weems will have no part of me because she is daffy over desperate characters of the underworld such as she sees in the movies at the Model Theater in Erasmus.

"She wishes to know," Tobias Tweeney says, "why I cannot be a big gunman and go around plugging people here and there and talking up to politicians and policemen, and maybe looking picturesque and romantic like Edward G. Robinson or James Cagney or even Georgie Raft. But, of course," Tobias says, "I am not the type for such a character. Anyway," he says, "Constable Wendell will never permit me to be such a character in Erasmus.

"So Miss Deborah Weems says I have no more nerve than a catfish," Tobias says, "and she goes around with a guy by the name of Joe Trivett, who runs the Smoke Shop, and bootlegs ginger extract to the boys in his back room and claims Al Capone once says 'Hello' to him, although," Tobias says, "personally, I think Joe Trivett is nothing but a great big liar."

At this, Tobias Tweeney starts crying again, and I feel very sorry for him indeed because I can see he is a friendly, harmless little fellow, and by no means accustomed to being tossed around by a doll, and a guy who is not accustomed to being tossed around by a doll always finds it most painful the first time.

"Why," I say, very indignant, "this Miss Deborah Weems talks great foolishness because big gunmen always wind up nowadays with the score 9 to 0 against them, even in the movies. In fact," I say, "if they do not wind up this way in the movies, the censors will not permit the movies to be displayed. Why do you not hit this guy Trivett a punch in the snoot," I say, "and tell him to go on about his business?"

"WELL," Tobias says, "the reason I do not hit him a punch in the snoot is because he has the idea of punching snoots first, and whose snoot does he punch but mine. Furthermore," Tobias says, "he makes my snoot bleed with the punch, and he says he will do it again if I keep hanging around Miss Deborah Weems. And," Tobias says, "it is mainly because I do not return the punch, being too busy stopping my snoot from bleeding, that Miss Deborah Weems renounces me forever.

"She says she can never stand for a guy who has no more nerve than me," Tobias says, "but," he says, "I ask you if I am to blame if my mother is frightened by a rabbit a few weeks before I am born, and marks me for life?

"So I leave town," Tobias says. "I take my savings of two hundred dollars out of the Erasmus bank, and I come here, figuring maybe I will meet up with some big gunmen and other desperate characters of the underworld, and get to know them, and then I can go back to Erasmus and make Joe Trivett look sick. By the way," he says, "do you know any desperate characters of the underworld?"

Well, of course I do not know any such characters, and if I do know them I am not going to speak about it, because the best a guy can get in this town if he goes around speaking of these matters is a nice kick in the pants. So I say no to Tobias Tweeney, and tell him I am more or less of a stranger myself, and then he wishes to know if I can show him a real speakeasy, such as he sees in the movies.

Naturally, I do not know of such a speakeasy, but then I get to thinking about Good Time Charley's little Gingham shoppe over in Forty-seventh Street, and how Charley is not going so good the last time I am in there, and here is maybe a chance for me to steer a little trade his way, because, after all, guys with two yards in their pocket are by no means common nowadays.

So I take Tobias Tweeney around to Good Time Charley's, but the moment we get in there I am sorry we go, because who is present but a dozen parties from different parts of the city, and none of these parties are any bargain at any time. Some of these parties, such as Harry the Horse and Angie the Ox, are from Brooklyn, and three are from Harlem, including Little Mitzi and Germany Schwartz, and several are from the Bronx, because I recognize Joey Uptown, and Joey never goes around without a few intimate friends from his own neighborhood with him.

AFTERWARDS I learn that these parties are to a meeting on business matters at a spot near Good Time Charley's, and when they get through with their business they drop in to give Charley a little complimentary play, for Charley stands very good with one and all in this town. Anyway, they are sitting around a table when Tobias Tweeney and I arrive, and I give them all a big hello, and they hello me back, and ask me and my friend to sit down as it seems they are in a most hospitable frame of mind.

Naturally I sit down because it is never good policy to decline an invitation from parties such as these, and I motion Tobias to sit down, too, and I introduce Tobias all around, and we all have a couple of drinks, and then I explain to those present just who Tobias is, and how his ever-loving doll tosses him around, and how Joe Trivett punches him in the snoot.

Well, Tobias begins crying again, because no inexperienced guy can take a couple of drinks of Good Time Charley's liquor and not bust out crying, even if it is Charley's company liquor, and one and all are at once very sympathetic with Tobias, especially Little Mitzi, who

(Continued on page 43)

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Tobias is now half asleep and has no interest whatever in anything that is going on

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Artists don't need Ruffles

By Katharine Roberts

Parry

Vandamm

Indifference to worldly possessions. Interest only in the joy of creating a character and seeing a play come to life. Perhaps these are keys to the success of Alla Nazimova—twenty-five years ago a sensation in America, today the talk of three successive dramatic seasons

WHEN we are children nearly all of us lie, and we go on lying when we grow up, I think—maybe just little white lies, maybe blacker ones—until we find it is of no use." Madame Alla Nazimova's voice was entirely dispassionate.

"I gave up lying much earlier than most people," she added, a good deal as one might say, "I stopped eating fish years ago." Then she continued, "I was no good at it, anyhow. I could never remember how I had said something the day before and," she smiled, "it resulted in confusion. I lied when I was a little girl because I was afraid of my father. I was more afraid of him than of anyone I have ever known. All lying comes from fear—we are afraid of someone, of some situation or of some thing, and so we lie—to escape from it. Suddenly—oh, many years ago—I realized that I did not need to be afraid of anyone or of anything—and I stopped lying. Of course," she added, her eyes glinting quizzically within their half-closed lashes, "I may start in again some day—*any* day. I am not a Mrs. George Washington, you know."

It takes a very clever woman to go through life with the success of Nazimova, who both on and off the stage has fascinated the more discriminating minds of her own country, of England and America—and to have no need of lying. It takes a clever woman and an interesting one. Madame Nazimova is both—and she is kind.

She is frank and she is subtle, this soft-voiced one who plays O-lan upon the stage of the Guild Theater, where Pearl Buck's novel, The Good Earth, has come to life. No longer is the impassive Chinese woman bound within the covers of a book that won a prize, and those who met her there, until they see her incarnate on the stage, can only repeat the line of Wang, who looks upon his wife and says:

"How much is there of you I do not know!"

Nazimova, who is beautiful, plays O-lan, whom the book describes as ugly and of whom Owen and Donald Davis in their play script say, "She is neither ugly nor is she beautiful." And somehow she so forgets herself and is so completely the person of O-lan that the description fits, and the enigmatic face becomes a mask through which occasional flashes of the deep richness that is the inner being of the good earth-woman come with sudden swiftness and are gone again, leaving the exciting knowledge of how much lies behind its immobility.

The Real Nazimova

But if one would see the real Nazimova who this year gives us in perfection this Chinese peasant woman who is so great a lady, and who last year made us believe in Eugene O'Neill's New England Clytemnestra (Christine in Mourning Becomes Electra)—who was not so great a lady—one must go through the small door in the lounge of the Guild Theater, traverse a narrow passageway and arrive at her dressing-room.

It is a room that reflects the exquisite who has no liking for ruffles. It has a peaceful order and the make-up table holds nothing that is not necessary. In spite of the narrowness of the room, the wooden deck chair on which she rests during these off-stage moments does not seem to crowd it—a visual illusion when one considers inches, accomplished probably by her own sense of proportion.

Lying flat upon this deck chair is Nazimova—small and slight and dark, with a most complete repose that is suddenly broken through when a swift thought catches her mind and she sits up, abruptly slipping down to the end of the long chair, and opening wide the eyes that have been mere points of light behind the heavy fringes of long, narrowed lids—eyes that should be brown and are startlingly blue. They are a peculiar blue, not violet-blue nor the blue of the sky, but the unusual blue of translucent chalcedony with warm lights

Vandamm

Alla Nazimova, "the Russian Duse," as O-lan in the Theater Guild's production of The Good Earth

in them. She becomes quickly very much alive, full of interest—or of fun, as the case may be. When she laughs her eyes crinkle up till the extraordinarily large pupils disappear and the eyes are long, bright, almond-shaped slits—almost as almond-shaped as those of O-lan herself. She likes to laugh and yet she is a quiet person. She falls back into that complete repose as swiftly as she has come out of it. Painters find her interesting not only because of her appearance, which is "paintable," but as much because of the color of her personality.

Music with a Purpose

She is more enigmatic than O-lan. She has an infinite variety of mind and mood. She never explains, she never makes excuses. She has no need to—this amazingly vital and delicately gentle woman who grew from the little girl born in Yalta in the south of Russia, a little girl who feared a severe father and has never since feared anything, a child who lied chiefly about hours of enforced practice upon a violin that Nazimova no longer touches. She is unimpressed by the fact that, at thirteen, she was one of the first violinists in the students' orchestra at Odessa, and played before the greatest musicians of Russia, who came to act as judges—among them Rimski-Korsakov. She refuses to be called a pianist, because she taught herself. She uses her music now only as it helps her to play her parts upon the stage.

(Continued on page 45)

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Just to be Stubborn

By Lucian Cary

Explaining a great detective's onion-soup diet: the story of a loving couple who got away with it

I FOUND Spike O'Donnell in the same old place. But he was not eating a steak. He was finishing a plate of onion soup.

"It's easy to see that you have not been working at your trade," I said. "You have no lumps on your head, no black eye, and no bullet holes."

The O'Donnell ordered another plate of onion soup.

"Do you know what makes all the trouble in this world?" he asked. "Stubbornness, just plain stubbornness. If it hadn't a been for me two of the nicest young people you ever saw would have ruined their lives. Just out of stubbornness."

"Why this sudden passion for soup?" I asked. "Has the doctor put you on a liquid diet?"

"Did you ever know any painters?" Spike O'Donnell asked. "I don't mean house painters. I mean art painters."

"But the soup," I said. "Why the soup?"

"I am eating soup," the O'Donnell said, "because my cheeks are sore. On the inside."

"You bit them?"

"No," he said, "not exactly. I was righting a great wrong."

"I see," I said.

"No, you don't," he retorted. "But you will. I'll come to that."

WHEN I was down in New York [Mr. O'Donnell said] the agency sent me to see a fellow named George Perkins. He was a young chap, very particular. He asked me if I knew Arthur Lawrence. I says I didn't. He says I ought to. He says Arthur Lawrence is one of the two or three best painters in this country, and while not rich by 1929 standards still he is not worried about where his next meal is coming from.

"Incidentally," this Perkins says, "Mr. Lawrence would not be worried about his next meal even if he didn't know where it was coming from. He is that kind of man."

"I understand," I says.

"You could not believe, let alone understand, such insouciance as that of Mr. Lawrence unless you had seen it. To say nothing," he says, "of the rest of his family, which is very charming but very careless."

"I see," I says.

"No, you don't," he says. "But you will. The point is this," he says: "I am going to marry Miss Mary Lawrence on Saturday next. In the meantime the wedding presents are arriving at the Lawrence home. Some of these are of great value. The house is in the northernmost wilds of Connecticut, ten miles from a police station. And yet," he says, "I would be willing to bet, if I were in the habit of betting, that they have not thought of the possibility of being robbed."

"I see," I says.

"You do not realize," he says, "how many rich friends the Lawrences have or how much publicity their daughter's wedding plans have received. Any gangster can read in the morning paper where to go."

"Sure," I says.

"Furthermore," this Perkins says, "there is another unpleasant possibility." He gets up and walks back and forth and twirls his little mustache and gives me a sharp look. "There is a red-headed ne'er-do-well who was formerly in love with my fiancée," he says. "And before she discovered his true character she may have thought she was in love with him. But that is all over. Only this person may not know it. He is the kind who would not know it unless hit with a club. He is an insensitive ape.

"He went to London three months ago on some wild-goose chase or other, but I have just learned that he is aboard a liner which is docking in New York tomorrow morning. He is likely to go to the Lawrences in spite of the fact that Mary Lawrence has told him she does not wish to see him again. If this objectionable fellow appears I shall expect you to help throw him off the place. And if you should do him bodily harm, I shall be glad to pay your fine. I cannot be there myself until tomorrow evening. Until I arrive keep any red-headed, freckle-faced, impudent men off the place."

So I got up there. The house was a big white house with a lot of wings and additions to it on a hill way back from the road. So I walk up to the front door and bang the knocker. There is no answer. So after a while I walk around to the side door. Still there is no answer. So I walk on around to the kitchen door. There was a big yellow cat asleep in the sun by the kitchen door. He sort of half raised up and give me a look and went back to sleep. I knocked but I couldn't raise anybody. So I walk out to the barn.

It wasn't being used for a barn. There was windows in it and screen doors. I knocked. Still no answer. So I went in. The inside was one big room about eighty feet long going up to the beams overhead. Down one side were planks on trestles and on these planks were the wedding presents. I never saw such a lot of loot in my life. There was enough solid silver to stock a hotel; and all sorts of jewelry and knickknacks and lamps and clocks and glassware and china and some piles of twenty-dollar gold pieces; and on beyond, in a kind of shed, was a brand-new collapsible coop that looked like it cost about nine thousand dollars. Its keys were there, too.

SO I went back toward the house. In the driveway I saw a large placard hanging from the limb of a tree so anybody that come in with a car would run into it. It was all decorated with little drawings and it said:

Benny the Butcher:

Please put the roast of beef, the hams, and the chickens in the ice-box and find check on the kitchen table as we have all gone to the Danbury Fair for the day.

So it looks to me as if this guy Perkins is absolutely right about the Lawrence family. These people have not only gone away without even locking the front door but they have hung up a sign telling anybody who comes along they are not at home so he can

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

The jailer leads us down the corridor to the cell. "Oh," Mary Lawrence says, "he would just go to sleep as if nothing had happened"

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walk off with the silver and the jewelry and the gold; or even with that beautiful car.

So I take a look in the kitchen. It is the biggest kitchen I ever saw. At one end is a fireplace with a crane and some kind of roaster to cook meat on a spit, and at the other end is a big kitchen range bricked in with a rack of copper pans hanging from the ceiling. I find the ice-box, which is not a box but a large closet like one in a meat market. There was eggs and butter and milk and cream and fruit and vegetables and half a cold turkey.

SO I decided I will not go hungry while waiting for the family to come home because people who are so careless with their wedding presents and practically invite anybody to steal them will not mind a man's eating a turkey that has already served for one meal. I put a chair on the porch of the barn and light my pipe to wait for lunch-time and I must have gone to sleep, for the next thing I knew there was a truck in the yard. It was this Benny the Butcher, who delivers the meat and writes O. K. on the bottom of the placard and drives off.

So I go into the kitchen and have a bottle of beer and the cold turkey and then I go back to my chair. And I must have gone to sleep again, because when I wake up there is a roadster in the yard that I have not noticed before. So I take a stroll around to see who it is, thinking it is probably this red-headed, freckle-faced guy I was to look out for.

So I see a girl sitting under a big tree on the hill behind the house and I walk up there. And I see that she is one lovely girl to look at but sad. I says to her, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but my name is Spike O'Donnell and I am a detective sent up here to guard the wedding presents."

And she looks at me and says, "I am Mary Lawrence."

"Yes, ma'am," I says, "and I will not disturb you farther."

"Mr. O'Donnell," she says, "you are not disturbing me. I came here to sit and think," she says, "which I have not had time to do of late," she says, "and may not have a chance to do again before I am married."

"I understand, ma'am," I says. "I like to sit and think myself."

"Ah," she says, "perhaps you can tell me if it is the usual thing for people to sit and think at the last minute before being married and wonder if they are going to be happy ever after."

"Madam," I says, "I do not know about women. From all I have heard," I says, "they usually know their own mind. But with men," I says, "it is the customary thing to worry for the last few days."

"Sit down, Mr. O'Donnell," she says. "You are very comforting. You convince me that my doubts are quite ordinary and do not mean that I am making a mistake."

So I sit down and tell her about how it was that I get married and she perks up some and does not look so sad, but asks me questions, and I notice that she is one of the nicest girls I have ever met. But after a while a car stops on the other side of the valley. We both notice it. And the fellow who is driving it runs it into the bushes. So we both watch to see what he is up to.

Pretty soon we both see him coming toward the house across the lawn. And this girl says to me, "He is keeping behind the trees and the shrubbery so he cannot be seen from the house." And I says, "He certainly is."

"Oh," she says, "what if it should be a gangster looking for the wedding presents?"

"He will find something he is not looking for," I says.

We both see him peek in a window and go on around the house. And pretty soon he shows up again. He reads the placard they left for Benny the Butcher and after he reads that he starts towards the barn.

"Oh, Mr. O'Donnell," the girl says, kind of excited, "what shall we do?"

"THE best thing," I says, "is for you to stay right here while I investigate. He may be able to explain himself and he may not. But if he has red hair and freckles, I got orders to throw him off the place."

"Oh," she says, "did Mr. Perkins tell you that?"

"Yes, ma'am," I says. "He tells me that this red-headed guy is a fellow you told not to come around any more."

"That is true," she says.

"Very well, ma'am," I says, "if it is him I will take pleasure in throwing him off."

"Oh," she says, "I wish you would arrest him and call the police to come and get him. That will teach him a lesson," she says.

"Very well, ma'am," I says, "it shall be as you say."

"Only," she says, "I shrink from having him know that I suggested it."

"Madam," I says, "you can rely on Spike O'Donnell."

SO I get out my gun in case this is not the red-headed guy and get down the hill as fast as I can without making any noise and I get around to the barn and look in and this guy has his hat on so I cannot see if he is red-headed, so I sing out, "Hands up and be quick about it."

So this guy looks around and puts up his hands and I walk up on him and put the nippers on him and take off his hat.

"Ah," I says, "so you are the bird Mr. Perkins warned me about."

He kind of jumps at that.

"Come on," I says, "forward march."

This guy looks at me. "Listen, angel face," he says. "You are storing up trouble for yourself. Whereas," he says, "if you were to unlock these handcuffs I would hunt around in my pocket and maybe find a twenty-dollar bill which is a lot better than getting in wrong with the family."

"No," I says.

"I might even find a couple of twenty-dollar bills," he says.

I push him toward the door.

"Listen, angel face," he says.

"I will listen some other time," I says. "At present I am busy."

So I take him in the house and call up the police and they say they will be right over with the wagon.

"Don't be a fool," this guy says when I have finished telephoning, "I am an old friend of the family."

"Is that why you offered me forty dollars to let you go?" I says.

"I do not wish to be arrested," he says. "Ordinarily I would be delighted to go to jail for you but on this occasion I have other plans," he says.

"Your plans will have to wait," I says.

"Listen, angel face," he says, "I am not a criminal. I was only making a call."

"Is that why you parked your car in the bushes on the hill," I says, "and come through the shrubbery and skulked around the house?"

"It does seem odd, doesn't it?" he says. "But the explanation is simple," he says. "I had an unfortunate disagreement with the family," he says, "so I was a bit shy," he says, "about appearing here. I hoped to see some member of the family alone before meeting the rest of them."

"I am going to put you where the family can call on you if they want to," I says, "or let you lay, as the case may be."

"Have it your way," he says. "Maybe it will be the best way in the end."

So the police took him and said they would lock him up in Litchfield and when they was gone this girl come down the hill and I told her it was the red-headed guy and that he did not suspect her of causing him to be arrested because I had told him it was Mr. Perkins' idea.

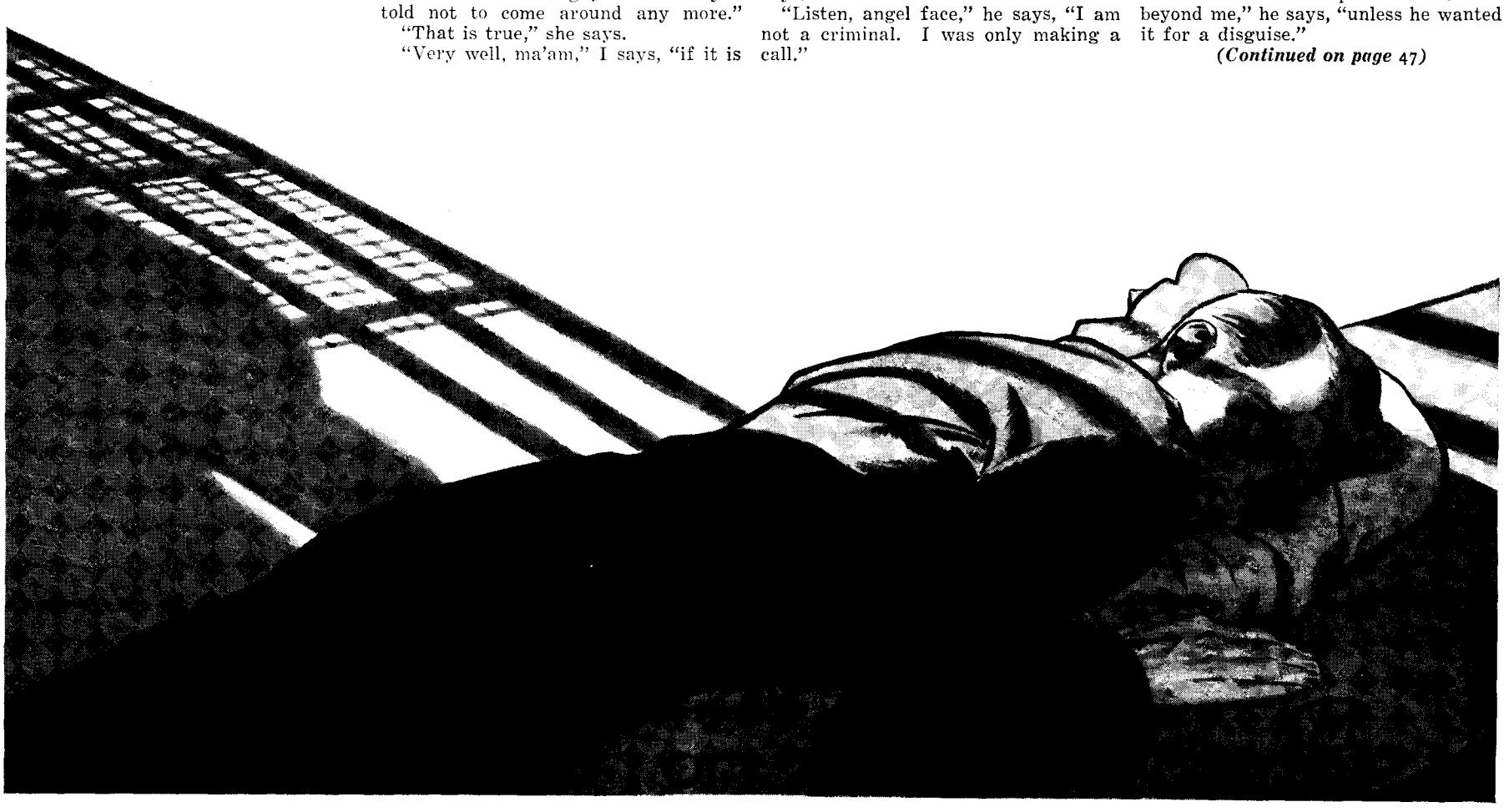
"Oh, splendid," she says. "I knew I could depend on your discretion."

So we sit and talk and every once in a while I notice a little smile around the corners of her mouth and her eyes sparkle and she is no longer sad, and I think to myself how strange that so nice a girl should take so much satisfaction in putting a man who was once her boy friend in jail. Usually it is only older women who get that way.

WHEN the family come home this Mary Lawrence introduces me to her father, who is a nice guy with a beard, and her mother and her sister and a lot of other people that come with them, and they all insist on me joining them in the kitchen where they are going to cook a steak on account of the servants having not only the day but the evening off.

So we all eat in the kitchen and Mr. Lawrence says, "It is most thoughtful of George Perkins to send you up here, Mr. O'Donnell. We all know that this is the favored hunting ground of New York criminals since Park Avenue went broke and they all come up here to steal apples and I even heard of one who stole a pick and shovel, though what a gangster would do with a pick and shovel is beyond me," he says, "unless he wanted it for a disguise."

(Continued on page 47)



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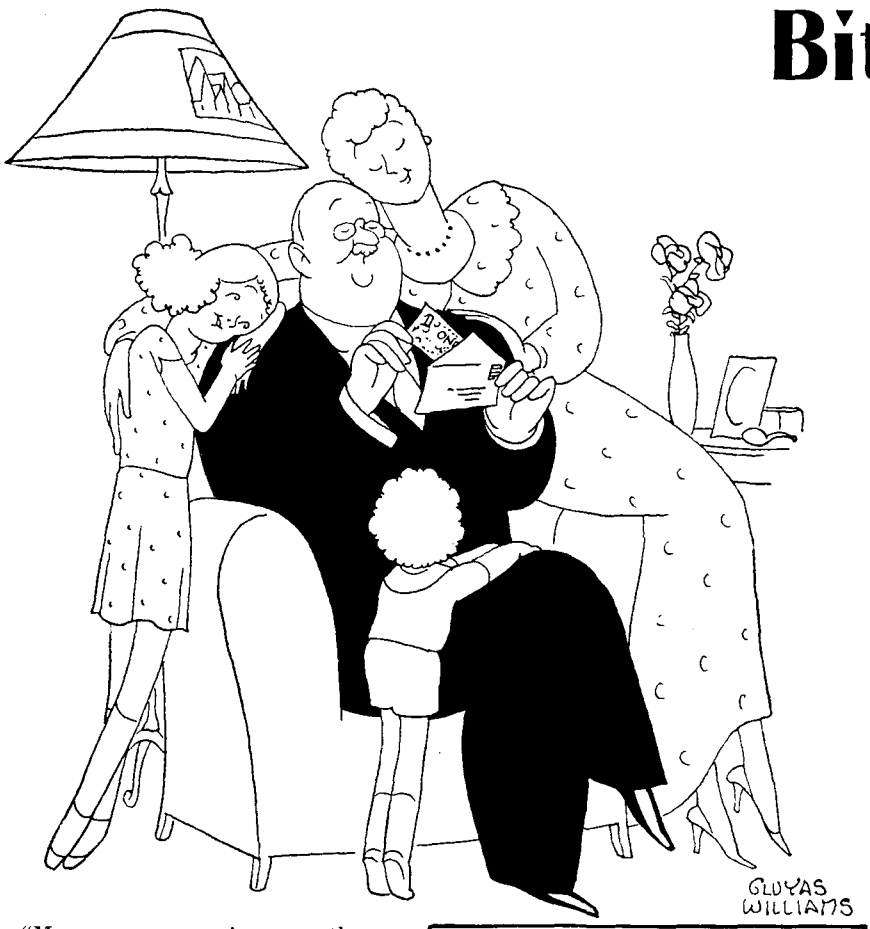
Bitter-Sweet Charity

By Walter Davenport

There's a touch of artistry about these men. Their approach is smooth and persuasive. They play on your heartstrings and with your pocketbook—in the name of Charity. It's a racket—a prodigiously profitable one. Here's how it works



"May your ears sing sweetly with the thanks of poor Necktie Nils and his five little ones"

FIRST of all, let us behold it in one of its simplest forms. It may sound a trifle absurd. On paper the stark, heart-piercing facts suggest a theatrical exaggeration, a gaudy burlesque. However, you cannot snicker down an industry that gathers unto its followers ten to twenty million dollars a year in normal times and more than that—probably much more—in those extraordinary periods when appeals for the needy are loudest and most persistent.

Its veneer is pity. Its appeal is to the charitable heart, the easily melted sympathy. Charity, really. Charity with a hook on its tail.

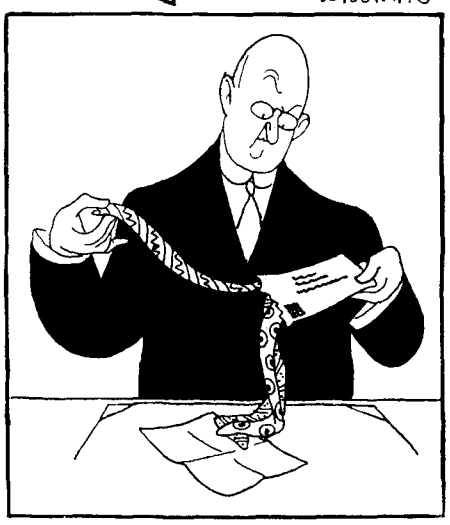
But let us get going. The doorbell rings. Standing there, the lady of the house beholds an inoffensive person on whose face is what is hoped to be a disarming and even tender smile. It may be man or woman, but somehow young, nice-looking men seem to be best.

"Good morning, madam. I represent The Children's Home and Orphanage—the little orphan children—but, madam, I am not begging. I am not asking for one penny. I do not seek food or clothing. We positively will not accept any charity. I ask but a moment of your time.

"We take care of from 100 to 150 helpless little children who have lost their mothers and daddies. We clothe, feed and educate these little ones and give them that priceless American opportunity that every child in our land is entitled to. We cannot replace a mother's love for these babies, but in a measure we can supply something of the father's protecting arm. It is good business, madam, that I represent—God's business. And I say that in humility.

"You use good flavoring extracts, soaps, condiments, toilet accessories and so forth. Well, madam, we at the orphanage sell them. Because we come thus to your door, selling direct, we sell cheaper than your grocer and druggist. They have rent and other overhead to pay. We have none of that.

"I have here a list of our superior



Perhaps you have received merchandise from such as Nils

goods. If you care to check off your order I shall transmit it at once and you will receive the goods not later than tomorrow. As a straight business proposition, madam, whereby you would save from twenty to thirty per cent, you would be justified. But you will have the satisfaction, too, of knowing that as you purchase you are making happy the lives of the little children I represent."

Psychology Will Find a Way

And so on. There are of course variations to the theme. Before that young man had entered upon his lachrymose mercantile career, he had been subjected to an intensive educational shower of what the sales manager called psychology. The manager knew it was psychology because he himself had been thus assured in a "strictly confidential" pamphlet from the Big Shot himself, the Big Shot being the boss, head and master mind of the business but was not by any chance to be confused with the superintendent of The Children's Home and Orphanage.

Anyway, the Big Shot had written the brochure on psychology, which had in turn been passed on down in hot approach talks to the door-to-door solicitor or, in the racket tongue, the doorstep pusher. And the pusher, if he is of the material of which Big Shots themselves are made, has become a seething geyser of psychology. Happily, I happen to have here the spiel of just such a young fellow, whose opening variant of the above sales talk began thus:

"Madam, little Agnes died last night. You wonder, doubtless, who little Agnes was."

Whereat he informed his prospects that the orphanage housed other little Agneses who would not die—"Not, madam, if you and I can prevent." And such was his genius, his mastery of psychology, that Agneses upon Agneses were saved from "that ghastly fate, madam, which your little ones and mine, God bless them and help us, shall never know—death from neglect, death from malnutrition, which, as we all know, is simply starvation."

It may entertain you to know that little Agnes' talented young friend was one of the shining stars of his world, being referred to in his applauding home office and by his admiring colleagues as Joe the Shove. It was a part of his beloved psychology to parade himself, and thereby ensnare the possibly wandering interest of a stony-eared prospect, as the brother of some currently famous hero of athletics, politics, the movies or adventure. This last whim of his was his undoing.

Much success had turned his head. Presently he was lodged in an Ohio penitentiary for bigamy, doubtless having overplayed the part of a son of Solomon.

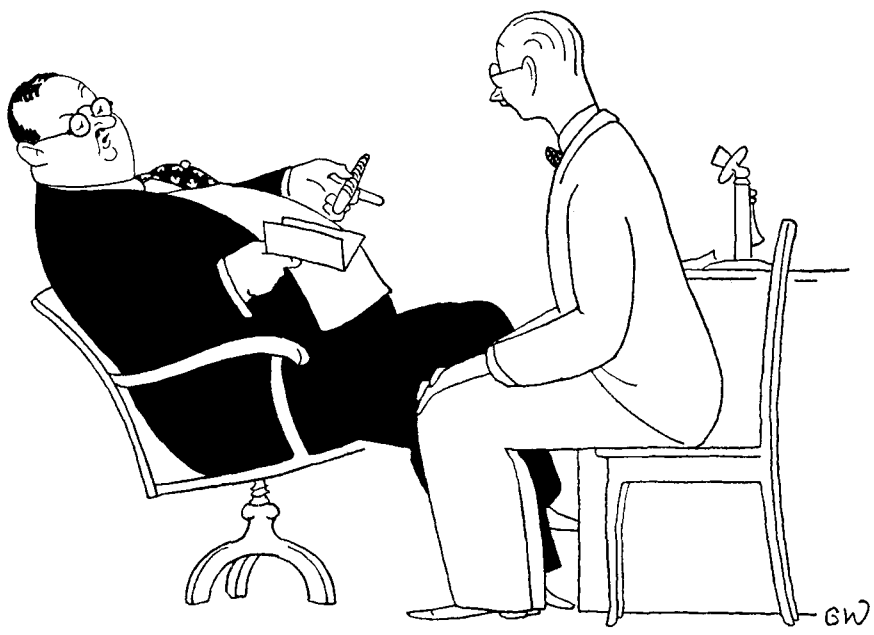
Among the numerous charms of the racket set forth above is that the orphanage actually exists and that it does participate in the profits accruing from your purchase of the pusher's wares. Just how long this has been going on or out of whose resourceful brain it sprang is just as much a mystery as the total of its finances and the proportions of its profits.

If you should study the files of the National Better Business Bureau and consult the records of the United States Chamber of Commerce, both of which organizations have spent much time seeking for adequate measures wherewith to curb or regulate such winsome racketeering, you swiftly learn the doorstep pusher's secret.

"Contacted and Ready to Spring"

Somewhere (there are several such in New York and southern New England) there is a factory which produces at astonishingly little cost a cheap grade of condiments, toilet accessories, and flavoring extracts. From a cost standpoint it might be profitable to enter them into competition with the standard brands put out by manufacturers whose standards and practices are much higher and whose products are meritorious. They may not compete with quality goods, however, because few if any retailers care to take such chances of offending their clientele, to say nothing of the non-racketeering manufacturers of standard brands.

Anyway, the manufacturer of these particular cheap goods has no intention of occupying the retailer's shelves. Instead, he selects some thriving town whose trade he seeks to invade and makes a survey. Within a reasonable time he has taken his first step: he has selected a local representative. Such a man must be wise in a variety of ways. He is known to the racket as a "hustle." His duties are not to sell but to select, hire, organize and train pushers or shoves. He is the sales manager or the bull-shove.



The sales manager gives a "hustler" what he calls psychology

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Now if he is an experienced hustle he will have his local "contact" all ready to "touch off" for the edification of the manufacturer or manufacturer's representative. In other words, he will have an orphanage already "contacted and ready to spring."

He goes to the superintendent of the orphanage which, as he knows, is chronically in need of funds. It is not an orphanage enjoying the support or the auspices of a religious denomination or order. Rather it is one of those innumerable private affairs, so often born of holy intent but languishing in miserable inefficiency and withering poverty. Frequently it is itself an orphan, having been founded by some association or body which has since disbanded for one reason or another, leaving a superintendent and a small staff to carry on somehow as best they can. At any rate, the manufacturer's new hustle has such a contact.

"Look here," says he to the superintendent, "would you have any objection to receiving a thousand dollars a year from my firm?"

The superintendent certainly wouldn't.

Whereat the hustle or bull-shove is either quite candid or handles the situation diplomatically as called for. He tells the superintendent that he will pay the orphanage (out of his profits, of course) the thousand dollars a year and in exchange the orphanage will permit him and his canvassers or pushers to use its name as their theme-spiel. Again we appropriate from the racket glossary.

Orphanages Made to Order

And there you are. Like all other aspects of the racket this one has its variations. Here and there the hustle or bull-shove may have found it expedient to be a little more frank with the public, telling his prospects that only a percentage of his net receipts goes to the orphanage. And you may find hustles who just don't bother at all about establishing trade relations with an existing orphanage. Like Album Maas, whose first name was Albert but who had inherited not only the genius of but the world's name for his father, one of the early and celebrated family-album pushers. Album Maas, Jr., sold the goods of a California manufacturer but could find no reason for cutting anybody's orphanage in. Therefore he established his own orphanage. Or, rather, he married a lady who owned a baby-farm which he incorporated under the name of The Great Western Rock of Ages Home and Orphanage.

And in its name he did a prodigious business until in an unhappy moment one of his pushers invaded the doorstep of a member of the state charity board, whose investigation revealed that the home consisted of two small rooms in Mr. Maas' residence and was populated by four infants who, we are happy to report, were rather well cared for. But the publicity ruined Mr. Maas' racket.

To the natural satisfaction of these manufacturers and their happy racketeers, all concerted efforts by the trade associations and business bureaus to remove them from the scene have failed. Communities and states have tried to tax them out of existence but courts have held that they may not be burdened with special taxation from which any other business employing solicitors or salesmen is exempt.

You Can't Prevent Charity

Furthermore, the element of interstate commerce is injected to make matters more difficult for the local merchants. Usually the goods thus sold come from factories outside the state where the unfriendly agitation exists.

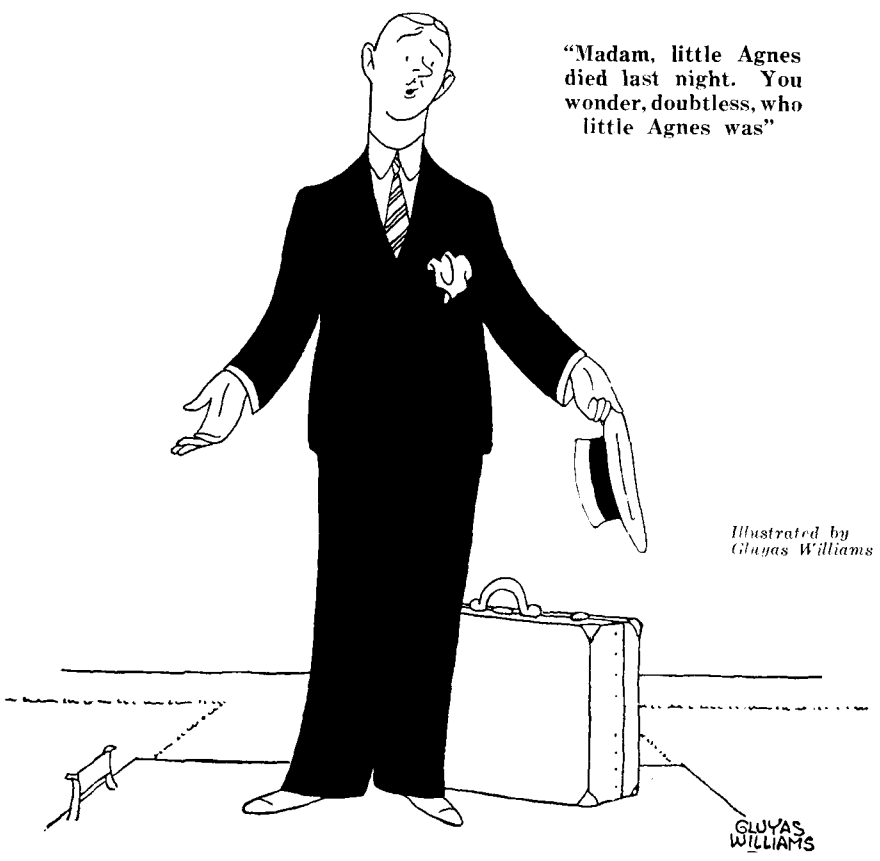
For several years now, no session of Congress has been permitted to adjourn without being asked to pass a bill barring from the mails all unsolicited merchandise. Last January it made its appearance again, this time out of the hands of Senator Hayden of Arizona.

Its fate is usually a dismal one because it has the opposition of such proper societies as the American Red Cross, the National Tuberculosis Association and a wide variety of general and local eleemosynary societies and institutions, religious and secular, that depend to a large degree for funds on the acceptance by the public of holiday cards and tokens sent unsolicited through the mails.

That we may view an enlivening example of what this bill was designed to eliminate, let us inspect a gentleman who was known far and wide as—well, let's call him Necktie Nils.

A railroad accident made an unhappy cripple of Nils. Being deprived of his legs but not of his courage, Nils reappeared in public after a long rest in a hospital, with a few newspapers under his arm, a few pencils in his hand and an ingeniously contrived little truck strapped to his stumps. On the latter he transported himself from his room each morning to the corner where he was to build up a modest sidewalk-appeal business. He was a cheerful chap with a quiet smile and a whineless voice. People liked him. He was a hustler, too.

"Would you have any objection to receiving $1,000 a year from my firm?"



"Madam, little Agnes died last night. You wonder, doubtless, who little Agnes was"

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

One day a man asked Nils if he, Nils, would entertain a sound business proposition and that evening, in the cripple's room, set it forth. When he had finished Nils accepted, remarking that it sounded like an excellent racket which, of course, it was. As a racket it had the added attractiveness of being wholly legal.

All that Nils had to do was to get into bed long enough to have an able photographer take his picture (after making up Nils' face to accentuate the suffering that should be there) and then sign a contract which stipulated that the necktie manufacturer whom the hustle (our old friend with a commercial variant) represents should supply all the merchandise, all the printed appeals, all the postal expenses and all the follow-up literature and that Nils should lend his name, photograph and his physical misfortunes to the selling campaign. Nils' share of the proceeds are either to be a straight salary or a commission. If the former, he is likely to start at twenty-five dollars a week with a promise of raises as business warrants. The percentage plan depends upon the character of the goods sold and, of course, the proportions of the success achieved. After all, the large profit would be the manufacturer's.

Perhaps you have received merchandise from such as Nils—manufacturers' agents whose appeal is strictly to the sympathies and not to the business sense. If you have devoted even a brief thought to the appeals you will wonder how Nils can sell three neckties for a dollar, to say nothing of paying for all the heart-wrenching literature that accompanies the merchandise. You may wonder, too, where Nils got your name—you who live perhaps a thousand miles from his modest room, a picture of which adorns the letterhead.

Now the law is almost universal in specifying that you are not responsible for merchandise you have not ordered. You are not required to return it, either. But it is incumbent upon you that you either return it or let it lie as received so that, if he chooses, the sender may come and claim it. If you should wear or use the merchandise you are liable for payment therefor, inasmuch as the law in many states will contend that the wearing or using is tantamount to acceptance.

A High-Powered Appeal

But suppose you receive it and toss it aside, ignoring the letter. Presently another letter arrives from Necktie Nils. It is an attention-caller. A man-to-man and heart-to-heart call. You, great-hearted, busy man that you are, have forgotten poor, crippled Necktie Nils. The din and clangor of commerce have filled your ears. The vast demands of social life and great business upon strong successful you have made you forgetful of little details. But, brother, will you not this very evening while sitting in the bosom of your beautiful family (God protect them and you from the suffering and want that have been the portion of Necktie Nils) put your generous hand into your pocket, draw therefrom a one-dollar bill and slip it into the enclosed, ready-stamped envelope and drop it into the nearest mailbox?—and may your ears sing sweetly with the thanks of poor Necktie Nils and his five earnest-faced little ones who look to you for bread.

It may interest you to know that fewer than fifteen per cent of Nils' appeals continue barren. A survey of such traffic shows that the first appeal, containing the merchandise, usually results in a fifty-per-cent success. Half the people receiving the merchandise send the dollar forthwith. The second letter is apt to increase the flow of dollars to Necktie Nils to about sixty or sixty-five per cent of the number of packages originally issued.

The third letter, appearing a fortnight after your failure to heed the second, may carry something of a shock

(Continued on page 33)

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Two Loves

This is the sort of thing that happens —not once, not twice, but frequently and all around us. It's never news. But isn't it romance?

By Frederick C. Painton

Walter C. Klett

"Ah!" The breath sighed through Jimmy's clenched teeth. "You're the man that caused everything"

THE two young persons stood close together in the hallway of Mrs. Reilly's boarding house. It was not a very pleasant hallway, nor yet a clean one; it smelled of meals long since cooked and eaten, and of sour soap and water; but at night, with the street and the house quiet and Jimmy here with his arm around her, Marina loved it. In its odorous depths Jimmy had first kissed her; leaning against this very wall, she had discovered her love for him; and now, in the hallway, Jimmy was going to ask her to be his wife. All evening she had been aware of his intention, and the fact troubled her and made her unhappy.

They had been very quiet for nearly a half hour, content in the presence of each other, emotionally vibrant to stray touches of warm hands and lips in the darkness. Jimmy Wrenn had lit a cigarette, and when he suddenly took a deep inhalation, the bright coal making black sockets of his eyes and touching with pink the contour of his lean, undershot jaw, Marina knew he was going to propose. With his middle finger he propelled the cigarette stub through the hall door where it lay, a tiny spark, on the stone steps.

His left arm tightened around Marina's waist and held her close to him.

"It's this way, honey," he said, smoke gushing with the words. "Two weeks' vacation with pay and an extra week with pay for getting married. That makes three. Chuck Bershalt will loan me his flivver, and we can go to Canada. You and me, Marina, together." His voice held a strange lilt she had never heard in it before.

His head was between Marina and the door so that she could see, against the lighter darkness of the entryway, the aggressive silhouette of his profile. A round, not badly shaped head it would be, with hair slicked down as if pulled back in a vise. There would be eager, dark eyes, eyes that could be hard and pugnacious or soft and wondering; a nose that had a bump in it, a permanent reminder of the days when Jimmy Wrenn had been a preliminary fighter. She could make out the line of the jutting chin, discern faintly the thin, rather flat mouth that could smile so engagingly. Not a handsome face, perhaps, by accepted standards; but Marina loved it even to the slight rasp of stubble against her soft fingers when she touched his chin.

His arm tensed even more tightly around her; possessively as if the matter had been settled. That was like Jimmy, she thought; he had made up his mind, charted his course, and her acceptance was taken for granted. Like him, too, she reflected, to wait until he had planned everything to the last detail before asking her.

MARINA ORLOFF always had known that Jimmy Wrenn was quick-tempered and stubborn, pugnacious and aggressive, but she knew, too, that he was good and fine. He would make a good husband and a proper mate. She realized now that since their first date, nearly a year ago, she had known that Jimmy

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possessed all she could want from a husband.

Warm, tender impulses rose within her. She wanted to pull Jimmy's head down against her neck and feel crisp hair against her lips. She wanted to speak and tell him how she felt; she wanted to tell him about Kyrill; but a sudden doubt arose. Jimmy might not understand about Kyrill; American boys were different from Russian. Jimmy might be angry; she might lose him. At the thought her arms clung to him.

"Surprised, sweetheart?" Jimmy chuckled. "Never thought I was thinking of marriage—the old ball-and-chain stuff." He laughed again, and his left hand slid up her back and his fingers played gently with the short brown curls under her left ear.

"Something tells a fellow, honey," he murmured, "when the right girl comes along. He knows it from the first."

"Yes, Jimmy"—her voice was barely audible—"I see."

"I've got an apartment lined up, thirty dollars a month, three rooms. When we get back you can pick out the furniture and we'll pay ten dollars a month until it's paid up. We can stand that easy on my thirty-five per."

He paused for a space but Marina could not bring herself to speak.

"How does it sound?" he asked. "Good?"

Again Marina held him tightly. "Yes, Jimmy, wonderful."

"That's swell, Marina," he said softly. "Just swell! Give me a kiss now and I'll be going. When I see you tomorrow night I'll show you something that will knock your eye out."

THE ring! How like Jimmy, having once made up his mind, to go ahead and buy the ring before asking her. His left hand gently pulled her head over and she felt his lips on hers. A soft, rather shy kiss, different from those he had given her in the past. That kiss confirmed for Marina all she had subtly sensed of Jimmy's character. He might talk roughly, be aggressively insistent on what he called his rights, but down inside he was good and fine and gentle.

Their lips clung, and delicious sensations flooded Marina; she abandoned herself to the sweetness of his kiss. But even while she was finding this ecstasy, deep within her doubt struggled with her emotions, fear turned the edge of her joy. Should she tell Jimmy about Kyrill or shouldn't she? Now that the thing for which she had prayed and hoped had come to pass, her doubt was greater than ever. The fear of losing him made her tremble, and Jimmy, feeling it, withdrew his lips.

"Go ahead and cry if you want to, Marina," he said gently. "Women always cry when they're happy. I—I—" he hesitated—"I'm glad you like me that much. Believe me, sweetheart, you won't regret anything."

They were silent after that, two shadows entwined in each other, oblivious to the smell, the howling of cats and noises of the night, knowing only that they were close to each other and warm and soft and fierce all at the same time. . . . A clock thudded one sonorous stroke.

"Gee!" Jimmy aroused himself, took his lips from her cheek. "One o'clock! I've got to be running. Another kiss, honey, and you go to bed. You tell your boss tomorrow that you're getting through on the twentieth. If he wants to know why, tell him to see me."

He cupped her face in his hands and touched her lips firmly. He straightened and cocked his cap rakishly, shrugged himself with a sort of self-conscious wiggle and walked down the stone steps. He paused at the bottom and waved his hand. "Good night, Mrs. James P. Wrenn." He chuckled happily.

Her voice came low: "Good night, Jimmy."

She watched him until he rounded the street corner, and then went slowly up to her third-floor room. The pressing fear that his arms and lips had dulled came savagely to assail her now. Panic lay within her like lead. What did American girls do? If she only had some girl friend—American girl friend—to confide in, someone to tell her what to do.

SHE let herself into the small room that she rented for four dollars a week from Mrs. Reilly. It was small, that room, so tiny that the iron bed with its chipped white enamel and thin, hard mattress, and the old-fashioned bureau that stood in a corner near the single window crowded it with furniture. The wall paper was a dingy brown, the rag carpet was badly worn, and there was no decoration on the walls except the brilliantly colored lithograph of the Mother Mary, holding the Infant Jesus while the shepherds and wise men adored. Marina's father had brought that lithograph from Polnavsk when he brought himself and his daughter. There had been an icon near it once, but since she had gone to Jimmy's church that had disappeared.

She pulled her hat off her short brown curls, and mechanically combed her fingers through the hair to loosen it from her head. She removed her coat and sat on the edge of the bed and kicked off her slippers. Could she ask Mrs. Reilly? Explain that she didn't know American customs? She shook her head. Mrs. Reilly wouldn't understand anything like this. Hadn't she ordered Lillian Marsh from the house because Lillian hadn't come home all one night?

She took off her stockings and slid her dress up over her head and carefully placed it on a hanger. She thought of many girls at the box factory, chattering during the noon hour of boys and dates and dances. She had never made friends with any of them and she was sorry now, for they possibly could have told her what to do.

She discarded her flesh-colored underwear, trimmed with lace of her own making, and put on her nightgown. Presently she found herself standing in front of the lithograph, lips moving silently. She had to have help—now.

It was nearly two o'clock when she began to write the letter.

RODNEY KIRK, his head pounding like a Chinese gong, ambled irritably across the small city-room of The Gazette and slumped heavily into the chair before his typewriter. Harvey Lacey, The Gazette's other general reporter, looked over and grinned.

"How d'you feel?" he asked.

"Terrible!" moaned Kirk.

"You'll feel worse," promised Lacey. "Elizabeth Gordon is sick; we've got to get out the woman's page and personals as well as the regular stuff."

Kirk cupped his head tenderly in the palms of his hands; he was incapable of reply.

"Jinson is making up the woman's page now," Lacey went on, "so you better get up the Advice to the Lovelorn column right away. After that goes down we'll hop across the street and have some of the hair off the dog that bit you."

Kirk swore, reviling Eleanor Lovelace—which was Elizabeth Gordon's *nom de plume*—for writing advice to the love-worried (she was an old maid and had never been in love), and cursing the day he had decided a newspaper man's life was a happy one.

Lacey openly enjoyed the symptoms. "Go ahead, Miss Lovelace." He lifted his coat skirts in a mincing gesture. "Settle the love problems of the proletariat."

"The Greeks," said Kirk, "had a name for it—and it wasn't nerts."

"Cheer up, laddy, work hard, don't drink, write good copy and some day you'll be an honest-to-goodness reporter and go to New York and be famous. Here—" he flung over several letters—"here's the mail for the column."

Kirk lit a cigarette and, with fingers that trembled, slit the envelopes, removed their contents and began to read. Kirk's task was simple. He would select from the letters such premarital

"Why did you tell me?" he asked

or marital problems as seemed to be of general interest, write helpful answers to the questions propounded, and under the permanent headline, "Advice to the Perplexed," print question and reply.

Going through the letters now, he groaned again, for the writing, mostly in pencil, was hardly legible; words were scrawled with the laborious effort of those who rarely wrote and found the task stupendous.

The first letter came from a girl who was about to be married and wished to know if she should accept a present from her employer, who was very kind.

"Kind!" muttered Kirk. "Funny kind."

The second letter came from a woman married ten years whose husband was being inattentive. It was signed, "An Anguished Mother."

The third letter was from Marina Orloff.

Written neatly, in a round, flowing hand, it attracted Kirk's attention because it was easy to read. As he grasped the contents, the minor jitters from which he suffered ceased to be quite so horrible.

"Say, Harv," he called out, "how do you answer this one? A girl was engaged to a fellow four years ago. She loved him not wisely but too well, because they were going to be married. Then the fellow up and died on her. Now she's engaged to another man, and wants to know if she should tell the second bird that she isn't all a young bride should be."

Lacey didn't look up from the copy he was editing. "Take a squint through Elizabeth's top right-hand drawer. She has some stock answers."

On a card-index file were many neatly typed replies to common love problems, but none that would answer Marina's question.

"Nothing here," said Kirk presently. "It seems the girl's a Russian—middle-class family, I gather. Came to this country six years ago with her father; and he got bumped off when a building foundation collapsed. She hasn't any friends and doesn't know American customs. She loves this boy and wants to do the right thing. What'll I say to her?"

LACEY leaned back, set fire to a cigarette and stared glassy-eyed at Kirk. "Working on a newspaper that goes into fifteen thousand Christian homes and you ask that? You know the answer as well as I do: 'Honesty is the best policy.' Bare all and God will reward the virtuous—or something like that."

It is quite likely that if Kirk had not had a thumping head he would have followed Lacey's suggestion without further remark, for he knew The Gazette's inflexible customs as well as the other. But the extra work irritated him, and he waxed argumentative.

"But why tell her to bare all?" he demanded. "The first boy friend is dead. The new fellow would never know, would he?"

"Being married," rejoined Lacey, "I'll say he wouldn't. But this is a family journal, fellah, and the owner is a pillar—or maybe two pillars—in the church. He'd never stand for giving the girl sensible advice." He paused to inhale and blast thick streams of gray smoke from his nostrils. "Tell her to confess all, and if boy friend truly loves he will forgive and forget."

Kirk thought about that for a while. "But, look here, suppose he doesn't forgive and forget? Suppose he leaves her flat?"

"It isn't your funeral, is it?" Lacey shrugged. "She asks for advice and you give it according to the lights of this journal. If she loses her man it's her tough luck."

"Easy to say," sniffed Kirk. "No skin off your back." A stir of real indignation swept him. Vaguely he realized that by the undeniable power of the printed word he held the destiny—most certainly the happiness—of two people in his hands.

"By God!" he suddenly burst out. "Let's be on the square in this sheet for once. I've never had a chance before to do a favor for a reader, but I have now and—"

Lacey flung his arms out, palms turned outward. "Why argue with me?" he exclaimed, eyes wide. "You know The Gazette's policy."

Kirk doubled up his fingers into fists, then straightened them out and struck the desk on either side of the typewriter with the palms of them.

(Continued on page 30)

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The Locked Door

As usual, there wasn't any evidence. But what of it? There was Detective O'Malley

By William MacHarg

"YOU like a case where there ain't nothing to go on," O'Malley said, "and now I got one. This is a case where a guy without no clothes on was found dead in an apartment that ain't occupied by anybody. There don't nobody know who he was and nobody seen him go into the building, so it looks as though we won't find out much about it. Here's the place."

It was a cheap but fairly respectable building on the West Side, renting furnished apartments. Although it was five stories high there was no elevator. We walked up two floors to an apartment in the rear. A uniformed officer was on duty there.

"What about this case?" O'Malley asked him.

"You know as much as me. This guy had no business in the building. He came in here and either somebody came in with him or somebody was waiting for him and bunged him on the head. Then they took the clothes off him and walked out with 'em."

"That seems a strange thing to do," I said. "I suppose it was done to prevent identification."

"You got as good a right to guess as anybody."

There were old bloodstains, but no other evidence that anyone had been there. The windows looked out on a deserted court, and the undisturbed dust on the furniture showed that we would find no fingerprints. Evidently it was a long time since the apartment had been occupied. We had seen nobody in the halls as we entered the building, and many of the apartments were plainly empty.

"All the people in this building been questioned," the cop informed us, "and none of 'em, or the janitor, ever seen this dead guy before."

"We'll see the janitor ourselves," O'Malley decided.

WE HAD some trouble finding him. We knocked on several doors, at most of which we got no response, and finally located him in his living quarters in the basement. He was a huge, rather brutal-looking man, who plainly resented being questioned.

"How long since anybody lived in that place?" O'Malley asked him.

"T'ree mont'."

"Was it locked when the dead guy got in there?"

"Yah. Always lock'."

"Who had the keys?"

"I had him."

"Were the keys you had the only ones to the place?"

The janitor scowled at us. "I get back two key. That's right. Maybe somebody gets key made and I don't know. It's the same lock because nobody live there."

"What does he mean, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"I guess he means that when they rent an apartment they change the lock and give the tenant two keys. Sometimes tenants get extra keys made and he don't know about it. This is the same lock that was on the place when the last tenant occupied it, because it has been vacant. . . . How'd you come to go in there today when you found the dead guy?" he asked the janitor.

The janitor peered at us a long time silently. "I just go in," he answered finally.

"What was the name of the people who last lived there?"

"I think Andris."

As we were leaving, the janitor's wife came in. She was a coarsely pretty kid and she sparkled with costume jewelry. We went back upstairs to the entrance of the building.

"That janitor isn't telling all he knows, O'Malley," I declared. "He seems to be the only one who had access to that apartment and, according to his story, he just 'happened' to go in there and find the dead man. It doesn't sound right to me. He's married to a flirtatious woman about half his age, and that always causes trouble. The janitor's a lot smarter than he acts."

"Yeah; he's smart, all right. The guy had been dead three days. I don't think the dame had nothing to do with it, and I guess we won't get nothing out of the janitor. We'll call up headquarters and get them started looking for those Andris people."

"You think they may have kept a key?"

WE WENT to a drug store on the corner and O'Malley called up headquarters and came out of the booth smiling.

"They got the guy identified," he stated. "Every once in a while headquarters ain't so dumb. The chief thought, because his clothes was gone, he might be a rent collector; so they called up the building management companies and they learned a guy named Millen, that worked for a company called Lincoln & Wells, had been gone three days. So somebody from their office went down and recognized him."

"Explain why they thought that because of the clothes."

"Rent collectors is cagey guys, always looking to be held up; so they put money in their shoes and in their hats and sometimes they wear a money belt."

"Yes," I said, "and rent collectors go around in buildings and in that way meet a lot of women. I stick to the idea of the janitor's wife. You're wasting time, O'Malley, if you don't arrest the janitor."

"You got a lot of ideas. I

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Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

O'Malley's tone was conversational. "Whoever done it picked up a nice piece of money," he said. "This guy Millen didn't believe in banks"

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We keep a President busy being a politician

The Plight of a President

By Don Marquis

ONE trouble with our political customs is that we compel every President whom we elect to consider the Presidency itself as a part-time job. The rest of the time he must put in pleasing us. Besides the onerous and multifarious duties of the office, he must be the active leader of his party, steering it in practical politics and shooting from the hip at the first sign of mutiny within the ranks. He must build up a Character Part, genuine or studied, not unpleasing to the press, and the press is always pernickety, snickery and critical.

He must be responsive to the great, hot heartbeats of the throbbing people, carefully schooling his own cardiac organ to beat as one with their millions of auricles and ventricles. He must photograph well (and frequently) and try and not mind too much what the people look like who are photographed with him.

He must have at one and the same time the air of knowing everything in the world worth knowing and of being Just Home Folks. He must waste untold time in the course of a year being patient with important fools and importunate bores. He must watch some of his political friends pretty closely without too greatly offending them, keeping jampots on high shelves out of their reach.

HE MUST, in short, expend his vital energy to an outrageous extent upon matters which really have very little to do with his administrative job, and at the same time keep in his consciousness the fact that it is his administrative job by which he will be ultimately judged. He may, of course, console himself with the thought that some excellent Presidents have been rowdily used and roundly cussed in their time—George Washington, for instance, and Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Grover Cleveland. We keep a President so busy being a politician that it is a wonder any of them ever got the time to be a statesman.

Speaking of Roosevelt and Wilson, the former seemed not merely to disagree with some of the latter's policies, but to dislike him personally. I had lunch with T. R. one day in an uptown hotel, shortly after Wilson had turned down his proposal to lead a division to France. We were discussing the absolute control which President Wilson had established over the press, and I said:

"All through the ages there have been men in important places who have controlled the publicity of the day, and who have managed to get it across that they were great men. Sometimes they were, and sometimes they were not. Even when they were not, their contemporary critics could not get it over that they were not. The ballyhoo in their favor was never overtaken by the facts about them, and never will be. Historians have generally been fooled by it; historians more or less have to take at its face value the public expression of any given era which they investigate.

"We have had, up to date, three American Presidents who will go down into history as great men; the first two deservedly. They are Washington and Lincoln and the third is—"

I paused. One of those dramatic pauses which we literary men love.

"Woodrow Wilson," I finished.

T. R. brought his fist down on the table with a crash.

"By Godfrey, he shall not!" he said. I noticed that he said "shall" instead of "will."

I SUPPOSE there were fifty newspaper men in New York who knew T. R. better than I did. But every now and then I used to see him, and he always encouraged me to the frankest possible expression of opinion.

He was always extraordinarily frank himself. I remember one evening when his frankness took the form of the most amazing, blazing, hair-raising exhibition of indiscretion that any chief executive could possibly have shown since the world began. He had the late Joel Chandler Harris and his son Julian Harris to dinner at the White House, and was gracious enough to let me come tagging along—I was at that time working for the Harrises on a magazine which they published in Atlanta.

After dinner he took us to his study, and began to talk to "Uncle Remus"; he talked until one o'clock in the morning, and he told us the inside stuff about everything in the world which a politician and a President should not mention. Of course, he knew to whom he was talking, and that there was no danger of its being repeated. He dealt with personalities in high places the world around, foreign politics, domestic politics, party situations, in an off-hand, epigrammatic way that made my hair curl; he spilled inside stuff about the relations of this country with foreign countries that I won't print now, even after the lapse of twenty-five years.

Imagine a newspaper man sitting and listening for more than four hours, knowing that he would never be able to put any of that gorgeous flow into print! The key to the whole thing was that he admired Joel Chandler Harris immensely, that he had gotten extraordinary enjoyment out of Mr. Harris' writings, and that he was making Mr. Harris have as good a time as Mr. Harris had made him have.

And as for the rest of us, we must be people who knew how to keep our mouths shut, or we wouldn't be friends of Mr. Harris; he was sure of that. I loved T. R. for what he was as a man, one of the greatest of Americans; and I think the perception of his value will grow as the years stretch out.

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

"By Godfrey, he shall not!"

▲ ▼ ▲

everybody has two kinds of friends
one kind tries to run
his affairs for him
and the other kind
well i will be darned if i can remember
the other kind

archy the cockroach

"Marriage for Love, Not for Property, Marks Modern Era," confides a newspaper headline. I do not wish to be unduly cynical, but I wonder if current real estate values have any bearing.

now and then
there is a person born
who is so unlucky
that he runs into accidents
which started out to happen
to somebody else

archy

"There's a lot of women in this here country," said the Old Soak, "who works so hard tryin' to keep young that it adds years and years to their age."

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Up and Down with Sam Insull

By John T. Flynn

Sam Insull was a great business man, an inspired organizer. It was not until he entered the field of finance that he became a legal racketeer who juggled recklessly with the savings of over three hundred thousand people. In this article, the second of a series, Mr. Flynn shows you with what unremitting labor and brilliant ability Insull climbed to the heights from which he was later to plunge

HAD Fate sat down coldly to compose the perverse and tangled romance of Samuel Insull she would, looking over the world for her proper scene, have chosen Chicago.

In the blazing summer of 1892, from every direction the black streams of life flowed in upon what Will Carleton had called "the rich and voluptuous city." The country found itself in the first stages of one of the worst depressions in its history. The curtain rose on the coming half-glorious, half-squalid decades of bicycles and trolleys, trusts and trust-busters, beef and oil and gas and traction barons, promoters and speculation, bosses and corruption, Bryan and Hanna, Coxey, Debs and Roosevelt. And Chicago, a hive of newly made millionaires and jobless thousands, made ready to launch that greatest of all hippodromes, her glamorous World's Columbian Exposition.

Thousands poured in to see the approaching spectacle. Other thousands flocked thither to share in the widely advertised riches of the magic city. The circus and side-show men and pickpockets and gamblers and confidence men of the world gathered to seek the promised pickings of the big show, while almost every road was black with the unemployed, the discontented and the professional hobos of the continent.

Among this miscellaneous mass of arrivals was Samuel Insull. He came to take command of Chicago's little Edison Electric Light Company—to put some energy into it, for one thing, but chiefly to insure enough of the magic juice to light the great fair, for the coming show was to be, above everything else, a miracle of electric beauty. Thus Samuel Insull quietly made his entrance upon that stage which he was to tread in such a heroic rôle for the next forty years.

At the time gas was king. The better homes were lit by it. It was coming into wider use for cooking. The streets were still largely lit by gas lamps, but there were also many which boasted of the old-fashioned arc light—the carbon electric lamp which preceded Edison's invention. Chicago, despite her boasted progress, was slow getting around to electricity. But the story of the start there is the story of how almost every American city began to use electricity.

In the early eighties Mr. George H. Bliss got the Edison agency in Chicago. He would put into your house or hospital or office building a little isolated plant to supply current to the building. Then one day a group of gentlemen assembled in the home of Mr. J. E. Doane on Prairie Avenue and agreed to set up a central station. It was established in Mr. Doane's barn, and it supplied light to a group of customers in that exclusive neighborhood—Mr. Doane, Marshall Field, Joseph Sears and some others. Each night it was prepared to galvanize into light 250 lamps.

Then one night when the patrons of Beverley's Theater appeared in their seats a soft dusk suffused the playhouse from a few shaded incandescent lamps. Presently the hour for the performance arrived and, as if by magic, the whole amphitheater was flooded with a brilliant glow from the electric bulbs in the footlights and throughout the house. The amazed and delighted audience broke into prolonged applause.

Downtown, the Western Edison Company—formed by Doane and Brewster and Sears and Field—operated a little central station which supplied 250 lamps in offices and stores. In these simple operations was born that amazing business which now dominates our lives.

The Dawn of the Age of Light

By 1887 the Western Edison Company changed its name to the Chicago Edison Company and built Chicago's first real central station at 139 Adams Street. The plant was completed and began operations August 6, 1888, with four little 200-horsepower engines. Modest as it was at the time, it filled its visitors with awe. They compared it to Dante's Inferno—the room filled with the roar of the engines, the smell of the varnish, the half-naked men shoveling coal with demoniacal, energy, while "at the rear of the building the glowing stack filled the atmosphere with clouds of smoke." This was the dawn of the age of light in Chicago.

By this time those daring gas promoters, Elkins and Widener, had gotten control of Chicago's gas interests and consolidated them under a single control. This all seems far away now, yet these men were making the first experiments in the use of that dangerous instrument called the holding company, which Mr. Insull was to learn to use later so disastrously to his own fame and to the savings of an army of people.

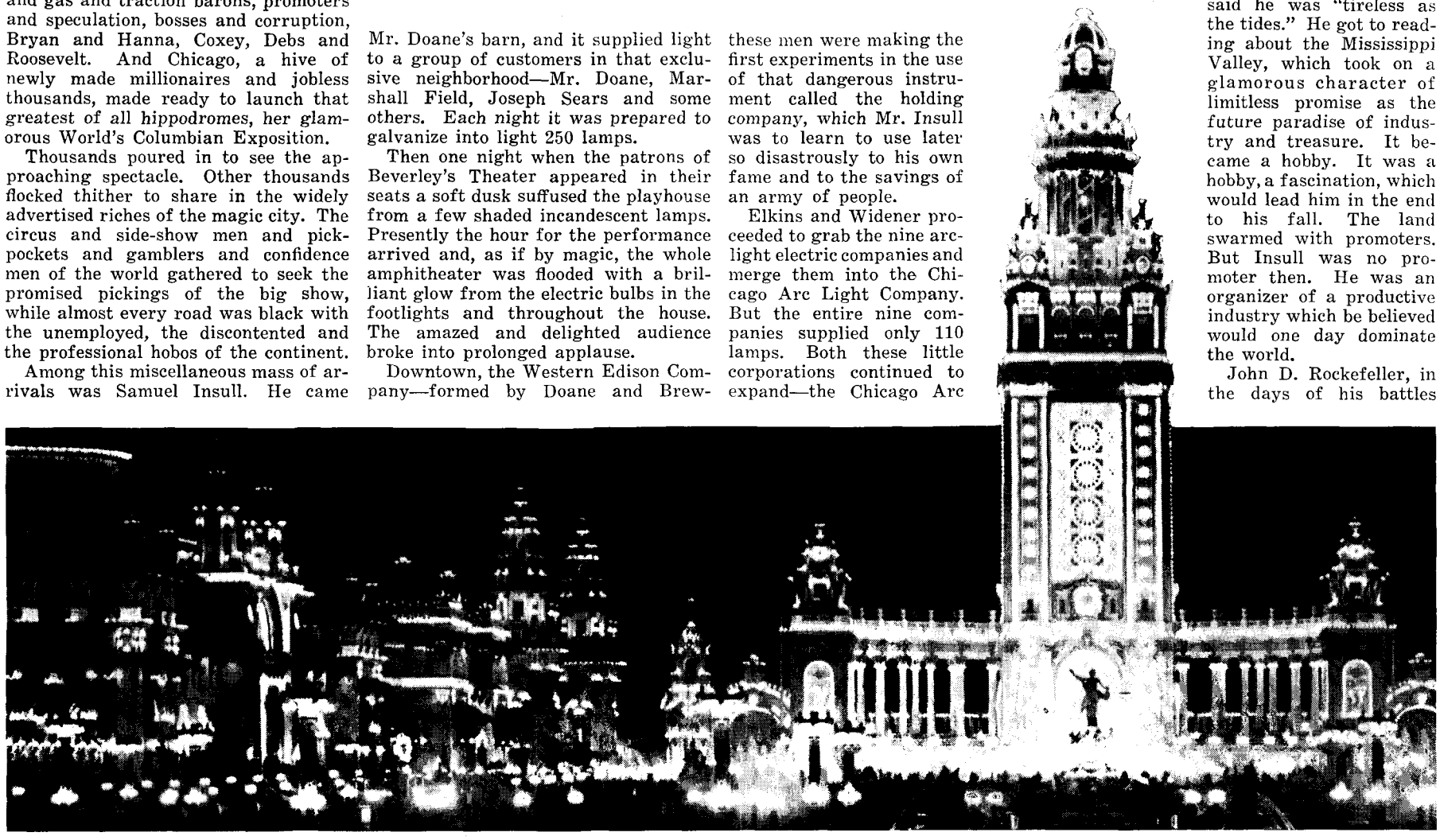
Elkins and Widener proceeded to grab the nine arc-light electric companies and merge them into the Chicago Arc Light Company. But the entire nine companies supplied only 110 lamps. Both these little corporations continued to expand—the Chicago Arc Light Company and the Chicago Edison Electric Light Company. The latter was the smaller. But a number of other companies had sprung into life so that in July, 1892, when Insull took charge of the Chicago Edison Company, there were forty electric light companies in the city and 450 isolated plants.

Insull was happy now. He was his own boss—a rôle he loved. He was in a job he loved, managing a truly productive business. For years he had struggled with problems of finance. He hated them. He had stipulated that the directors should look out for the financial problems in Chicago, leaving him free to run the business. Insull was a great business man. He was not a great financier. In the field of management he made one of our most conspicuous successes. In the field of finance he made one of our most inexcusable failures. His tastes were for executive management. Yet a perverse fate drove him all his life into finance. Indeed, he had not been long in his new post when he found to his dismay and disgust that he had to deal incessantly with money difficulties.

His story is not a simple one. And as it progresses we shall see how the able business man is transformed into the reckless promoter; how, in the end, the brilliant administrator becomes a man of schemes, loses his interest in making electric power and turns his attention to making electric stocks.

Insull was now in the very prime of his life. He was a bachelor and lived away from gayety, almost in seclusion in a downtown hotel. He was not a friendly man. People said he was hard. He ignored Chicago's hectic, dazzling, almost grotesque social life. Truly, there was no fun for Insull like work. He drove himself ceaselessly. Edison said he was "tireless as the tides." He got to reading about the Mississippi Valley, which took on a glamorous character of limitless promise as the future paradise of industry and treasure. It became a hobby. It was a hobby, a fascination, which would lead him in the end to his fall. The land swarmed with promoters. But Insull was no promoter then. He was an organizer of a productive industry which be believed would one day dominate the world.

John D. Rockefeller, in the days of his battles against the refiners of the oil regions, said "they never knew what it cost to do business," but that he did know and that this was all the difference between them. There were other differences, but this was sufficient by itself to spell the difference between success and failure. In 1892 electric light producers had no idea what it cost to do business and hence no idea how to charge. They merely demanded all the traffic would bear and hoped for results.



Electricity Against Gas

Insull now became the pioneer in exploring and analyzing this unpleasant subject of costs and rates. At that moment the gas men were saying that electricity could never succeed commercially for lighting purposes.

"Can electric lighting be done at a price to compete successfully with gas lighting?" asked the Progressive Age, a gas journal. "Can they do electric lighting at a price that will enable them to come out of the struggle with gas with a whole hide and with dividends?" Insull thought they could, because he had learned something about costs which these men did not know.

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Years before, just a few months after he went to work for Thomas Edison, Insull wrote to a friend in London:

He can furnish power by means of electric motors which will give him an enormous pull over the gas companies as he will not have his plant lying idle during 365 days of the year, as the gas companies with but slight exception must do as the business is at night; but he can furnish electricity for power purposes during the day, which means that his plant is never idle.

Mass Production in 1892

This is all very obvious now, looking backward. The twenty-one-year-old Sam Insull was looking forward then. And, as he set out in Chicago, this idea dominated his mind. Stated differently, it meant mass production—a subject that was very much in people's minds then long before Henry Ford had ever heard of the subject. Insull's plan was to produce on a large scale and consequently at a lower price and thus do for electricity what Ford later did for automobiles.

Back of all this was one other idea—filled with dynamite. Insull believed in monopoly. Now, of course, all public utilities are monopolies. But then, as he pointed out, Insull had forty competitors running central stations in Chicago and hundreds of buildings making their own light. Besides, he had relentless competition from the gas companies and from Mr. John D. Rockefeller's kerosene lamps.

In the nineties the word "monopoly" was one of the most dangerous to pronounce. The land swarmed with promoters like John W. Gates and Elkins and Widener and Henry H. Rogers and Judge Moore and Reid and the notorious "Gas" Addicks, who were roaming the land putting together trusts of all sorts. Legislatures everywhere were investigating monopolies and industrial "kings." Old John Sherman and Senator Hoar had put through Congress with but a single dissenting vote in both houses the famous Sherman anti-trust law. Radicalism was growing robust on the growth of monopoly. Politicians of all parties denounced it. The men who were creating the monopolies stoutly denied they were doing so.

In Chicago the gas kings consolidated four of the leading companies. But they did it secretly. The companies retained their separate identities. Their stock was secretly transferred to trustees in a trust agreement so that they were really subject to a single direction, and competition was extinguished between them though the pretense of competition remained. But Insull came out boldly and pronounced that unpopular word. "Monopoly," he declared, "is essential to the health of the electric utility business." It was preposterous, he maintained, to have three or four companies running their wires into the same building. He was criticized within the industry for speaking out so frankly.

And he proceeded to act on this principle. He set to work without delay to wipe out all of Chicago's numerous electric light companies save his own. He began with the biggest. A year after he took hold in Chicago his company absorbed the Chicago Arc Light Company from B. E. Sunny, later telephone king of Chicago. La Salle Street was astonished at this. It had predicted Insull's absorption, but the sparrow had eaten the cat. For the first time bankers and financiers in the big city began to ask about this man Insull. He kept in the background so completely that they knew little of him.

This was his first important financial corporate operation. And in making it he did a thing which was to be at once the source of his astonishing growth and the cause of his downfall. He gave the Arc Light stockholders $120 in bonds for each share of their stock and he gave them all *"rights" to subscribe to Chicago Edison stock later* to the extent of 60 per cent of their holdings. This worked so beautifully in bringing in capital when it was needed that Insull kept it up throughout his career. In the final scenes of the last act, his frantic struggles to keep this source of fresh capital open led him to the field of Waterloo itself.

This first act in the war on competition in Chicago began at a moment when the country was in the throes of the great panic of 1893. Indeed, all through those disastrous years, when prosperous businesses were melting away, Insull stuck to his drive against rivals. Chicago herself was distracted by the glamour and glory of her great fair and the unparalleled violence of the depression which filled her saloons with starving men. The Hinky Dinks and Hank Norths fed daily 60,000 men. Insull had no time for the depression. At the World's Fair he constructed a central station which, for the first time, supplied energy for light, power and transportation and made the fair grounds at night one of the marvels of the age.

For the next four panicky years he continued to buy up his competitors. There was no fuss, no talk about it. But every now and then a little note in the papers chronicled the passing of another electric light company—"The Chicago Edison Company acquired the franchises of the National Electric Construction Corporation for $97,000." or "of the Coöperative Light and Power Company for $131,000."

It was in 1893 that he took over the Arc Light Company. The next year he swallowed four more companies. For one he paid only $5,590. The next year he took two and in 1896 he bought one. Insull was spreading his own wires all over Chicago. Many of the smaller companies were near bankruptcy already, and as soon as the shadow of the Insull wires fell over their special territory, they were ready to collapse and Insull was there to take them over.

Forging the Power Chain

Right here Insull found the point at which he would be the master. He was to run the business; the directors were to find the money. They had to go to him now and tell him there was no money. Insull at this time was a rugged, thick-set Briton, radiating self-assurance and power, with an iron jaw under a cushion of fresh, pink skin. It is said that when the directors confessed their impecuniosity Insull's manner toward them changed in an instant. They could not get the money? Very well, he would get it! He hurried to England and raised over a million. When he came back it was as the undisputed master. After that the directors were merely ornaments.

Chicagoans woke up after a while. Here was the octopus within their gates. Something must be done about it. Much the same murmur was heard all over the country. Two powerful movements took form. One was for municipal ownership. The other was for regulation. The utility men of the day were as much afraid of municipal ownership or regulation as the public was of monopoly. Yet strangely, Sam Insull—the domineering, overbearing Sam Insull who later led the war on the regulation of holding companies—surprised his associates by coming out boldly for regulation. He hoped for monopoly. But "in order to protect the public," he told the National Electric Light Association, "exclusive franchises should be coupled with conditions of public control, requiring all charges for public services fixed by public bodies to be based on cost plus a reasonable profit." That was thirty-five years ago when there was no control in Chicago. Looking back, it must be conceded to be an enlightened stand in such a man.

Insull's views on this subject were expressed many times during the next ten years. Held up today against the current estimate of the man, they seem strange indeed.

"If there is anything wrong with my business, I want to know it. And the best way for me to know it is to have a public official who has the right to look

(Continued on page 35)

Above, a night view of the Esplanade, the "miracle" of electric lighting at the World's Columbian Exposition. Right: Samuel Insull in 1927; Roger Sullivan, Democratic boss of Chicago; and Mrs. Samuel Insull in her stage days as Gladys Wallis

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Thunder Mountain

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

KALISPEL EMERSON has reason to believe that a gold mine—which he and his two brothers, Sam and Jake, have found in the wild Saw Tooth Range—has been stolen by one Rand Leavitt, after Leavitt has murdered Sam. He resolves to establish Leavitt's guilt. Dramatic events follow. . . .

In love with the charming Sydney Blair (whose father, a minor capitalist, is one of his friends), Kalispel is in danger of losing her—to Leavitt! . . . Dick Sloan, whom Kalispel likes, loves a dance-hall girl, "Nugget;" and so does Cliff Borden, in whose resort the girl works. Kalispel persuades the girl to stop dancing, to promise to marry Sloan. Leavitt tells Sydney that Kalispel and the dancer are having an affair. Sydney, observing them together, believes him. . . . Blair is set upon and robbed by bandits. Leavitt and Borden are spreading the rumor that one of the bandits is—Kalispel Emerson!

Blair encounters further misfortune. Victimized by Leavitt, who has sold him worthless claims at enormous prices, he is robbed *again. Someone enters his cabin and steals* ten thousand dollars hidden there.

From Sydney (who is jealous of Nugget) Kalispel can elicit no sign of love. Nevertheless, he resolves to protect her—to expose Leavitt. Stealing up to the man's cabin one night, he overhears enough to convince him that Leavitt is the head of the hold-up gang. Kalispel insists that Sydney drop Leavitt. The girl refuses to do so. In a towering rage, she invites Kalispel to hide near the cabin that evening, so that he can observe Leavitt kissing her! . . . Kalispel accepts the strange invitation. Outside the cabin he waits in the darkness. Presently he hears steps. A figure looms up near him. *Leavitt!*

VIII

"HELLO, Sydney," called Leavitt, in a low, eager voice as he knocked at the open door.

"Rand! . . . There you are. Late again!" replied Sydney. "It is after eight."

Kalispel gaped in amazement. Sydney's reply did not seem natural. But, he reflected, what did he know about the many sides of a woman?

"I'm—sorry," replied Leavitt, breathing fast. "I took time while my man was away at supper—to hide some more gold. You see, I'm growing stingy. I want a lot of gold for you to help me spend."

Sydney laughed—a curious little laugh without mirth. "Don't come in. It's cool outside. . . . Now, Rand! . . . I get so tired resisting your advances."

"Stop, then. You'll never have any peace until you do," he responded, with the ardor of a lover.

Kalispel saw the upper part of their forms silhouetted black against the frame of yellow light of the doorway. Leavitt had his arm around her waist. They walked out of the flare, and presently appeared at the porch rail, side by side, their faces indistinct in the gloom.

"You are always talking about gold," she said. "If I were ever to—to care for you, I'd be jealous of your gold."

"Ever! Don't you care now?"

"I'm afraid not—in the way you want. Speaking of gold, Father said you offered to lend him some today."

"Yes. He refused it. Your dad has changed toward me in some unaccountable way. I'll have to buy back his claims to help him. And I'll be glad to do it. I always regretted those claims failed to pan out. But they looked as good as any."

"Thank you, Rand," she murmured, gratefully. Then, after a short pause: "Where do you hide your gold? Aren't *you afraid it will be stolen?*"

"I hide mine under the floor of my cabin. A section of log slips out—it fits so perfectly that it could never be detected. Underneath there's a space hollowed out in the base log. . . . There! I have trusted *you.* The only person I would trust."

"Take care I don't steal your riches, sir," she retorted. Then in grave voice: "Father thought he had a safe hiding place for his money. But he would soon have gambled it away."

"Emerson stole that money," declared Leavitt.

"So you have said before. I should imagine it would be embarrassing to tell *him.* . . . Why do you think he took it?"

"WELL, he has been seen with considerable gold lately. It is known he seldom pans for gold. And it is hinted that he is one of the bandits who are taking toll of us miners, more and more."

"Better safeguard your own, then."

"I seldom leave my cabin, except to come here. Then I have guards who patrol my claim. . . . I'm more afraid of a landslide than robbery."

"Rand, are you not afraid of Kalispel Emerson?" she asked.

"No. But why should I risk gun-play with a notorious cowboy?" he replied, somewhat coldly. "I'm surprised that you ask."

"Father said you and Borden were deathly afraid of the fellow."

"That is not true, of me, at least. He has threatened me, I know. But there's nothing for me to gain by fighting Emerson, and everything to lose. . . . *You!*"

"But how about your western code of honor? As I understood it, when a man has an enemy and accuses him of something—and dares him to come out—if he fails to do so he is branded a coward."

"That is true. Still it can scarcely apply in my case. I am a man of affairs, with a future. Kalispel Emerson is a wild cow-puncher, a drinking gamester, a bully, proud of his gun record—and if he doesn't get shot he'll hang."

"I understand. But still there it is—the man-to-man thing."

"SYDNEY, you could not possibly want me to meet this gunman in a street fight?" demanded Leavitt, in great or pretended concern.

"No, I hate fighting. This blood-letting sickens me. A little more will send me back home. . . . Still, I'm a woman—and curious."

"Indeed you are a woman—and glorious," he replied, passionately, throwing his arms around her. "Sydney, I'm hungry for you. Don't you love me?"

"I don't think—I do," she returned faintly. "I'm afraid you fascinate me. But you should wait. . . . Oh!"

He had kissed her. Kalispel's suffocating ears registered the soft contact of the man's lips. Then for an instant Sydney's pale face gleamed against his dark shoulder, and she drew away.

Kalispel staggered like a drunken man from his covert, and made his way round the corner of the cabin to the other side, where he headed for the open bench.

"Take your medicine, Kal," he whispered to himself huskily. "It's over—an' not so tough! . . . Gawd, these women! They're like snakes. . . . Yet I know that in her heart she despises him."

Suddenly into the hot hate and agony of the moment there flashed an idea that effected almost instant transformation of his feelings. He remembered Sydney's strange luring from Leavitt the secret of the hiding place of his gold. What had been Sydney's motive—knowing Kalispel heard there in the shadow? Was it just woman's deviltry? Whatever it was, Kalispel responded to it without doubt or hesitation.

He ran across the bench to the slope. He glided along that to the fence which enclosed Leavitt's claim. There he rested, regaining his breath, listening, peering for the guard. There was no sound, no moving object. He slipped among the boulders and stealthily made his way to the point almost opposite the cabin. A light shone from Leavitt's window. The door was closed. Footfalls attracted his attention. They were coming. Soon a dark form appeared. It grew blacker, took the shape of a man. He passed by, close to the fence. When he was out of sight Kalispel crossed the open space and hid behind the corner of the fence. He drew his gun, and knew his course of action. If he bungled, he would have to kill the guard; this he did not want to do unless compelled.

Presently the guard returned. He passed the corner scarcely a yard away. Kalispel took one quick step and struck the man a hard blow on the head with the butt of his heavy gun. The fellow dropped like a log, his rifle clattering to the ground. Kalispel knelt and rolled him over on his back intending to bind

Slowly he swung open the door. The broad flare

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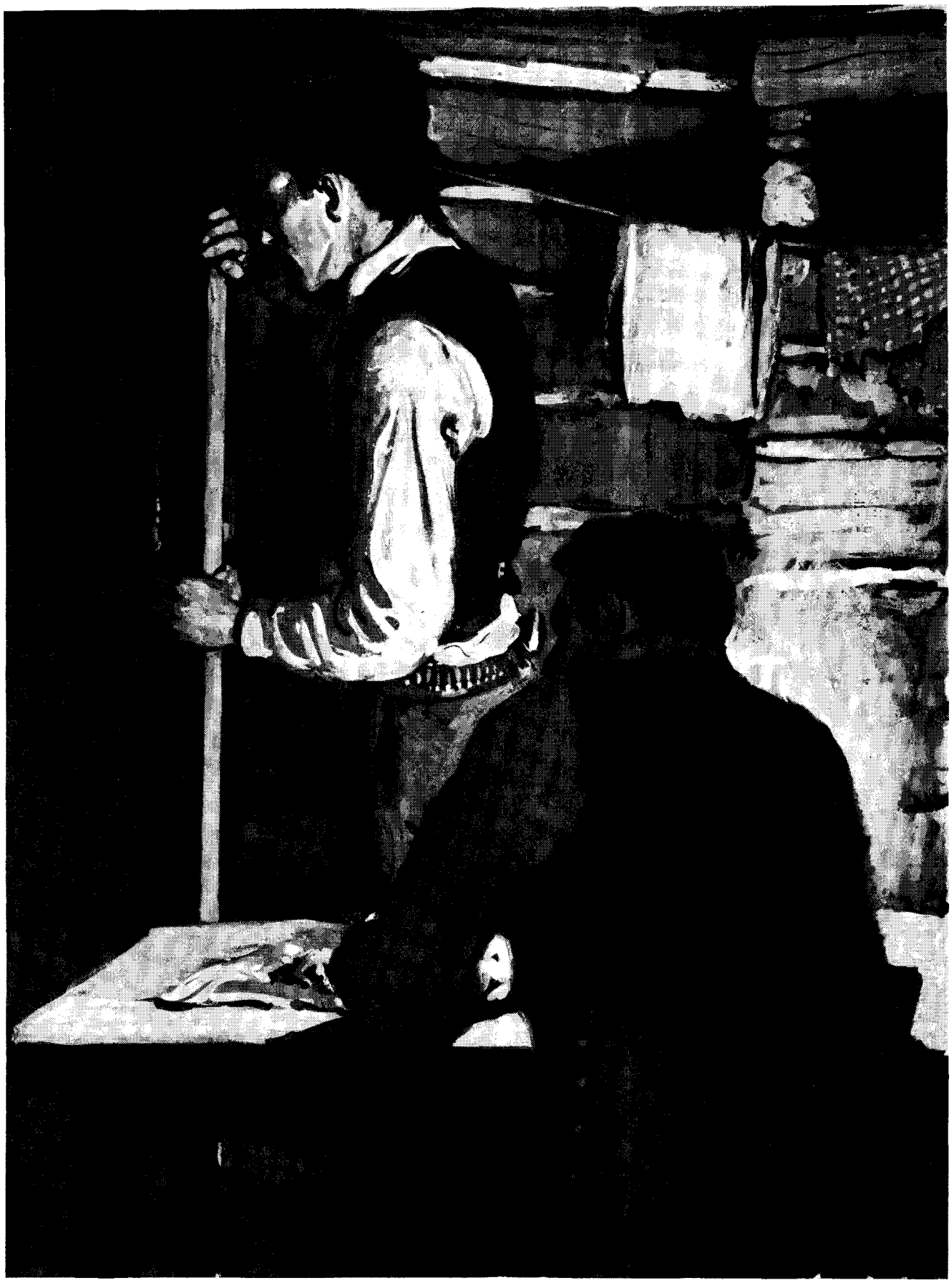

Harold Von Schmidt

of lamplight shone upon Sydney Blair. Kalispel grasped the manifestations of trouble

his mouth and hands. But he had no scarf, and Kalispel did not want to leave a clue by using his own. Rising, he ran to the porch, leaped up to try the door. Barred! Listening a moment more, he sheathed his gun and hurried round to the window. It took but a moment to force it and climb into the cabin.

He turned up the lamp and cast a swift, keen gaze round the room, scrutinizing the lowest log of the wall. In several places that log was hidden by bed, bench, chest, table. Kalispel dragged away the bed and felt with scrupulous care, searching for a joint. He did this all around that side and then the other. Each log ran the whole length of the wall. Behind Leavitt's table and behind a canvas curtain where Leavitt hung his clothes Kalispel found what he was seeking.

HIS sharp finger nails halted at a smooth, scarcely perceptible joint. About four feet to the left of it he found another. With powerful hands he pressed the section of log, which slid out upon the floor, disclosing a dark hollow in the base log beneath.

Then as Kalispel bent over, the first object with which his eager hand came in contact was a large, long, leather wallet. It felt full of money. Kalispel could have yelled his glee. Blair's wallet!

The wallet was too large for Kalispel's pocket. It took but a moment for him to snatch a blanket from the bed. This he spread by the aperture in the log, and dropped the wallet upon it. Then he lifted out bag after bag of gold of various sizes—some canvas, but mostly buckskin. He did not desist until he had a pile of them which he thought was all he could carry. Where, he thought with grim irony, had Leavitt got all the gold? Next he twisted the ends of the blanket and carried it to the window. He peered out. All quiet! It took all his strength to lower the heavy load down to the ground. Then he leaped out.

When he swung that improvised pack over his shoulder he calculated there was in excess of a hundred pounds of gold in it. He wanted to make the welkin ring with his triumph. But never had he been more vigilant. He stepped on the grass and on stones, out to the hard trail. The guard lay where he had fallen. Kalispel passed him and gained the boulders. Sheering to the left he soon reached the base of the slope.

Only then did he relax, to exult and revel. He had done it. He had recovered Blair's money and he had taken what rightfully belonged to Sam Emerson.

"GOSH," whispered Kalispel, halting to rest his burden on a convenient boulder. "Even if we'd never made this strike, I'd turned robber once, just to get even with this two-bit thief."

Of all the considerable feats Kalispel had ever achieved this one gave him most exultation. He was safe. He could never be apprehended. And nothing was any surer than that he could hide and keep this gold, which, added to what he had hidden, would make a fortune. He reverted to the youth that had dreamed of romance, adventure, daring feats, to the day he ran away from home to seek the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. He had unearthed the pot, but the bright face of the rainbow had faded.

He toiled on in short stages, careful each time to listen, to peer ahead, to make certain of his direction and safety. At last he reached his cabin, hot and wet, with bursting veins and throbbing heart, exhausted from overexcitement and exertion, but full of a satisfaction that made up for the irrevocable loss of Sydney Blair.

When he got ready he would return her father's money to him, with a few caustic words to Sydney anent where he had found it. And possibly some of the gold the miners had lost could be identified and returned to them. Then he had Jake to think of and plan for, to establish in life, and also Nugget and Sloan, and lastly himself. Somehow, thought of the ranch, certain to be his if he lived, did not rouse the old joy.

Kalispel, all the while with whirling thoughts, concealed his treasure, assured that his hiding place could not be discovered without long and painstaking search.

The hour was late and he took advantage of this to burn the blanket.

"I reckon my high-minded Sydney would figure me out a thief," he soliloquized. "My heaven! If she cared for that hombre, what a jar she'll get!

"But," he puzzled again, "why did she persuade him to tell where the gold was hidden when she knew I was there?"

HE WENT to bed without disturbing Jake, who slept like a log, and he lay there wide-eyed until the gray dawn.

That day, Kalispel remained in camp, restless and watchful, working at small tasks, expecting any moment a posse of miners with Leavitt at their head. His loaded Winchester leaned against the door of the cabin, and he had an extra gun in his belt. He felt capable of holding off even a determined band of men.

But afternoon came without any untoward event. Then when he espied Leavitt on Sydney's porch, apparently no more excited than usual, he concluded that the loss of the gold had not been discovered. Kalispel pondered over this amazing aspect of the situation. No doubt that guard knew how Charlie March had come to his untimely end. He might have recovered consciousness without it becoming known that he had been assaulted, and then in the interest of self-preservation he had chosen to keep his mouth shut. Kalispel reflected that he had left Leavitt's room as he had found it, except for the purloining of the blanket. This loss, too, might not have been noticed.

(Continued on page 38)

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Double Scoop

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Patterson McNutt

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

"I wish I could afford you, Eddie," Mary sighed wistfully. "You are a sweet kid"

MARY ELLSWORTH JONES, of 2200 Orchard Drive, announced her engagement yesterday to Edward Farrell, star reporter of The Morning Record. The happy couple have been secretly engaged for several months and plan an early marriage with a honeymoon to follow in the south of France. While abroad Mr. Farrell plans to write the concluding chapters of a new novel which has already been accepted for publication. He will return to this country with his bride in August in order to attend rehearsals of his play, a political satire scheduled for fall production in New York."

Eddie Farrell sat at his desk in the city-room of The Morning Record and pictured the story as it would appear on the front page of his own paper. There would, he generously admitted to himself, have to be confirmation of certain details of the story before it could be published. There was one feature, however, which was already a thrilling fact. He was secretly engaged to be married to Mary Ellsworth Jones, of 2200 Orchard Drive! All the rest would follow, swiftly, inevitably.

He thrilled to the recollection of the magic night two weeks past when the miracle happened. He remembered five cocktails, a moon which seemed to appear on cue, a perfume which practically asked him why he didn't come over and Mary's sweet desire that, for a time at least, their engagement be kept an intoxicating secret. His own idea had been that the news should be broadcast on a nation-wide hook-up, but Mary had been so charming—

"Farrell! Front and center!"

THE tired voice of Jim Crowell, city editor of The Record, was calling.

"Yes, sir," Eddie said. "Coming, sir!"

"Don't 'sir' me," Crowell growled irritably. "Listen, kid. You haven't been on the paper long. Some things you've got to learn. Get this. All I want between me and my staff is an attitude of mutual disrespect. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. I mean—"

"Let it pass," Crowell sighed. "You been around the shop long enough to know what a scoop is?"

Scoop! The answer to a star reporter's prayer!

"I certainly do know," Eddie assured Crowell earnestly. "A scoop is where you beat all the other reporters in town. They don't know anything and—"

"Check. I think maybe we've got one. One of our tipsters just phoned in that Arnold Rossitter—he's one of the vice presidents of the Coast Line Bank—is planning to get himself married. The dope is he's set for an elopement tomorrow morning to Green Mountain Lake. If we can verify this and get it exclusive, the story ought to make a nice page-one piece."

"I'll see Rossitter right away," Eddie said. "I'll ask him—"

"Have sense, kid," Crowell demanded wearily. "If you talk to Rossitter he'll either deny it or give the story to all the papers. You mouse around over at the Municipal Building, see if you can find an application for a marriage license with Rossitter's name on it. If you miss there you might—"

Crowell paused, the line of his thought apparently broken by a sudden inspiration.

"I've got a hunch," he continued after a moment. "It might be a honey. My hunch is the bride may be one of those publicity hounds. You might kid her into giving you the story exclusive if you promise to give it a play. She's been in the news before. Kind of a college widow with plenty of that well-known S. A. Engaged once to a bum poet we had around here for a spell. Then there was an Army fellow. She was set to marry him, but bowed out at the last minute. That was front-page stuff and I don't think she thought it was hard to take. Her name is Mary Something Jones. Lives somewhere out on Orchard Drive. You'll probably find her in the phone book."

MARY ELLSWORTH JONES had great big beautiful eyes and some pre-war Scotch. She made liberal use of both intoxicants in a frantic attempt to avoid an ugly scene with Eddie Farrell as they faced each other beside a tea table.

"Do be grown up, darling," she pleaded. "It's been sweet, being engaged to you, but really it could never have been anything more serious than an engagement. You're twenty-one. I'm thirty. You're a cub reporter and—"

"And don't make enough money to interest you," Eddie suggested bitterly.

"Now, please! Don't go melodramatic on me. The fact of the matter is I need a job. Marriage to Arnold Rossitter is a swell job for me. He's a charming man—and wealthy. I know we can make each other happy. So what, Mr. Farrell?"

It was true talk. Eddie knew it, suddenly, definitely. He grinned ruefully.

"O. K., lady," he said cheerfully. "I'll grow up. Nice to have known you and I wish you luck. And now, if you'll slip me just one more shot of that swell Scotch I'll go on about my business. I have pieces to write for my paper."

"I wish I could afford you, Eddie," Mary sighed wistfully. "You are a sweet kid."

IT WAS bedtime for the first edition of The Morning Record. Jim Crowell sat in the office of the managing editor as the presses began to rumble.

"Farrell's out like a light," Crowell said. "Sleeping it off in the city-room. The paper'll be down in a minute and I could wait and let you see it on the front page, but this won't keep. We've got another reporter on the paper, sucker. Listen to this."

He smoothed a crumpled galley proof flat on the managing editor's desk and read from it:

"Just before dawn this morning," the story began, "a blue roadster rolled quietly from the winding driveway leading to the home of Mary Ellsworth Jones, of 2200 Orchard Drive. The occupants of the roadster were Miss Jones and Arnold Rossitter, vice president of the Coast Line Bank. The couple drove to Green Mountain Lake. They will be married there today by a justice of the peace.

"In the wake of the motor lay the hearts of three men, the hearts of a poet, a soldier and a newspaper man. All three had loved Mary Ellsworth Jones, had loved and lost. The city editor of The Morning Record did not know when he gave out the assignment, but the newspaper man who loved and lost is the reporter who now writes this story of the elopement with the man who loved and won."

Tears of appreciative laughter clouded Crowell's eyes.

"Won't read you the whole piece," he said. "You can fill in on that when the paper comes down, but get this: He swiped a picture of the Army fellow when she wasn't looking, hid it under his coat. He talked her into giving him a copy of some hot verse written to her by the poetic boy friend. It's part of the story and we're running the picture. Then he sketches the history of the blasted romances with the soldier and the poet and gives us the low-down on his own flop as a Romeo. Now listen to the finish."

HE READ again: "The couple drove to Green Mountain Lake. They will be married there today by a justice of the peace.

"In the wake of the motor lay the hearts of three men, a poet, a soldier and a newspaper man. The poet, on hearing of the marriage, will retire to his lonely garret and write passionate verses of lost love. The soldier, lying on his lonely Army cot in the Philippines, will look up at the stars and wonder at discipline. The newspaper man, writing the story of the elopement, can only mutter—'Scooped again!'"

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"I DON'T SMOKE

but on Tooth Paste I take the advice of those who do"

● So runs a paragraph in a letter from a charming woman who is enthusiastic about Listerine Tooth Paste. We pass it on for what it is worth.

Do you know that Listerine Tooth Paste contains marvelous new cleansing and polishing agents that remove film faster, and give teeth a sparkle and cleanliness that ordinary dentifrices cannot accomplish?

These ingredients show unusual ability to get rid of unsightly odor-producing tobacco stains on teeth. Discolorations and tartar left by food disappear, of course, as if by magic.

If you are not now using Listerine Tooth Paste, we urge you to give it a trial. See how quickly and how thoroughly it performs its work.

Note how those fine cleansing and polishing agents reach between, in front, and behind teeth and erase stubborn tartar deposits, stains, and germ-laden film.

Note how much better your teeth look after you have used it for a few days.

We are rather proud of the fact that tens of thousands of men and women who could easily afford to pay high prices for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢.

After all, such preference is the most convincing proof of the quality of Listerine Tooth Paste and the remarkable results it achieves. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

removes film faster

25¢

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WILL THIS BE AMERICA'S NEXT NUMBER ONE CAR?

JUST two weeks ago . . . Walter P. Chrysler announced the new Plymouth Six.

Just two weeks . . . but wherever you go . . . in hotels, clubs, on trains and in theatre lobbies . . . you hear people say, "Walter P. Chrysler is headed straight for the top."

You hear them say: "The new Plymouth Six *is a coming best-seller. It's bound to be* America's next Number One Car."

One thing is clear, Walter P. Chrysler and his engineers knew what the public wanted. They knew that the combination of a six-cylinder engine and Floating Power was unbeatable.

Everybody's talking about the new Plymouth Six

They knew that Americans hate to be squeezed *in . . . so they* made the new Plymouth Six a big, roomy car. They understood human nature . . . realized we all want a car that travels *fast* . . . that's thrilling to drive.

They made it safer than other low-priced cars . . . with a safety-steel body and hydraulic brakes. They found new economy . . . in gas, oil, tires and upkeep. And last but not least, they gave people a low-priced car without that "*low-priced look.*"

No wonder Walter P. Chrysler wants your answer to the intriguing question: "Will Plymouth be America's next Number One Car?"

IT'S A SIX AT $60 LESS THAN LAST YEAR

Business Coupe $495, Rumble Seat Coupe $545, Four-Door Sedan $575, Convertible Coupe $595, all prices f. o. b. factory, low delivered prices, convenient payments. Safety-glass windshields. Closed cars wired for radio. Optional—Automatic Clutch $8, Duplate Safety Plate Glass Windows—Coupe $10, Sedan $16.50.

THE PLYMOUTH SIX IS SOLD BY 7,232 DESOTO, DODGE AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

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The Great Abduction

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

THE President of the United States—Mark Brockridge—is in peril. Carl Bramer and his gang of notorious racketeers are plotting to kidnap him and hold him for an enormous ransom! Blissfully unaware of this, Myrna Dale (with whom Ken Meridew, a brilliant New York journalist, is in love) meets Cattrone—gives him a message from his mother, in Italy. Cattrone, grateful, hoping to impress her, informs her that he can produce evidence sufficient to convict every big racketeer in America! Whereupon Myrna (saying nothing to Meridew) suggests to President Brockridge (whom she has recently met) that he, personally, interview Cattrone. The events which follow leave Meridew dumfounded.

Myrna calls on him in his apartment. The President enters and, without explanation, takes her away. A few minutes later, three gunmen appear, try to force Meridew to tell them where they can find Brockridge. After which Brockridge disappears. Suspecting a kidnapping plot, Meridew summons Gerryman of the secret service, who goes to work at once. . . .

The President *has* been kidnapped. From Myrna (taken with Brockridge and later released) Meridew and Gerryman learn the whole story. The girl, it seems, after leaving Meridew's apartment, had accompanied him downtown for a conference with Cattrone. They had been attacked by five gangsters, placed in a large black limousine, and taken for a lengthy ride. After which Myrna had been released. Cattrone, it appears, had objected to the kidnapping of Myrna and the President, and he had been shot to death.

The situation is fraught with terrifying possibilities. Gerryman, coping with desperate men, must go slowly. One slip and Brockridge will die! . . . In Meridew's apartment Gerryman receives a phone call. It is from *Carl Bramer*, who presently saunters in and calmly confesses that he has the President. He will, he announces, return his victim within twenty-four hours if a five-million-dollar ransom is paid. "I'll see you tomorrow," he concludes; then starts for the door. "*You're letting him go!*" Meridew gasps. Gerryman stares at him with dull eyes. "What else can I do?" he answers.

X

THE telephone jangled and Gerryman picked it up. He listened a moment.

"Yes," he said listlessly. "You're to let him go. No—he's not to be followed. No. Just wait." He hung up and stared at Meridew. "Maybe I'm wrong. A murderer and the abductor of the President. Duty is duty and law is law. But there's common sense, too, isn't there?" His voice was appealing as he looked at Meridew. "That Bramer—if he had nerve enough to come here he has nerve enough to die. The kind of a man that shoots it all. And if I held him—" He shuddered. "A man can only do what he thinks best; isn't that right?"

Long after the secret service man had left the apartment Meridew, from his bed by an opened window, stared at the stars. Over and over again he reviewed the events of the night, and over and over again he pondered Gerryman's final words:

"A man can only do what he thinks best."

But Gerryman's best was *nothing*. The President of the United States was in the hands of racketeers. Their leader brazenly called upon Brockridge's bodyguard, admitted to the abduction and to murder, and walked out unmolested. So far as Meridew could gather from Gerryman's hopeless attitude and despairing words, Bramer would not be molested tomorrow, either.

Gerryman had not said that he would pay the ransom demanded by the kidnapper, but Meridew could only conclude that that was the intention of the President's bodyguard. Five million dollars, a colossal sum, and it would be handed meekly over to the perpetrator of the most daring crime of modern times.

And then what? Would the President be returned? On the whole, Meridew thought that he would. There was a chance that, because of party pressure, there would be no prosecution of Bramer. But Meridew doubted that. Mark Brockridge was not the type of man to let a heinous crime go unpunished because prosecution might tend to present him unfavorably.

But there was a chance, whereas there would be no chance if the President were slain. Therefore, the odds were that the President would be released upon payment of the ransom. But not for twenty-four hours, and in that twenty-four hours Bramer might well be able to achieve the escape of which he was confident. And there was little doubt but that in one of the lesser South American republics the racketeer would find sanctuary. His offense could easily be termed a political one, and a venal government, subject to bribery, poverty-stricken and none too fond of America at best, might well refuse to surrender the fugitive. And as for the way of escape, Meridew could not doubt that Bramer had arranged that. A dozen years ago, when the only egress would have been by motor, by train or by boat, it would have been easy to close the borders. But now that the airplane had abolished borders, preventing the man's flight would be almost impossible.

And suppose that, for some reason of safety, or merely because he was incredibly vicious, Bramer killed Brockridge before he started on his flight. When one dealt with such a person as Bramer one must be prepared for everything.

Had Gerryman, had those superior to him or anyone who knew anything about the incredible crime, the right to let the racketeer receive the ransom, on the chance that he would keep his word? There might be grave danger to the captive if efforts were made to rescue him, but wasn't there equally grave danger in doing nothing?

But it was Gerryman's responsibility, wasn't it? Or the responsibility of his chief, of those members of the government who must by now have been informed of the shocking crime. It certainly wasn't Meridew's. And if it were, what could he do about it? If the men that Gerryman could call to his aid could find no way in which to act, then how could he?

DURFEE woke him from that heavy, unrestful slumber that follows mental exhaustion, at eight the next morning. He was respectful but firm when his employer thickly ordered him to go away.

"It's Mr. Dabney, sir. I told him you were asleep, but he told me to wake you."

Heavily Meridew arose from bed and went to the telephone in the living-room. He had no bedroom extension for the same reason that he had none in his library. When he worked or slept he didn't want to be disturbed by the clanging of the telephone.

"Hello," he said.

"Gosh, you sound drugged," said Dabney. "Sleep at all?"

"Darned little," admitted Meridew.

"Same here," said Dabney. "Heard anything?"

"Just awoke."

"Well, get dressed. I'm coming over for breakfast. We'll be doing *something* today—at least I pray so. And we might as well put our heads together right away. Bringing Myrna Dale with me. Larder stand the strain?"

"I think so," said Meridew.

"Be over in ten minutes, then," said Dabney.

Meridew told Durfee there would be three for breakfast, shaved, showered, and went out upon his porch to find Ned and Myrna attacking eggs.

"Couldn't wait. Starved," said Dabney.

The girl smiled somewhat wanly in response to his greeting.

"Your cook is altogether too good for a bachelor," she said. "I never ate such muffins."

"What happened after we left?" asked Dabney.

"But I led him into the trap," she cried

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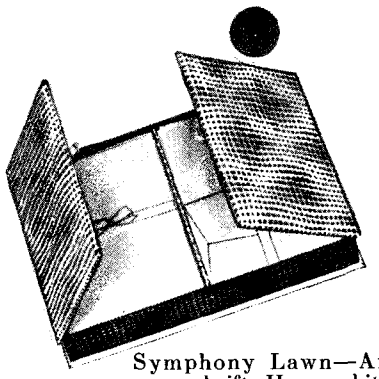
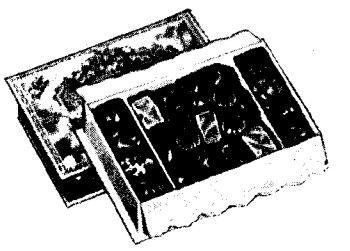
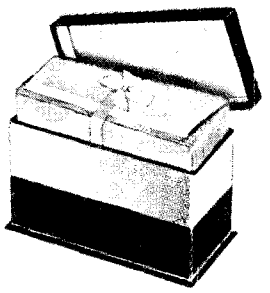


Symphony Lawn—An unusual gift. Heavy white folded sheets with correspondence cards to match. $2.00.

Scores of beautifully designed greeting cards. Many hand-deckled and embossed. From 25c each down to 2 for 5c.



Gales' Chocolates are richly coated with thick sweet chocolate. $1.00 lb.



Cascade! One quire deckle-edge sheets and envelopes. 50c.

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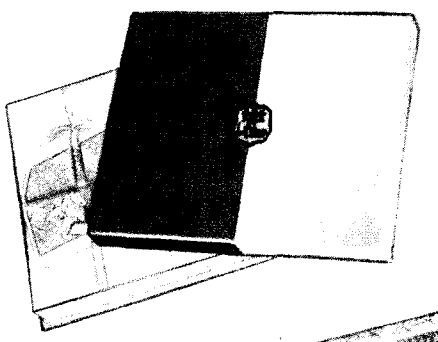
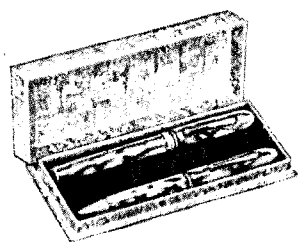
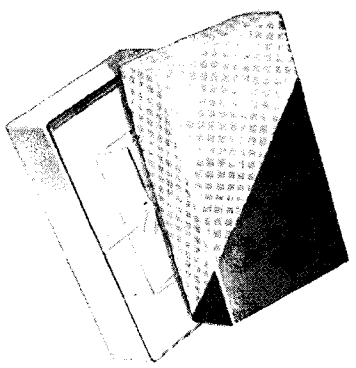


Lord Baltimore stationery in a rich gift box. Lined envelopes; sheets with tinted deckle edges. $1.00.



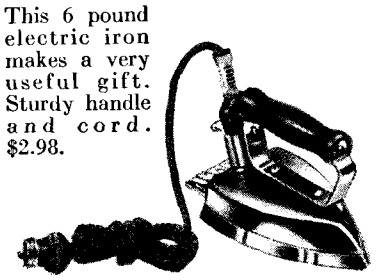
Matched Belmont Pen and Pencil set, $1.50. Other sets and single items, $7.75 to $1.00.



Lord Baltimore Vellum. Three quires paper; 50 envelopes. 69c.

Hot water bottles always are welcome gifts. So be sure to see these Kantleek bottles. Pastel tints; strong, durable rubber; all molded in one piece. $2.00 with two-year guarantee. Other styles, low as 50c.

Guaranteed all-rubber Safety-Heet Pad. Safe! Three-heat control. $5.00. Others from $8.95 to $2.98.



This 6 pound electric iron makes a very useful gift. Sturdy handle and cord. $2.98.

Badger rubber shaving gift. $3.(

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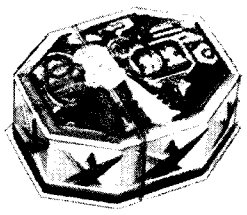
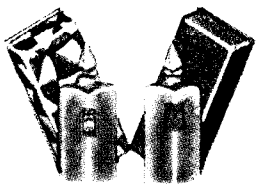
Beautiful box filled with tempting small-piece Artstyle Chocolates. $1.50 lb.



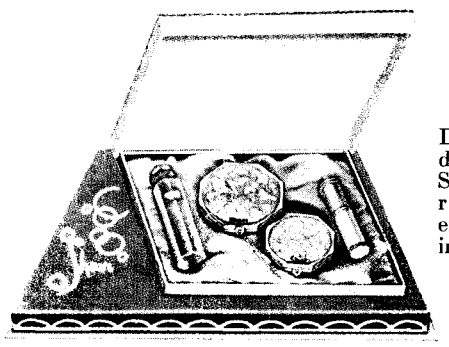
le Artstyle Christmas ckage of luscious milk ocolates. Fruits and uts. $1.25 lb.

Something any man will appreciate. Shaving cream, Hasol, shaving lotion and talc—and only $1.00.

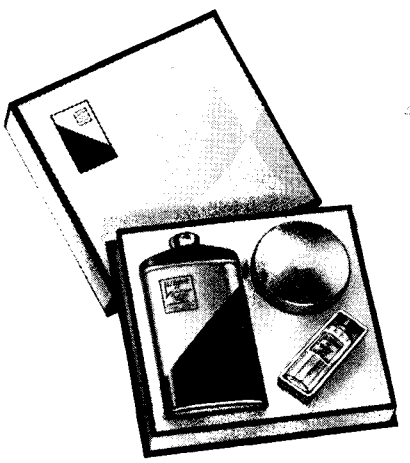


Jasmine Perfume by Lorie, Gardenia by Langlois—in crystal flacons. $1.00 each.

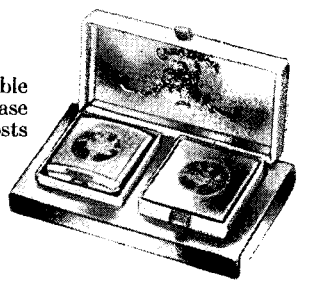
What a gift for her! A boudoir case containing Cara Nome Rouge and Powder Vanities; Lipstick, and Perfume! $4.50.



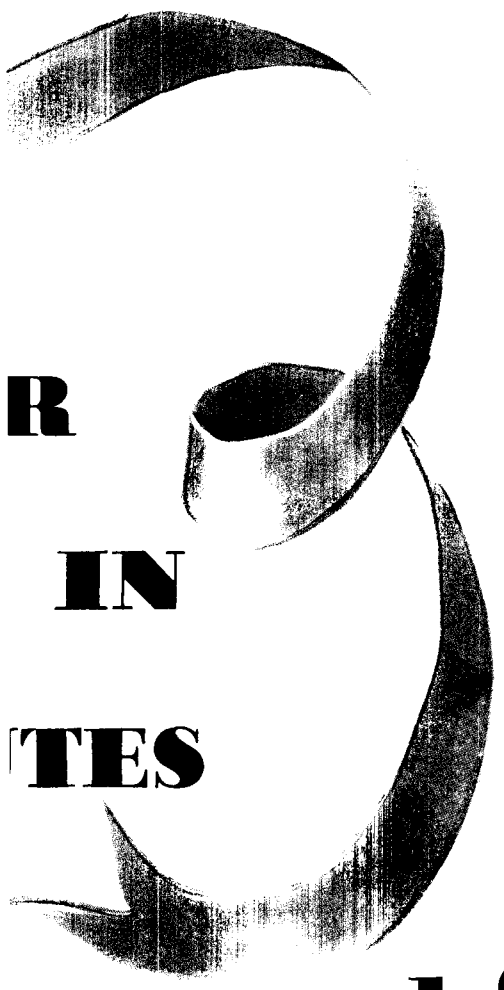
Decidedly new—decidedly different! The gorgeous Shari Vanette! Powder, rouge and lipstick in exquisite cases; perfume in a crystal flacon! $5.00.



Jasmine of Southern France Face Powder, Talcum and Perfume in a smart black and silver gift box any girl will love. $1.50.



This Cara Nome double vanity, in a neat case with handy refills, costs so little—only $3.50.



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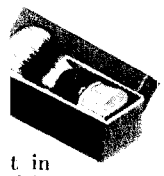

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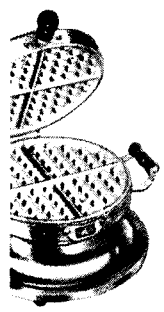

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nteed perfect.
1 $7.98 down.

Give this to any man you would make happy! Comb, military brushes, cloth brush. Sturdy bristles, $5.25. Other sets from $10.00 to $3.25.

Long range "Scout" flashlights for boys, motorists, country dwellers. From $1.30 down to 70c each.

● How often you've wished it possible to do all your Christmas shopping in one place . . . . at one time . . . . in a few minutes instead of many crowded, wearisome days.

Now you can! At your nearest Rexall Drug Store, in half an hour or less, you can select gifts for all the family; all your friends. And you'll find the money you spend will buy more than you ever hoped for in beauty and quality!

Here is the reason your Rexall Store, and 10,000 others like it, can offer you Christmas gifts at such remarkably low prices. All these gifts are sent *direct* to Rexall Drug Stores from the world's largest producer of fine drug store merchandise. There's no middleman to get a *profit*, so you get the *savings!*

A few gifts you might choose are shown here. Your Rexall Druggist will gladly show you others. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

Shop this Christmas at your

Rexall

DRUG STORE

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Meridew sat down, drank some orange juice, and held his cup while Myrna manipulated the percolator. He had not noticed before—or had he? He couldn't remember—how delicate, yet capable, her hands seemed, and how sweetly the wrist melted into the forearm.

He told them as briefly as possible of the later occurrences of the night before.

"You mean to say that Gerryman let Bramer go?" demanded Dabney. The girl said nothing, merely stared in amazement.

MERIDEW explained, as best he could, the motives actuating Gerryman. Myrna rose abruptly from the table, walked to the wall at the edge of the porch, and turned back to the two men. Her face had been pale, but now it was flushed.

"Wait—wait—wait— Could anything be more absurd? I tell you, I saw Bramer do murder. He says, does he, that he is willing to put in writing that he kidnapped the President, admits to killing that poor clerk? Can't you understand the kind of man he is? A megalomaniac, delusions of grandeur, a dangerous paranoiac who *likes* to kill. It won't be enough for him to kidnap the President; he'll want the dreadful infamy of having killed him."

Meridew shook his head.

"He's not *that* insane. He wants money, a secure refuge—"

"Perhaps not," she interrupted. "But he *might* be that mad. And if he is, Mr. Brockridge will be killed while nothing is done."

Dabney took her hand.

"Don't get excited, Myrna. Gerryman is able; the best brains of the government will be advising him today. *We* can't do anything, you know."

"But *I* led him into the trap," she cried. "Do you think I can ever forget that I, with my stupid vanity, thinking that I could do something to help the country, led him into the hands of Bramer? Perhaps you two can't do anything, but I *have* to do something—or go mad. I hardly slept. I went over, all night long, every single word that Bramer said— I tried to see if there wasn't some clue hidden in them—but there isn't." She almost glared at Meridew. "Didn't you find *anything* in Bramer's apartment?"

"A couple of pieces of newspaper," replied Meridew. "One was a headline, with a few paragraphs underneath, about the attempted assassination of the President of Cuba. The other was something about the wheat crop."

"A President's assassination. There might have been some clue in that, some similarity of method—was there?"

Meridew shook his head. Then his eyes flashed.

"Funny, though, they were torn from the paper, but—they were torn carefully, evenly, as if they were folded first, as if Bramer had been careful not to destroy the stories. But that couldn't be, because both stories were torn off in the middle."

"What was on the other side?" demanded the girl.

"Oh, just advertisements," he replied.

"What sort of advertisements?" she asked.

"Real estate. Camps in Maine, I think. Nothing important so far as I—or Gerryman—could see."

For a moment her eyes were dull. Then they lighted.

"Camps in Maine? Wasn't Mr. Brockridge going fishing next month? Of course he was. Bramer said they had intended to kidnap him next month when he went fishing. Where was he going?"

Dabney answered:

"Miramaque Stream, in Maine, near the New Brunswick border. He's gone there for three years. Picks the worst fishing time because it's the easiest for him to get away."

"DON'T you *see?*" cried Myrna. "Advertisements of camps in Maine, where the President goes—why would Bramer have those advertisements? Because he wanted a camp as headquarters—he probably rented it weeks ago. He probably has men in it now. He may have the President there now. They could have flown there in six or eight hours—less."

"But why on earth would they take him that far off?" demanded Meridew.

"Why not? What place in New York would be as safe? And they hadn't intended to do it in New York. They wouldn't have a safe place here. They'd know that if the police discovered who was behind the kidnapping, they'd learn every place that Bramer had in New York in no time."

"That's true," said Meridew. "Gerryman found them out last night. He's probably sent men to all of them—"

"What paper did the ads come from, Ken?" asked Dabney.

"Leader, I'm sure. Our make-up—"

Dabney reached for the telephone and called his paper. He got the managing editor.

"Merton? Dabney. Look through the files. I want a copy of the paper that has the headline about the attempted assassination—" He turned to Meridew. "How did it go? Do you remember, Ken?"

Meridew told him.

"Attempted Assassination of the President of Cuba," said Dabney into the phone. He turned again to Meridew. "And the other?"

Again he spoke to the managing editor:

"And a copy of the paper that has a headline that the wheat crop will be tremendous. You can approximate the dates right now. The Cuban story was in June. Wheat crop issue about the same time, I should imagine. Get them up to me as quickly as the Lord will let you. I'm at Ken Meridew's apartment, and this is life and death, Merton."

He hung up and turned to the others. He beamed on Myrna. "There's a job on the Leader waiting for you, Myrna, if you ever want it. Even if it turns out a dud, it's a swell idea. Gimme a cigarette, Ken."

"You eat your breakfast, Ned," said Myrna. "I'll tell Frances you're smoking before breakfast—"

Dabney groaned.

"Hang all women who listen to wives when they scold," he groaned. "I'll have some more coffee, Myrna."

But none of them could finish breakfast, and the twenty minutes that elapsed before a messenger brought the copies of the papers seemed as many years.

Dabney tore one paper from the hands of Meridew, and Myrna Dale knelt beside Meridew on the porch floor as he opened the other. His happened to be the paper that headlined the attempted assassination. This was on an inner page, and on the other side they found the real estate advertisements:

"Near New Brunswick. Miramaque Stream and Lake Country. Comfortable camp, sleeps six. Best fishing. Address Singer and Prout, Raymond Building, New York."

OF THE seven camps listed, this was the only one that seemed to fit the requirements.

Dabney called to them excitedly:

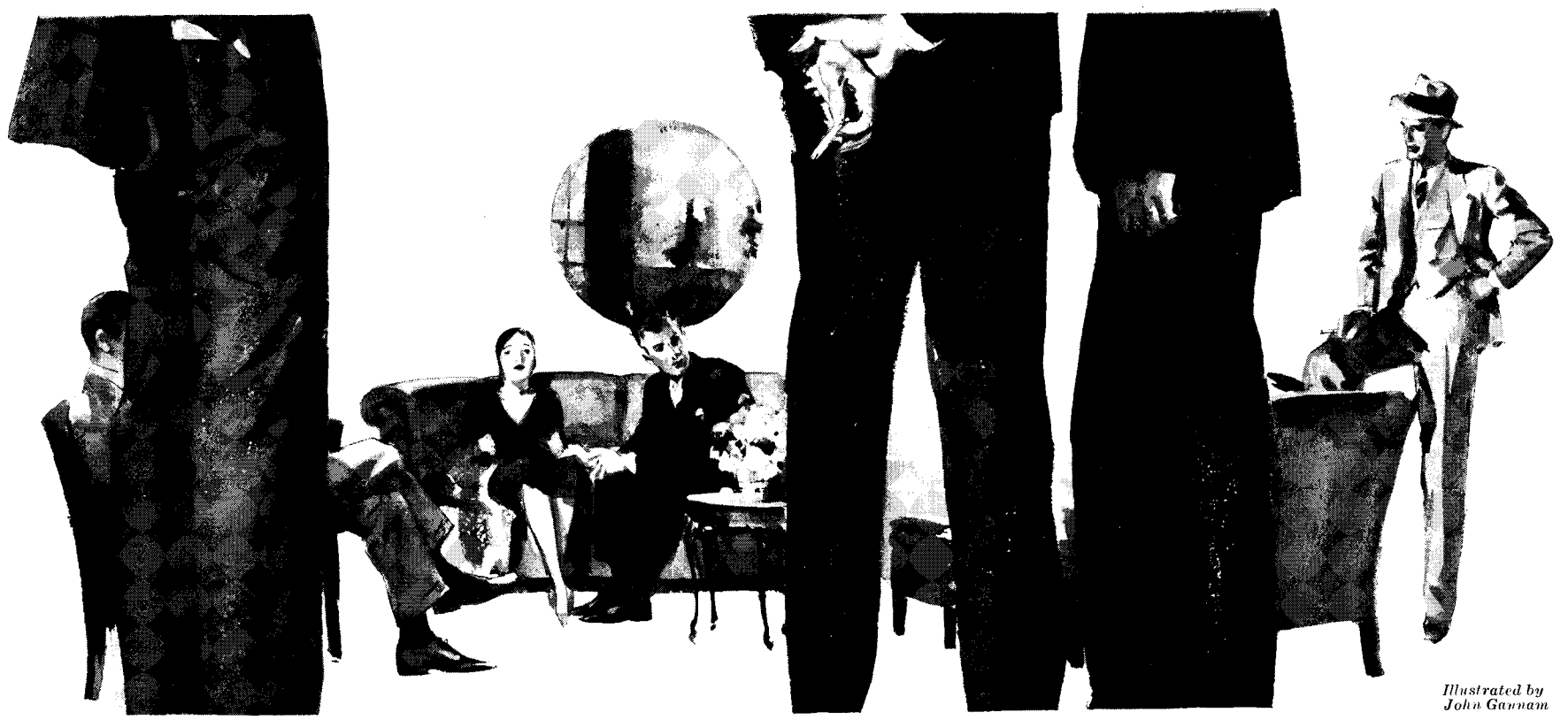
"Listen to this." He read them an exact copy of the advertisement that had impressed them.

"We've got that here," said Meridew. "Anything else?"

"Yes. Another camp in the same district, and one on Lake Wamsemuck, which is right in that territory. Myrna, my child, I think you've hit it."

But the girl's enthusiasm was suddenly gone.

"No, I haven't," she said. "Do you think they'd be silly enough to rent a camp next door to the President's?"



Illustrated by John Gannam

Myrna went straight through her story again, up to her arrival in this apartment last night

Rude laughter from Dabney stopped her.

"My Lord, Myrna, each camp is at least thirty miles from any other up in that country. That's why the fishing's so good. And a camp thirty miles away by air might be twice that by water or road. No, don't lose faith in your idea yet. Wait."

He picked up the telephone and got Merton again.

"Listen, Mert. The best man in the office this time of day. Three camps, advertised in the Leader in the issues of June 12th and 16th. One, Miramaque Country, Maine, advertised by Singer and Prout—got that?—Raymond Building. Another, Miramaque Country, advertised by Legore and Blake, Curtis Building. And a third, Lake Wamsemuck, offered by one Mrs. Sarah Bailey, the Carlington Apartments, Park Avenue. I want to know, as soon as possible, who rented those camps. Speed, old man. Still at Ken's. Oke."

The phone rang as he hung up and Meridew answered it.

"Come right up," he invited.

(Continued on page 41)

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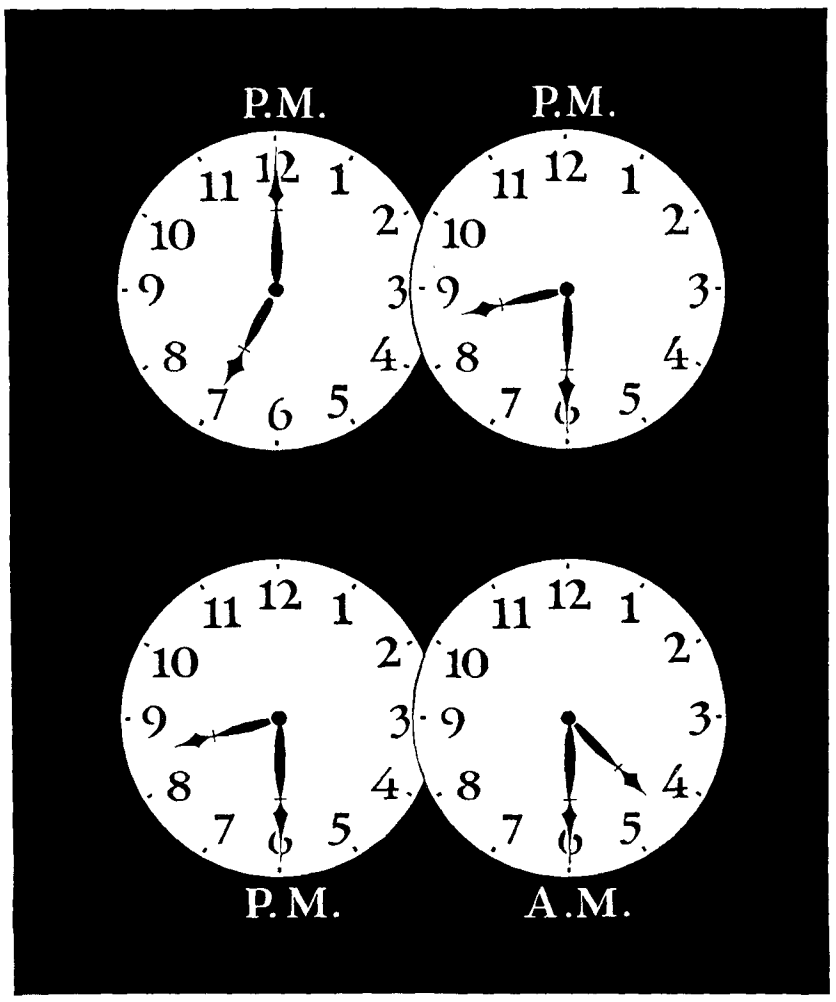
Bargain Hours

for Long Distance Telephoning



on station-to-station calls

7:00 P.M. TO 8:30 P.M. THESE CALLS COST ABOUT 15% LESS

8:30 P.M. TO 4:30 A.M. THESE CALLS COST ABOUT 40% LESS

THESE are times of extraordinary values—but seldom do you enjoy any values greater than those offered you every day in the year by Long Distance.

Rates for Long Distance calls are low. They have been reduced four times in recent years. During the evening and night hours, the rates for station-to-station calls—those on which you will talk with anyone who answers—are exceptionally low. Between 7:00 P.M. and 8:30 P.M. (evening period) the daytime station-to-station rates over 35 cents are reduced by 10 to 20%. Between 8:30 P.M. and 4:30 A.M. (night period) these rates are again reduced, becoming about 40% less than for daytime calls.

The bargain hours appeal particularly to those whose use of Long Distance is largely personal or social. Many women keep in close touch with out-of-town friends and relatives. Men, away on trips, telephone home each night. Mothers talk frequently with children away at school.

In addition to their regular use of Long Distance during the daytime, many business men take advantage of the bargain hours to transact important matters *by telephone* during the evening. Sales managers have their field men call in at convenient, specified times. Executives hold regular conversations with associates in other cities. Production chiefs get verbal reports from superintendents of distant factories.

You can talk across the state or across the country as clearly as you can across the street. Telephoning between cities is *quick . . . easy . . . inexpensive.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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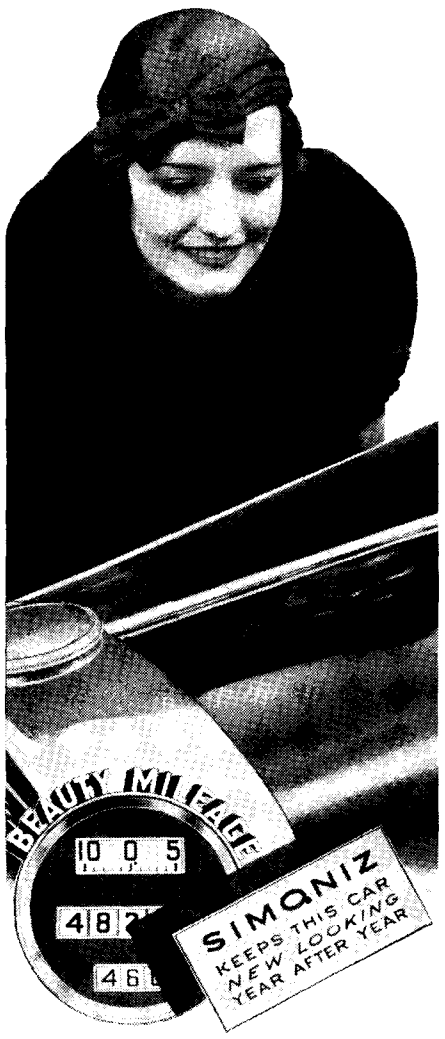
MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ



Makes Cars
STAY
BEAUTIFUL

Now is the time to Simoniz your car for the holidays. Then it will sparkle like new again and stay that way all Winter.

Every car needs Simoniz to keep Winter weather from ruining its beauty. Simoniz protects the finish in all weather, makes it last longer, and keeps the colors from fading. So be sure and Simoniz your car right away. It's easy. Economical. And just think, Simoniz will keep your car always looking beautiful.

Nothing takes the place of Simoniz and the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. It pays to insist on them. Sold at all hardware and auto accessory stores.

THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Two Loves

Continued from page 15

"Sure," he said bitterly, "I know the policy. Guide the working classes with moral precepts. Set up the Ten Commandments in seventy-two-point type. Ruin two people's lives, maybe, because the purity of marriage must not be defiled."

"My, you must feel badly today," said Lacey. "Snap into it and hurry down the copy. They'll be putting the mail edition to bed in fifteen minutes."

He went back to his desk, leaving Kirk looking blankly into space. A moment or so passed in silence. Then Kirk reached for the copy-paper pile. "I ought to be kicked for doing this," he muttered.

Rapidly he wrote a three-line paragraph that besought Marina Orloff to tell her fiancé the truth, so that she and her young man might start afresh with no skeletons in the closet to come out and torment her later. "If he truly loves you," he wrote, "he will forgive and forget."

Then with paste pot and a few editorial marks with a black pencil, he flung question and answer into shape. Silently he continued work with the paste pot, stock replies and ill-scrawled letters until he had completed the column.

"Copy!" he yelled, and a boy sauntered to the desk and took away the stack of paper.

"I hope you get a break, Marina," he muttered, and went down for a drink.

AS Marina Orloff stopped speaking, the silence in the smelly hallway became oppressive, and the twilight outside lost its glory. Something seemed to shut out from her mind the chirping of the birds from the telephone wires, the children's voices that had been so shrill a moment before, the quiet neighborly noises of a street where working people sat of a night on stone steps and gossiped. Her dark eyes, wide and anxious, never left Jimmy Wrenn's face.

Jimmy was backed tightly against the wall; his left hand held a cigarette that he had been about to light when she had begun her story. His right hand, thrust deeply in trousers pocket, clasped in a suddenly perspiring palm a little square blue box that was engraved in gold on the cover: "EPSTEIN, JEWELER."

It seemed to Marina she had never seen his face so pale. Several freckles stood out against luminous skin; the bony contours of cheekbone and jaw were more pronounced, as if the skin were a glove drawn tightly over the skull.

Marina drew a little breath. Her hand went out, touched his timidly. "You understand, Jimmy?" She tried to force a little smile and failed. "In Russia it is the custom. If two people are too poor to be married and truly love one another, they are as married to each other until such a time as there is money for marriage."

Her fingers patted the skin on the back of his hand. "I loved Kyrill, Jimmy. He was good and fine like you. I would have married him had he lived. It was understood."

Her voice with the strange throb in it ceased, and she waited for him to speak. But his stony expression did not change. He shrugged his hand and hers fell away. He lit the cigarette without regarding what he did. His body was taut and straight against the wall as if he were measuring his height. She could tolerate the ominous silence no longer.

"Jimmy!" she murmured. "Won't you please say you understand? It is not wrong in my country, what I have done. I am a good girl, Jimmy. I will make you a good wife. Kyrill is dead. He cannot come between us now. Jimmy! Jimmy! Please speak to me."

Her hands grasped his shoulder; and she turned him so that her dark eyes met his squarely. Jimmy stirred, and his eyes seemed to see her for the first time. Abruptly he pushed her away, and both were unaware that the coal of the cigarette scorched her wrist. From being pale, his face turned a dark red. He swallowed, opened his mouth, shut it again and shook his head several times.

"Me," he muttered. "This is happening to *me*."

"Jimmy!" His strained expression sent panic pulsing through her. "Jimmy, don't—"

The cigarette between Jimmy's fingers suddenly was bent in two in the center, crumbled, broken and dropped to the floor. He turned abruptly and almost ran down the hallway to the door. "No second fiddle for me," he muttered. Marina ran after him and tugged at his arm.

"You've got to believe," she wailed. "I've never done anything wrong—a custom—"

"Your country isn't this one," snarled Jimmy. He raised his hand and pushed her away. "And I thought you were so swell and all that. And you—"

He went down the stone steps in two leaps. "We're through," he called back. "Finished!"

HE WENT up the street into the purple twilight, still at that half run as if he must do something violent or burst. Marina wilted against the door and stared after him until his form was lost to view. She had lost him; the thing that must not happen had happened. Finished, he had said.

"But—but," her voice was bewildered. "She said he would forgive and forget—and he didn't."

Jimmy Wrenn sat at the window of his room, staring with blank gaze at the neighboring roof tops. He sat, legs crossed at the ankles, feet on the sill and he smoked cigarettes one after the other. It was Saturday afternoon and there were several pleasant places where Jimmy might have been entertained. But he chose to remain in, as he had remained in every night of the last two weeks, because he was doing hard, intense thinking for the first time in his life.

JIMMY had always been a man of direct action; there was never any reflective delay over a decision. You got an idea and you put it into execution; you made a plan and you stuck to it. If a man insulted you, as Big Cartwright had done yesterday, you bounced him off the wall with two swift punches; he apologized and things went on as before.

But the trouble with this problem was that you couldn't settle it with a punch. You couldn't punch Marina, because she was a girl; and you couldn't punch Kyrill, because he was dead and buried. So Jimmy was forced to sit in the ashes of his future, sit and do nothing when he wanted so much to strike out savagely at this thing that had hurt him so terribly.

Jimmy had too concrete an outlook on life to use an abstract word like love to describe his emotions. He liked to look at Marina, kiss her, feel her warm presence; but his real idea of love was summed up in going to Canada with her on a honeymoon—he had always wanted to know what a Northwest Mounted policeman really looked like—in having her cook for him, talk to him companionably at night about those things a man thinks about when he is contented with his lot, be with him as part of himself.

All this future, all he had counted on, was gone—and the fact made him furious.

Gradually his brooding brought him around to one thought: If she hadn't said anything it would have been all right. Against this he opposed the question: "But suppose she hadn't told me and I'd found out?" This confused him and he took the memory of her appearance from his brain and examined it. Jimmy Wrenn had not lived to be twenty-five without knowing a good girl when he met one. She was all right; it was something else that was wrong.

Gradually out of this tumult of re-

(Continued on page 32)

"Who will sell Liquor?"

When we printed William G. Shepherd's article bearing this title we offered to pay twenty-five dollars for the best letter for and the best against the proposal that grocers be permitted to sell liquor.

Mr. E. P. Fleming, who runs The College Pharmacy in San Diego, California, wants to see the business conducted in government stores with a salaried man in charge. He doesn't want to see the grocer "put his head in the noose" and writes so convincingly that we give him the "no" award.

Mr. Donald Healey of Cohoes, New York, who works in a grocery store, says that he now sells malt, sugar, yeast and bottle caps, so he might as well sell liquor in bottles. An interesting argument, at least, which starts from a too modern premise. But he gets the "for" twenty-five dollars because he argues his case well.

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS GIVE UNFAILING SUPPORT TO PUBLIC UTILITIES

INTERNATIONAL

ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-ONE MILLION MILES of wire! Over this vast network pulses the power that lights the lights, turns the wheels and speeds the messages of electrical America. Against rain, wind and sleet, hail and snow, flood and fire, the great public utilities fight an eternal battle. Men, management and machines are used unsparingly to maintain unfailing service — vital to business and commerce — often to life itself.

In this exacting field, International Trucks have long been favored because they render unfailingly the type of service this vast industry requires. International sturdy construction assures uninterrupted *service*, under gruelling punishment. These correctly engineered trucks are *economical* in operation — an important factor in all industries, large and small, yours included.

Internationals are backed by the organized service of 188 company-owned branches in the U.S. and Canada and well-equipped dealers everywhere.

International Trucks are available in such a wide variety of sizes and types and with such an endless choice of bodies and equipment that complete *standardization* on these good trucks is possible for every business — and extremely logical from the dollars-and-cents standpoint!

If the great public utilities can save money and improve service with Internationals — so can your business — no matter what or where it is. The quickest way to make sure is to go to the nearest International Harvester branch or dealer, choose the particular model you need, and test it thoroughly *on your own job.* Then compare the costs!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED)
606 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Typical of International's "Truck for Every Job" Policy

A Long-Lived, Coordinated Truck Unit for Light Line Construction

Pictured here is the International 6-Cylinder Model A-3 in action. The chassis will actually last as long as the body and equipment. Even when loaded with construction equipment and a gang of men, it's well within its rated capacity. Full floating rear axle. Four speeds forward, propeller shaft take-off. Full power of engine available at winch which has 4 forward and 4 reverse speeds. Derrick will handle poles up to 45 feet.

New low prices prevail on the entire line. The 1½-ton, 6-cylinder Model A-3 chassis, for instance, has been reduced to

$795

for 136-in. wheelbase chassis f. o. b. factory (taxes extra)

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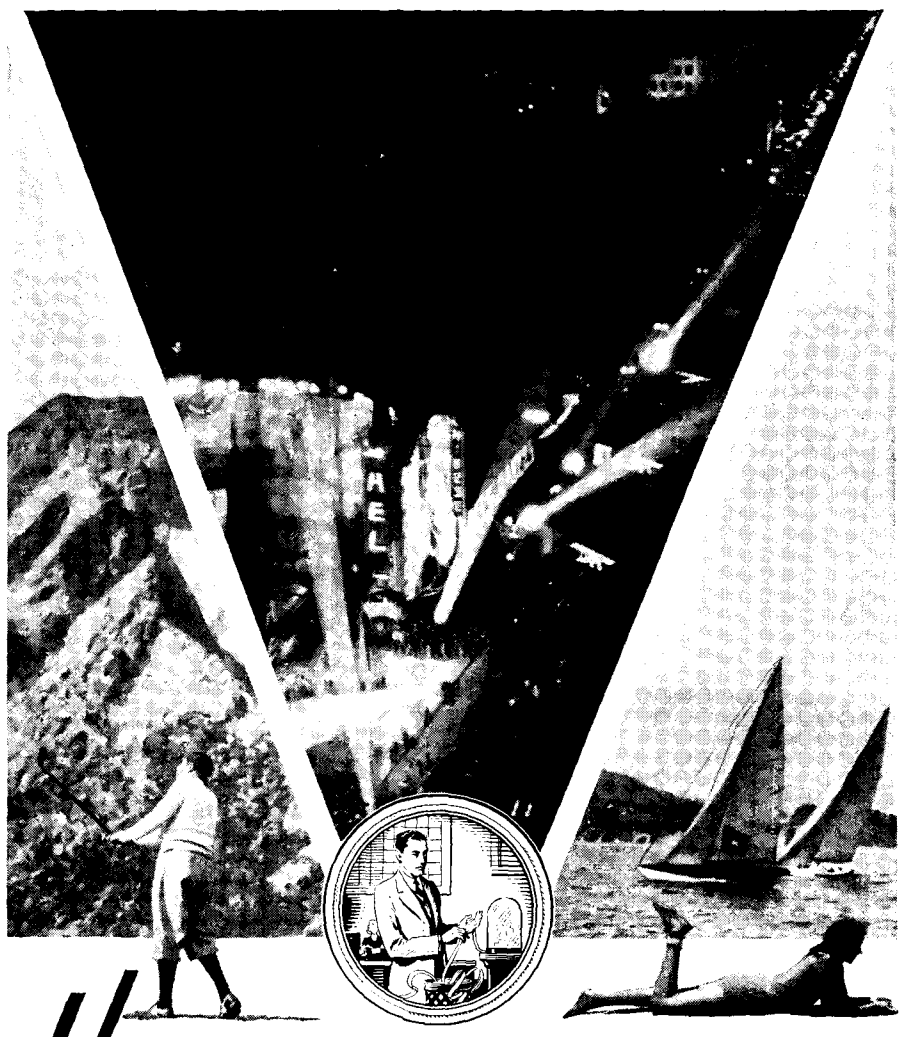

Here's something they can't take away from you

NO MATTER if business is down, don't let it get *you* down. Have you lost your enthusiasm...and your smile? Then you need this glorious vacation—*now*—more than your business needs you. And nobody can ever take away the lifetime of happy memories it will leave with you.

More to Enjoy — Less to Pay

It's as easy as it is sensible. Southern California is only 2½ days from most of America, and in this year 'round vacationland you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. Costs here, normally about 16% under the U. S. average, are lower than ever now. You actually need spend no more than at home! And nowhere else are there so *many* ways to have a good time!

Sports galore . . . polo, tennis, sailing, deep-sea fishing, race tracks, mountain climbing, golf, and all the rest. Hollywood's gay night life, Old Mexico just to the south, pleasure islands out from the Pacific's shore.

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Surrounding big, cosmopolitan Los Angeles are gay cities and resorts: Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Glendale, Pomona and scores of others, each waiting to give you thrilling new experiences. Come on!

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To help you plan, we offer *free* one of the most complete vacation books ever published . . . just off the press . . . 72 pages, 150 interesting gravure photographs, map, information about routes, itemized costs and day-by-day details of everything to do and see here. Send coupon today for your free copy. Or for further unbiased, authoritative information, write us your own questions about a Southern California vacation.

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come here seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for the tourist, the attractions are unlimited.

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Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Please Print Your Name and Address)

Two Loves

Continued from page 30

flections a question grew: Why had Marina told him? She didn't have to; he knew that. He leaped to his feet, snapped the cigarette butt out of the window. That was it. If he could know why she told, maybe he could understand what this was all about. Get something to punch at. He put on his hat and coat and went to Marina's.

MRS. REILLY was mopping the hallway when he came at a half run through the door.

"Where's Marina?" he demanded.

"Shure an' she's in her room. But it ain't the likes of you or any other man that can go up. Get back off'n them steps, young man. In this house ladies receive gintlemin in the sittin'-room. Get back."

"Get out of the way." Jimmy knocked aside the mop handle she thrust out to bar his passage. "You get out of the way."

Mrs. Reilly staggered back, mouth agape, as Jimmy's slender legs leaped up the stairs. She heard him taking the second-floor steps three at a time. Jimmy came to Marina's room, heart hammering, breath hissing through clenched lips. He did not knock; the door was unlocked and he thrust himself through it.

There, before the tarnished mirror of the bureau, Marina stood combing her hair. She wore only her undergarments. Jimmy caught one glimpse of slender white body in pink and white, ending in long slender legs and silk stockings.

He halted his rush and abruptly turned away his gaze. His face flushed. Marina, her eyes alight in their shadowy depths, forgot everything and rushed toward him. "Jimmy! You—"

"Get some clothes on," ordered Jimmy. "Maybe I ought to have knocked. But"—he stared deliberately out the window onto the fenced-in back yard where grass tried feebly in patches to grow—"I couldn't wait."

He heard the hiss of silk against silk and turned to see Marina in a flame-colored kimono that made her look young and sweet—and intimate.

"Marina." His voice was strained.

"Yes, Jimmy."

"Marina," he repeated, "why did you tell me? You didn't have to. This Kyrill is dead. I'd never have known."

The same bewildered look that had been in her eyes the night he had charged down the steps after her confession, returned now. She raised her shoulders and turned her hands palms outward in a little helpless gesture.

"I had no one to talk it over with." Her voice was low. "I didn't know American customs. I wrote to the newspaper—The Gazette—a Miss Lovelace, who advises people in trouble. She told me to tell you. She said," her voice faltered, "that you would understand and forgive and forget. But—but—you didn't."

The accumulated anger of Jimmy Wrenn, bottled and boiling for weeks, made him tremble. "I knew it!" he cried. "Somebody butting into my affairs. If she hadn't told you to tell me, you wouldn't have, would you?"

"I don't know," Marina replied a little helplessly. "I wanted to do the right thing. I knew I was good, that you loved me, that I'd make you a good wife. I didn't want to lose you. I wanted to—to be honest—not cheat. Oh, Jimmy, I don't understand—I didn't know what to do."

Jimmy looked at her. "Get into your clothes," he snapped. "I'll tell that woman where she gets off—butting into my business."

MARINA dressed hurriedly, a tumult of hope fighting off despair within her. Jimmy seized her hand and fairly dragged her down the staircase. They found a taxicab and Marina gasped at the extravagance of him. They climbed down in front of the splendid white façade that makes The Gazette Building the finest in Haverly. Still holding Marina by the hand, Jimmy mounted to the fifth floor and entered through a frosted-glass door marked "EDITORIAL." His eyes flamed and his lips were tightly pinched.

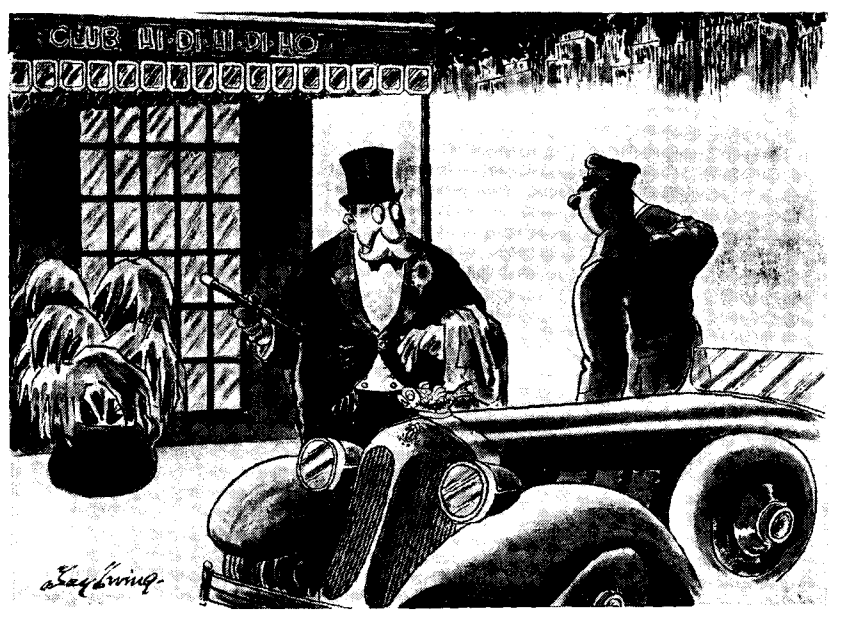
"Listen, you," he spoke to a tall, weary-eyed young man at the nearest desk. "Where's this Miss Lovelace?"

"Miss Lovelace," came the reply, "is not here today. My name's Kirk, if you have—"

"Where can I find her?" cut in Jimmy impatiently. "I want to talk to her—and plenty. Where—"

Kirk stared curiously, first at Marina and then at Jimmy Wrenn.

"Wait a minute!" he interrupted. "What's this all about? Maybe I can help."



"Yessir, under the fourth table. I'll look for you, sir"

Jay Irving

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Jimmy Wrenn shifted restlessly. His mind was still confused, but one thought stood out clearly: this Miss Lovelace was the one who had brought about all this misery; she was the focal point for all the aching pressure that seethed within him.

"I want to see her," he insisted. "She's the one that made Marina tell."

At the word Marina a faint frown creased Kirk's forehead, gradually replaced by a look of comprehension. He took the drooping cigarette from his mouth, dropped it and twisted his heel on the coal.

"I see," he said. "You're Marina Orloff. You wrote in about—"

"How do you know anything about what she wrote or did?" demanded Jimmy.

KIRK stared at him reflectively, then at the pale face of Marina. His sensitive mouth twisted into a smile. "Did he forgive and forget?" he asked.

Her head shook and her frightened eyes looked at Jimmy's aggressive face and her lips trembled. "He—" she began and as suddenly stopped.

"I see," said Kirk gently. "He didn't. Listen," he said. "Eleanor Lovelace is just a name in this office; a name that gives this sheet a chance to set up as God and guide the moral destinies of fifteen thousand subscribers."

"You mean there isn't any Miss Lovelace," asked Jimmy.

"No; there isn't."

"Then who wrote that letter to Marina?"

"I did," replied Kirk.

"Ah!" the breath sighed through Jimmy's clinched teeth. "You're the man that caused—everything. Boy!"

Kirk was totally unprepared for what followed. He saw Jimmy Wrenn step forward. And then he saw a flashing hand come up and the impact of it against his left cheek was like a small explosion. Marina gave a little scream: "Jimmy!"

"Come on and get the rest of it," cried Jimmy. He crouched, hands raised in approved pugilistic style. His eyes blazed with joy. The aching pressure within him was suddenly gone. Marina gave a little cry. Kirk, anger blazing in his eyes, stepped forward to retaliate. But as his fists doubled and he squared off, he suddenly stopped. His hands dropped to his sides. He smiled, then chuckled, and finally laughed outright. Jimmy watched this in amazement.

"Wait here a minute," said Kirk, and vanished through the door to the composing-room. He was back almost at once. To Marina he handed two rather tired gardenias that he had taken from Miss Hoyt, the society editor. To Jimmy he extended a cigar of doubtful quality, plucked from the pocket of the composing-room foreman.

"With the compliments of Miss Lovelace," Kirk grinned. "And if you'll just tell me when and where the wedding's to be I'll be there in person."

Jimmy stared at him. "Aren't you going to fight?" he demanded.

Slowly Kirk shook his head. "No, I'm not going to fight. You probably can't understand why. It's a matter of abstract justice. I'm not just me to you; I represent life and you were fighting back."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Jimmy.

"You wouldn't. You should be thankful." Kirk paused. Then: "You're going to marry Marina, aren't you? You wouldn't have hit me if you were not."

The question brought Jimmy suddenly to his senses. His left arm went possessively around Marina's waist. "Sure, I'm going to marry her. I'd like to see who's going to stop me." He regarded Kirk and finally grinned: "Next Thursday at nine o'clock. You can come if you want to."

"I do want to," Kirk assured him.

Kirk followed the two of them through the door and stood at the top of the stairs as they descended. He remained there, thoughtful, even after they had gone from view.

Finally he nodded and his hand went up in a sort of a salute. "You're the wise man of the ages, Jimmy," he muttered. "When life hits you, you hit back. You achieve tolerance, find happiness, solve the unsolvable—by a swift punch to the jaw."

He turned with a sigh toward the city-room. "I ought to take boxing lessons myself."

Bitter-Sweet Charity

Continued from page 13

to you. You are informed that Necktie Nils employs a collector, a dun.

And here is the second barrel of the shock. An attached circular (again adorned with the picture of Nils on his bed of pain) offers you one can of talcum powder, one tube of shaving soap and one brand-new patented Whisker Reaper safety-razor blade, absolutely free, as a special inducement to send that dollar for those three beautiful, long-wearing, marvelously processed neckties.

And then the fourth and last letter if, by chance, you still resist. It comes either from the collection agency or a lawyer. You are flattened to learn that poor Nils has a lawyer. In many instances, of course, the lawyer and the dun are one, making no secret of it inasmuch as some smaller-town lawyers make a part of their incomes from bill collecting. Seldom is the letter threatening. Usually it is wheedling. And frequently it is whackingly ingenious. Here is one that demands publication. It is the product of a lawyer in a middle-register Missouri town. Don't miss it:

"My friend: I am a lawyer. No doubt that is why my good friend Necktie Nils dropped in to see me yesterday. There was something on the man's mind, something unpleasant. I felt sure of it the minute I clapped my eyes on him. I helped him to a chair, got him seated, clasped his hand as usual—but, friend, there was something wrong, something wrong. Old Necktie seemed sad. His tired eyes were welling with tears. I waited—silently—my heart full of his grief, whatever it might be. And finally he told me, friend.

Poor Old Nils

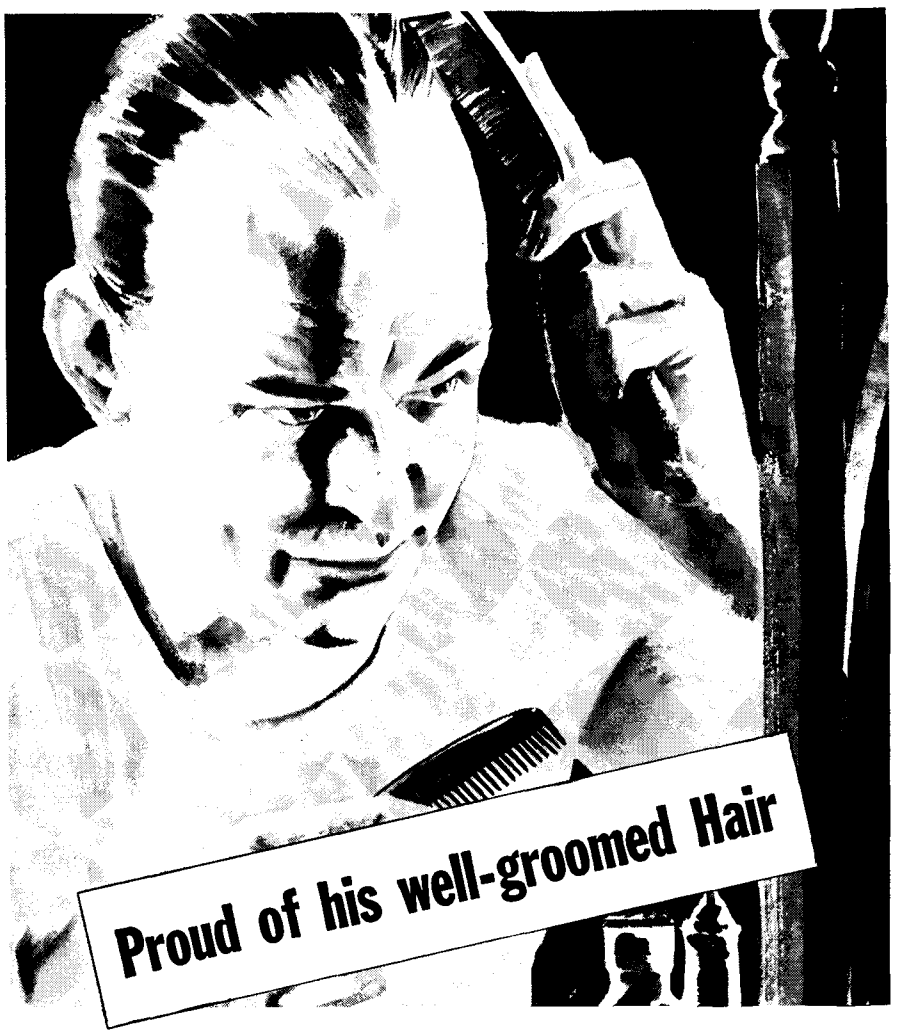
"It seems he has asked you by letter (three letters in fact) to please send him his money—one dollar—for those three silk-and-fiber neckties he sent you some two months ago, or to return the ties. And he has heard nothing from you, friend, nothing. He comes to me asking advice. Two months, friend, is a m-i-g-h-t-y long time to hold back a cripple's dollar.

"Poor old Nils. There is nothing I can do. Nothing. A dollar is a trifle to you, my friend, and to me. But Nils! What was I to do? With my arm around the poor fellow's shoulder I saw him to the elevator.

"But the matter was not to be dis-

(Continued on page 34)

WHAT A FOOL HE IS!



Ignores his Teeth and Gums and he has "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!

HE brushes and combs his hair religiously — goes in for massages and scalp treatments — and frets if there's a hair out of place on his head. But he never gives a thought to a tinge of "pink" on his tooth brush!

Yet that tinge of "pink" may mean trouble ahead for his teeth and gums. It does mean his gum tissues are weakening—and possibly his teeth—those sound, white teeth —are menaced.

Our modern menus are responsible—our daily lot of soft, creamy foods. They give our gums little or no stimulation—leave them weak and tender instead of hard and healthy. No wonder "pink tooth brush" follows.

Ignore that warning and you're headed for trouble. You may be in for gingivitis, Vincent's disease—yes, and even pyorrhea.

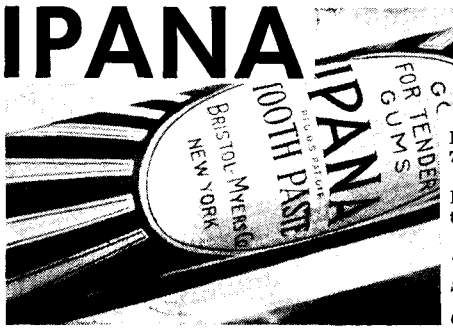
Massage your Gums!

Call a halt on "pink tooth brush"! Today, get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. Then massage them each time with a little extra Ipana. Leave it there—the better to harden your gums with the help of ziratol—the toning agent in Ipana.

It won't take long before your teeth begin to brighten up. Your gums will be firmer and more healthy. For, with the regular use of Ipana and massage, your "pink tooth brush" troubles will be over!

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-122
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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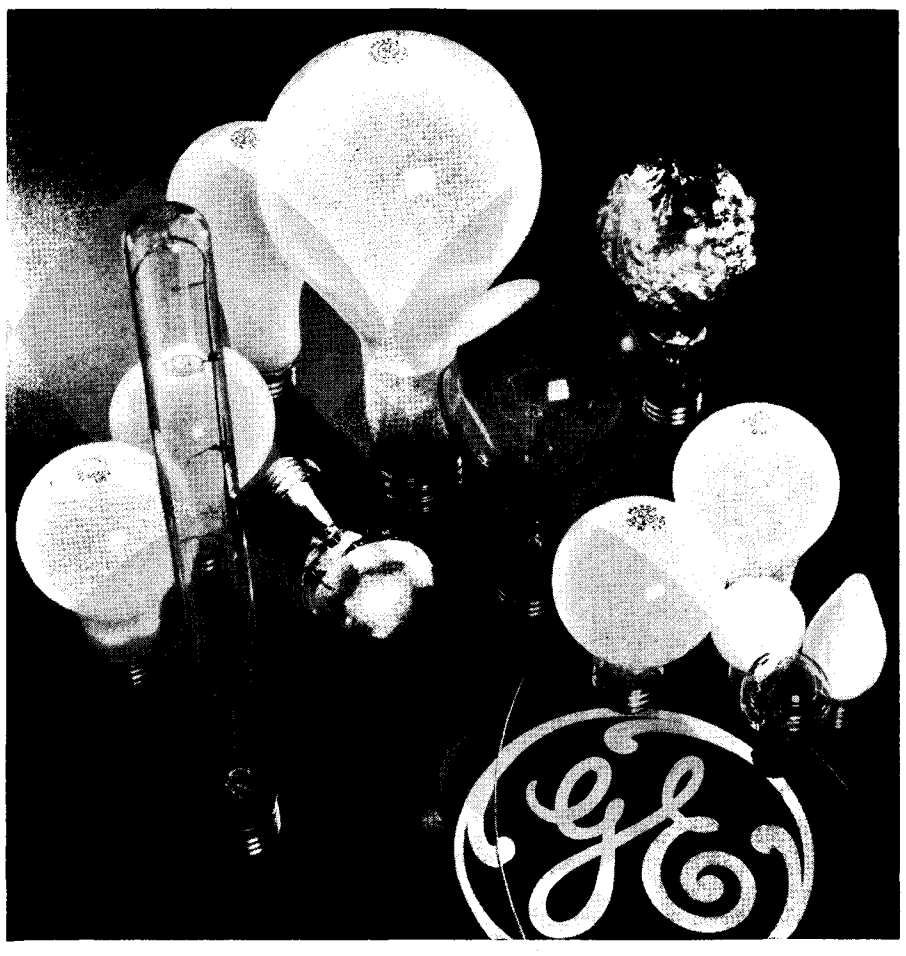
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These lamps say, "Pickpockets keep out!"



Uncertain "bargain" lamps can pick your pocket. They're apt to waste current, put on black masks too soon or burn out too young. The loss they cost you can pile up...up...to mock the few pennies difference in price you thought you "saved!" Don't let poor lamps pick *your* pocket. Use Edison MAZDA Lamps. The light they radiate is good light at low cost . . . and on every one of them you will find the honorable mark GE.

When you buy colored lamps to brighten your home for the holidays, be sure you get good ones. Look for the GE on every bulb.... General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For good light at low cost

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from page 33)

missed so easily. It kept recurring to my mind, until now, with the shades of the evening upon me, with the lights of a thousand happy homes twinkling in the streets below, here I sit writing to you myself, friend.

"Naturally lawyers learn a great deal about human nature. I myself long since observed that it is good in the main. For instance, I know just how it is with you. The answer is an oversight on your part—not petty meanness of spirit or lack of consideration for a brother-man who is up against it. . . .

What Can You Do?

"Friend, send this man his money or his merchandise. When you stop and think of it you will realize that that is the plain, everyday *right* of it. Friend, Necktie asks me to 'take steps'; but you know that that is his pain, his suffering talking and not the true Necktie. I know no steps are necessary—with you. You know I am right. And yet— Oh, darn it, my brother, this poor cripple needs that dollar. Must I say more? Need I go further? Let me answer for you. No, no.

"Look here. I send you an envelope addressed to poor crippled old Necktie. I put a stamp on it—a stamp from my own purse. Now take that envelope and slip a dollar into it and post it. Thanks, brother, thanks."

Perhaps you have been solicited to purchase books from ladies and gentlemen who tell you the proceeds go to "our boys," meaning, as you probably guess, veterans of the A. E. F. or of the war with Spain. Occasionally such advances upon your sympathies and pockets have the sanction of the national councils of the American Legion or the Spanish War Veterans. Very occasionally. Sometimes they have the advocacy of local posts or of state posts. A little more frequently, perhaps. But in the main these appeals have their roots in the offices of some professional charity promoter who has a hard-and-fast understanding with a publisher or a printer. Although the government is spending more than a billion dollars a year to care for those veterans whose health or earning powers have been curtailed by their service, there are always plenty of charity racketeers to appeal to you in their name. Before you buy, communicate with the head of the state or of the national organizations of the veterans. You'll be surprised.

In the constant demand for relief money in 1930 and 1931 it became almost impossible to estimate correctly the amount given by the public to philanthropic work through bona fide agencies and gathered by accepted, established, conventional bodies. But in 1929 we have it that philanthropy got $2,450,720,000. This huge sum came from the great foundations like the Rockefeller, the Harkness, the Carnegie and the Rosenwald. It came from the dime banks of children, the church concert, the community chest drives, the Red Cross campaigns, from theater and prize-fight benefits, from sidewalk solicitations, from every conceivable avenue of charity appeal. It was expended upon religious work, education, health, free art exhibits, free symphony concerts, free playgrounds—what not.

But it does not include all or even a quarter of the sums taken in the name of charity by the charity racketeers. Which, of course, is more or less of a guess. I have asked in a dozen places where one might expect an answer, or the approximation of an answer, to the question of the charity racketeer's profits. But no one seems to have even a remote idea. And for the excellent reason that one can never be quite sure where it starts or where it ends.

If you would be sure, before donating, telephone to your local Charity Organization Society. It may have a bureau of advice and information such as it maintains on a large scale in New York City. The Charity Organization Society may not have your complete sympathy, which is wholly beyond the point. The desirable thing is that if you are going to give, don't squander the power of your charity. Don't give aimlessly or thoughtlessly.

For charity's sake, beware. Don't be taken in by gentlemen like the bluff old sea captain who did very well by himself for years with mail and door-to-door appeals for his school for the orphans of sea captains and mates who had gone down with their gallant barks.

It Got to be a Habit

For a long time the cap'n was getting away with it. At the beginning he actually sheltered six or eight orphans of the sea but as business fell off he got rid of his charges, shifting them to large institutions or turning them adrift to shift for themselves.

One day, long after he had unloaded his last orphan upon the world, he was soliciting aid on a doorstep and the lady of the house stopped him short.

"I don't believe there is such a thing as the home you talk about," she cried. "I am tempted to call a policeman."

"Lady," said the cap'n, "as long as you are frank with me I'll be frank with you. You're right. There ain't no school no more. But I been doing this so long that it's got to be a sort of second nature. It's about the only trade I know. Please, have a heart."

"Here's where I lost my skates, Pop. Willie had 'em on!" *R. A. Hershberger*

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Up and Down with Sam Insull

Continued from page 19

into my affairs in a position so he can employ the highest class of talent to help him."

Or again: "Of course, regulation interferes with arbitrary action, and that is very unpleasant to a man of positive character who has been used in the public utility business to do about as he pleases. On the other hand I think it is very good discipline."

Even more surprising is this: "One of the great disadvantages the world over—whether it is on the street car, the trunk-line railroad or the ocean steamship—is that the human being when he is working for a little larger corporation or business than the average man in the community works for, gets very much 'sot up.' I often think that I have to take that criticism to myself."

Insull, the Prophet of Monopoly

He was the pioneer, therefore, inside the industry, for a frank, honest public admission that the business ought to be a monopoly and that it ought to be subjected to public regulation. It is amazing now to hear this man announcing that he "would go so far as to say that if public regulation failed, public ownership ought to come."

But Sam Insull was not a liberal. These were the views of the supreme and audacious pragmatist. Competition is ruinous. The only way to secure the benefits of large-scale operation and low production costs was through monopoly. And he saw that monopoly without regulation was impossible. But he saw also that it was actually desirable as a practical business proposition. Public regulation, he foresaw, would be a form of protection to the business. The basing of rates on cost plus reasonable profit would practically guarantee profits. This, he knew, would be preferable to struggling to underbid desperate and bankrupt rivals. And as the biggest factor of cost in electric power production is the cost of money, he said many times that regulation with its attendant protection would make money cheap for the electric industry.

The terror of the public then was directed against monopoly. For Insull's monopoly this much must be said: that it was then an honestly and ably conducted business. An investigating committee later found there was no water in his stock and no waste in his management. The public has lost its fear of monopoly in the utility business. Something very much worse has appeared. It is the *method* of monopoly. Before we are through we will see how the holding company device was perfected by Insull and others to turn the financing of some of our public utilities into a racket. For in the end Insull became as much a racketeer as Al Capone, but in a different sphere, on a different level, and with different weapons. Capone used the machine gun. Insull used the corporation holding company charter, and while Capone dealt in thousands Insull dealt in millions. Both bought public officials and crushed their enemies. But there was this vast difference between them: Capone used violence and operated in defiance of the law and with weapons denounced by the law; Insull used cunning instead of violence and operated with weapons supplied to him by the law itself.

Insull soon found that perfecting monopoly was not easy. New companies had a way of springing into life. As a matter of fact, the franchise racket was one of Chicago's juiciest forms of graft. The present generation has forgotten the strange situation which existed then. It was a period of riotous business and public corruption. Chicago was a sample of every other American community, but it was perhaps a little worse than most.

The best citizens owned the rookeries and collected exorbitant rents where the red-light district flourished. Gambling syndicates ran brazenly with open public protection. The town was ruled by saloon keepers and utility grafters of all sorts, and the citizens themselves joined in the general graft by an elaborate system of tax dodging under which the total assessment of this immense city that had doubled in population was less than the assessment of ten years before—a cherished system of tax dodging which is responsible for the city's bankruptcy at this very moment.

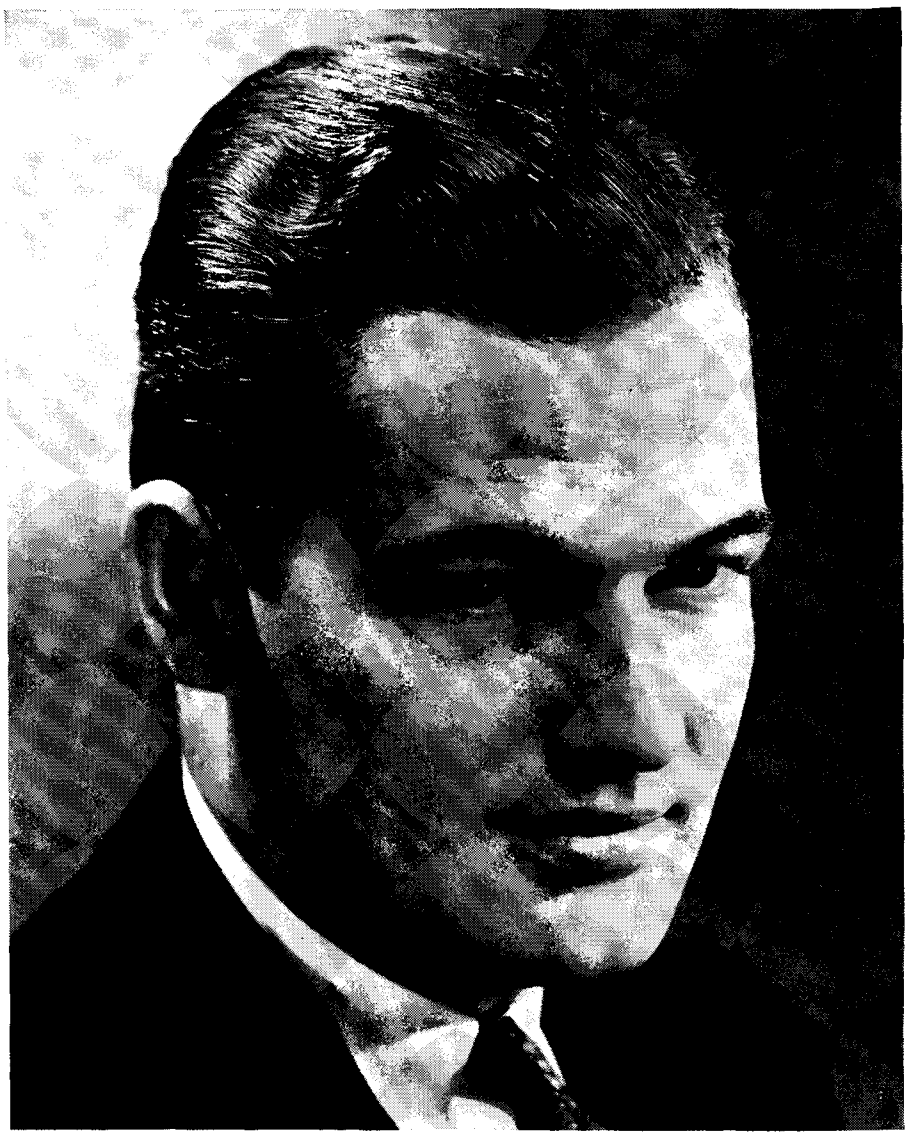
Under such conditions, franchise-grabbing flourished as a profitable business. Thus, gas wars and electric light wars and traction wars were constantly breaking out. They were made possible by what came to be known as the "system." Gas and electric light companies required the city streets to operate. These streets belonged to the city. The city belonged to that precious collection of saloon keepers and ward heelers which sat in City Hall under the dignified title of City Council. Utility magnates had to "do business" with these gentlemen. A great traction magnate like Yerkes, for instance, maintained a "stable" of aldermen. It was said that a job as councilman was worth $20,000 a year. If a railroad wanted to put in a spur track it was necessary to "see" the aldermen.

Here's the way the racket was worked: When John P. Hopkins was mayor, Roger Sullivan, later Democratic boss, put through the council the celebrated Ogden Gas Company franchise. The swag in that case was split into eleven parts. Sullivan got one-eleventh, the mayor got two-elevenths, various aldermen got one-eleventh each and one-eleventh was split among various useful persons. The company started with elaborate proposals for vicious competition with the Peoples Gas Company. It is said that negotiations for selling the franchise to the Peoples Gas Company went on for years. An offer of $6,000,000 somehow fell through. The managers, however, went forward and built their gas company. It was one of the few that were actually built. There was a provision in the franchise prohibiting sale to any existing company, but the neatness with which this was gotten around when the time for selling out arrived was delightful. Roger Sullivan got $666,666 for his one-eleventh share. Hopkins got $1,333,333 for his two-elevenths.

Chicago's Franchise-Grab Era

In June, 1897, a merry bunch of saloon keepers jammed through the City Council another ordinance granting a franchise to the newly created Commonwealth Electric Light Company. This was also divided into elevenths. It too was forbidden to sell out to any existing electric light company. But the backers never put their franchise to any use. A little later the franchise was sold for $170,000 to Sam Insull. Of course, the Chicago Edison Company couldn't buy it. But Insull bought it and put it in trust for the stockholders of the Chicago Edison Company. Insull then proceeded to organize the

(Continued on page 36*)*



Correct to a hair

The business man knows full well the importance of being well-groomed. He knows, too, that nothing contributes more to a well-groomed appearance than a vigorous, cared-for head of hair. A few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic applied every morning at the time of combing keeps it looking so. See to the health of your scalp, too, for an abundant, vigorous head of hair depends upon it. Every week apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic generously, and give your scalp a thorough workout. Massage it round and round with the finger tips—spend enough time on it to really stimulate the circulation, make the scalp feel alive and loose. Follow with your regular shampoo. After the hair is dry, apply a *very* little more Tonic to keep it in place, smooth and well-dressed.

RADIO TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC BLUE NETWORK, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1932, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

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to COOL SHAVES!

SNAP into a huddle with the men who use Ingram's Shaving Cream! Join up with this all-star cream—the coolest that ever tackled your whiskers!

It's a triple-cool threat to the whiskers and a seven-fold blessing to the face. It's COOL, COOL, COOL!

You'll never know what shaving comfort is until you try either the handy Ingram tube or the economical Ingram jar. Each is loaded right up to the cap with the same cool, soothing shave. Lotions are absolutely unnecessary. So are face tonics. Because Ingram's has got things in it that tighten and tone your skin like a lotion and a tonic, while it softens your beard!

Sounds like a big claim? Wait till you've tried it! The best way is to buy a jar or a tube at your favorite druggist's.

But—if you want ten cool shaves to begin with—we'll send them to you. Send in the coupon with a 2¢ stamp.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-1221
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp. ★

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Continued from page 35)

Commonwealth and he made it into a great and powerful and prosperous company. It operated as a separate company up until 1907. Insull was forced to buy more than one of these crooked franchises, as was also the Peoples Gas Company. Between 1898 and 1907 Insull bought the franchises of seventeen electric light companies of various sizes.

By 1907 but two companies were left—the Chicago Edison and the Commonwealth—and both were controlled by Insull. In that year, therefore, he completed his march toward monopoly by consolidating the two with the permission of the city, into the present corporation—the Commonwealth Edison Company.

Friendships with a Purpose

Meantime, Insull was getting acquainted in Chicago. He was always fond of the theater. Among his first friends were people who were patrons of the theater and who entertained theatrical people. Those who knew Insull, therefore, were not surprised in 1899 when he married a well-known actress, Miss Margaret A. Bird of New York, a woman of extraordinary charm and beauty, known on the stage as Gladys Wallis.

But he made other acquaintances. Insull was always on the job and he sought his friends where they would do the most good. Hence we find him on terms of great good will with the local politicians of all parties. He was a Republican in politics, but in business he played both sides. One of his intimate cronies was the Democratic boss, Roger Sullivan.

While Insull built by clearing away his inefficient and corrupt rivals, he became also the pioneer in the development of the most advanced methods of production. He was among the first to use alternating current, which made long-distance transmission of power possible. He was the first to use the steam turbine, which made it possible to develop immense power.

In 1903 when Coffin of the General Electric proposed to Insull the newly developed steam turbine of 1,000-kilowatt capacity, Insull answered: "Why not 5,000 kilowatt?" Coffin was dubious but Insull insisted on his order. It was built into the old Fisk Street station. Let Insull tell the story of its start:

"When they turned on the steam my friend Mr. Seargent (chief consulting engineer) told me he thought I had better go back to the office in Adams Street. The 'innards' of the casing were scraping on the casing and making a terrible noise. I asked Seargent why. He said: 'Well, I don't know exactly what is going to happen.' I said, 'Well, you had better go out too.' He said, 'No, it is my duty to stay and it is not yours.' I asked if he thought the turbine would blow up. He said, 'I don't think so, but I don't know.' I then said, 'Well, Seargent, if it blows up the company will blow up too, so I might as well stay here and blow up with it.'"

After a few years Insull never put in a turbine of less than 56,000-kilowatt capacity. His name as an operator spread throughout the world. But it was almost unknown to the public. Insull preferred to sit hidden behind the scenes, pulling the strings that made the mechanism move. Later he was to adopt all the devices of modern showmanship in business. Now his one occupation was the building of his great company.

Utility men from everywhere visited Chicago to study Insull's methods—his equipment, management, public relations. Before he finished he built from the little $500,000 Chicago Edison Company of 1892 the greatest electrical giant of the world, with assets of $400,000,000. This was Insull's great achievement—his real claim to fame. There is a touch of tragic irony in the fact that after he had passed his sixtieth year he was led by the poison of profit and under the dominion of egotism to tarnish that fame.

In Chicago they will tell you that Insull was never forced to reduce rates—that he led the way in rate cuts. This is based on the following facts: In 1908 a city commission fixed rates at thirteen cents per kilowatt-hour for the first charge and eight cents for the second for a period of five years. Before the five years were up Insull voluntarily cut them to eleven and six, and again to ten and five. Then in 1916 he asked permission to reduce them to eight, five and two cents. America entered the war. Insull announced he would not raise rates. They remained at eight, five and two until 1928, when he changed them to seven, five and three.

He was indeed ahead of his contemporaries in the field of rates. But the story is not as simple as it is told. When he took charge in Chicago rates were twenty cents per kilowatt-hour. By 1905 Insull's rates were being attacked and people were demanding regulation. Chicago had a municipal plant. The legislature passed a law permitting it to sell its surplus current as a check on Insull and to exercise regulation over rates.

The act was subject to a city referendum. On the eve of the referendum Insull's companies cut their rates to sixteen cents. The act was adopted by the people. The city investigated rates and found that Chicago was paying far more than New York. Rates were reduced by a city ordinance to fifteen cents. The next year the Municipal Voters' League started an agitation against Insull's rates. Insull for the first time showed his teeth. He had always been high-handed with his employees. Now for the first time he turned on his critics in public. He had his lawyer issue a bitter personal attack on the leaders of the league. Meantime, he pushed through an ordinance permitting consolidation of his two companies and as a concession the city fixed rates at thirteen cents and eight. After this his record on rates was better.

A Hard Man in a Hard Business

But from this time on Insull pursued relentlessly any man or any group that dared to cross him on rates or service. "My way," he said, "is to fight them to a finish, and my way of fighting is to give no quarter." Insull kept close to the city "stepfathers" and the bosses. If a man lifted his voice against Insull he could be sure that his affairs would be looked over, by the police if necessary. And he was relentless. About this time he had pretty well succeeded in putting over his central station idea. But still a few buildings and institutions held on to their small isolated plants. Insull had them all tabulated and card-indexed. He kept after them. He brought business, banking and political influence to bear on them. He never stopped until he drove that small dynamo out of business.

In later years he softened a little. The lines of his face softened. But at this earlier time he was a hard man.

While Insull built in Chicago, that amazing city proceeded to distribute its population all over the map. Scores of satellite towns and villages flowered all around the perimeter of the great hive. Each had its little electric light company. There were eighty such little companies in these suburban counties.

It was natural that Insull, who believed in mass production, believed it could be extended to these communities also. Doubtless he looked with an interested eye at a possible experiment there. At the time there was a gentleman named Frank J. Baker interested in the little plant at Highland Park. Baker importuned Insull to take it over. After a while, "to get rid of Baker," as he often explained, he did take over the Highland Park plant.

To what vast results that simple step led we shall see. The whole incident is interesting as illustrating those little stages by which men are drawn into large designs. The notion that great executives dream vast dreams and then set resolutely about their realization is a little too finely drawn. The favorite picture of the powerful capitalist sitting off in the shadows concocting prodigious designs, especially evil designs, and then moving with the inevitableness of doom and the intelligence of Satan toward the accomplishment of his designs, is also overdrawn. Most of these men move to their large objectives frequently without realizing it, almost always one step at a time, very often quite bewildered or under pressure, and in many cases to extricate themselves from some embarrassing circumstance. We shall see how it worked in the case of Insull.

The Growth of the Power Empire

Having taken the Highland Park station to please Mr. Baker, he proceeded to acquire other contiguous town plants in order to apply his principle of mass production through central station management. Very soon he had taken twelve plants, dismantled them, and put up instead one modern plant. This was so successful that he organized the North Shore Electric Company to take title to other little suburban companies which he now proceeded to acquire. This was a holding company in a small way.

Insull, the operator, adopted this holding company idea merely as an operating convenience. But he would learn some lessons in high finance from it which would lead him in the end into the wilderness.

Slowly his acquisitions spread over all the counties surrounding Chicago, and then he found himself operating their electric light utilities, their gas plants, their traction lines in many cases, and in some towns their water supply. He ended by swallowing all of the eighty small companies. And all of these he then consolidated into one large corporation which he formed in 1910 and called the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois.

This great corporation today controls the electric light and gas utilities and much of the traction and some of the water utilities of the rich and populous suburban area of northern Illinois. It had in 1931 assets of over $210,000,000. The assets of the Commonwealth Edison Company are about $470,000,000. The two concerns together constitute the greatest community utility barony in the world. They are the handiwork of Samuel Insull.

It would be well for his name if the history of his achievements could be brought to an end here. Unhappily it cannot. The story moves now into the complex and tangled jungles of high finance. There we shall see the productive business executive assume the rôle and take up the implements of the promoter and move through a gaudy era of unrestrained speculation to the final catastrophe.

The third of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.

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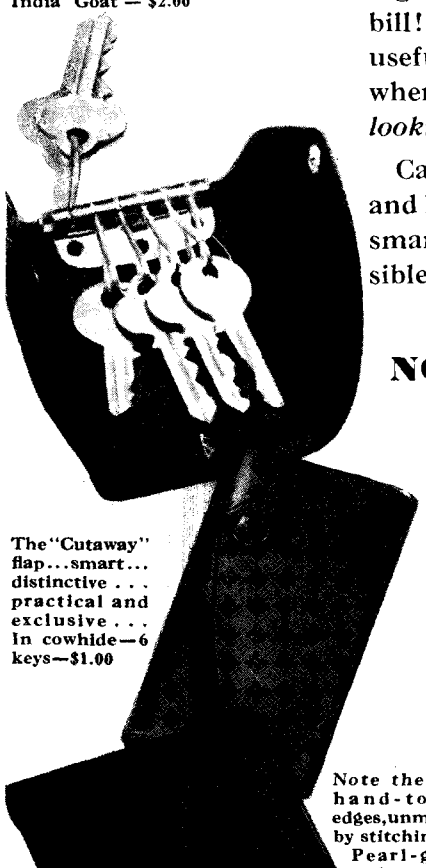
No Stitches — to shorten the life of —

THESE GOOD-LOOKING..PRACTICAL BILLFOLDS!

that's why they can be GUARANTEED *to last as long as the leather*

And for Keys

—*the famous* Key-Tainer. Patented key *loops* instead of hooks. Safe, handy. India Goat — $2.00



The "Cutaway" flap...smart... distinctive . . . practical and exclusive . . . In cowhide—6 keys—$1.00

Note the fine, hand-tooled edges, unmarred by stitching . . . Pearl-grain sheepskin—$1.00

GOOD NEWS FOR 1932 GIFT SHOPPERS . . .

Practical Gifts—as well as good looking—that's what people are hoping to get this Christmas. And how the Buxton Bill-Tainer fills that bill! *Stitchless*—a unique, patented, Buxton feature. Adds years to useful service—can't rip or tear. And *flexible,* providing extra room when needed . . . sliding back into place when load is removed. *Better looking,* too, with no stitches to mar the beautifully hand-tooled edges.

Carefully planned by experts to organize your bills and papers, tickets and licenses, stamps and cards—whatever you wish to carry in this slim, smart "pocket file." Ingenious compartments provide a handy, accessible place for everything—save time and temper.

NO ACCIDENT ABOUT THIS SUCCESS

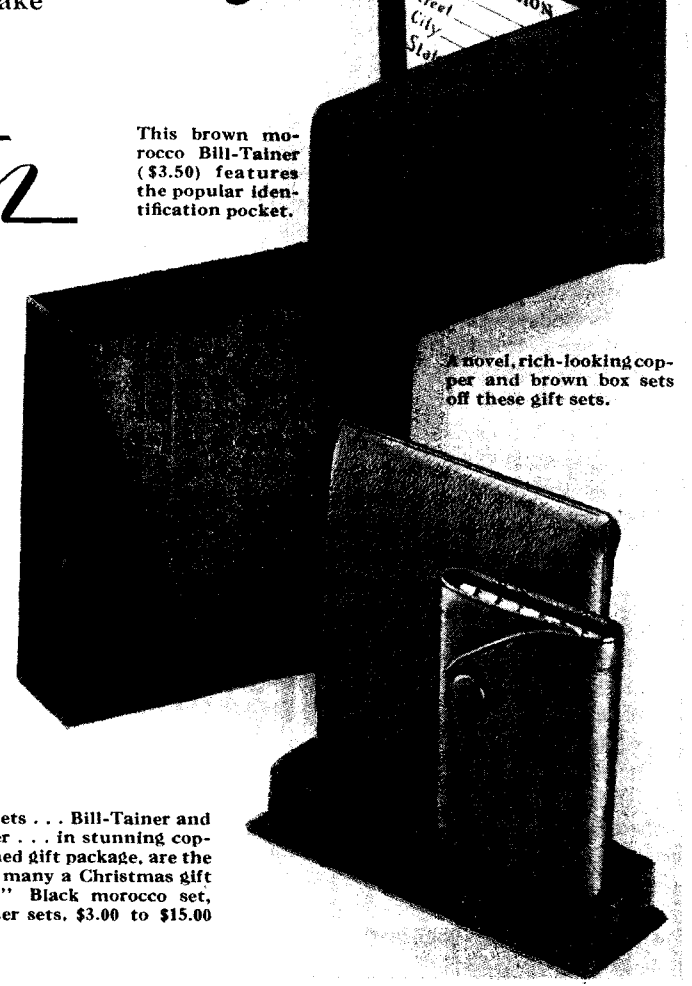
Bill-Tainers today are the most popular folds on the market. Deservedly so, too. Whatever your needs or tastes—there's the *right* Bill-Tainer for the job. Leathers? Morocco . . . cowhide . . . pigskin . . . pin seal . . . sheepskin . . . ostrich . . . and the masculine new Mandruka are only a few.

Every Buxton Bill-Tainer is real leather . . . and good leather. That's one reason why they wear so long . . . look so well. Amazing values, too. Prices begin at a dollar . . . vary according to size, leather and pattern. A few are illustrated on this page . . . ask your dealer to show you a full selection before you make up your Christmas list.

In beautiful genuine Ostrich Inlay—long acknowledged the aristocrat of billfolds—now priced at only $3.00

Above, left—Bill-Tainer unfolded to show single piece of leather from which it is made.

Famous "partition" fold—the most popular style with men. *Plenty* of extra room! Morocco, $5.00



This brown morocco Bill-Tainer ($3.50) features the popular identification pocket.

A novel, rich-looking copper and brown box sets off these gift sets.

Buxton

FEATURES ARE PATENTED

Buxton exclusive stitchless construction and other features are patented . . . you can't get them in other leather goods at any price. Here's the Buxton Trade-Mark . . . look for it.

Buxton, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Folded from one piece of leather . . . yet can't come apart. Morocco, $3.50

For gifts—These cases in gleaming copper and rich brown. This black Mandruka sells for $2.00

Matched sets . . . Bill-Tainer and Key-Tainer . . . in stunning copper-trimmed gift package, are the answer to many a Christmas gift "problem." Black morocco set, $7.50. Other sets, $3.00 to $15.00

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Are You a Chip, or a Ship upon life's ocean?

CAPTAIN OF YOUR SOUL, whither bound? Are your passengers comfortable, or likely to be? Have you charted a course?

Up-to-date knowledge of the *investment value* of $10, $20, $30, $40, etc., per month —*earnings compounded*—would enable thousands of men to make clearer answers to such questions. And possibly save them much well-intentioned, but fruitless, worry.

Independence Fund—a systematic, trusteed plan for saving, investing, and accumulating through *compound earnings*—has this news for you: It no longer takes wealth to invest intelligently and soundly in an *adequate* number of first-grade corporations.

Steady purpose, applied to clearly outlined objectives, usually attains its goal. Steady purpose, clearly outlined method, 34 of America's topnotch common stocks, preeminent trusteeship and many other safeguards distinguish Independence Fund.

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Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 21

Leavitt made a lengthy call upon the young woman he was wooing, most certainly too long for a man who had lost a fortune. In this Kalispel had positive proof that Leavitt did not yet know of his great loss.

"Dog-gone!" ejaculated Kalispel, rubbing his hands in glee. "My luck has changed. I'll play it to the limit."

About mid-afternoon Kalispel, watching, saw Rand Leavitt rise to make his departure. Either he wanted Sydney to accompany him downtown or she wanted him to stay there. In any event they idled some moments at the head of the steps, in plain view of Kalispel—which was assuredly known to both—and at length Leavitt leisurely left. Kalispel watched him take the trail to town instead of the one across the bench toward his cabin.

Jake had keener observation than Kalispel had credited him with.

"Brother, you're on edge today, like a stiff wire in a cold wind," remarked Jake. "When are you goin' to kill him?"

"Him! Say, Jake, are you dotty? What's eatin' you?"

"Nothin'. I been watchin' you watchin' Leavitt down there sparkin' yore girl. An' I wouldn't give two-bits for his life."

"Hell! Am I that easy? . . . Wal, Jake, jealousy is pretty tough, an' what's more, it's new to me."

"Has Leavitt added outrage to theft?" queried Jake, his big eyes flaring.

"He shore helped queer me with Sydney, but I reckon I was most to blame. I was responsible for bringin' the Blairs here. It has been ruin for them. Blair has gone to the bad an'—"

"Hey!" interrupted Jake. "Who's thet goin' up on Blair's steps?"

Kalispel wheeled as on a point, and looked.

A slight-statured boy in blue jeans had just mounted to Blair's porch. But when the sun, that had peeped out late, caught a glint of golden hair Kalispel realized with a start that the boy was not a boy.

"Nugget! Wal, I'll be damned! She swore she'd do it," ejaculated Kalispel.

"Do it? What? An' who's Nugget?"

"She's Dick Sloan's girl, an' she's callin' on Sydney Blair. Struck me funny, that's all."

"Lots of funny things happenin'. . . . Kal, do you know thet they're hintin' you could tell a lot about these hold-ups?"

"*Could I?* My Gawd, man; believe me I could—an' I will when I'm ready," cried Kalispel, so fiercely that Jake stared aghast, and then resumed his camp tasks.

KALISPEL riveted his gaze upon the Blair home. Nugget did not come out. The minutes dragged. She was making a lengthy call. Somehow Kalispel's sympathy was with Nugget, and strangely, for the balance of the endless hour that the girl stayed there, Kalispel's thought was of her, not Sydney.

Finally she came out, to trip down the steps, to run gracefully away, her hair shining in the sunlight. She did not take to the trail, but sheered off to disappear among the tents along the stream.

Scarcely had she gone out of sight when Sydney appeared on her porch, hesitatingly advanced to the rail, and clung to it as if for support. For a moment she appeared bowed and shaken. Then she raised her head to gaze toward Kalispel's cabin.

She saw him sitting on his bench before the door. She waved her scarf, dropped it a moment, then waved again. Next she beckoned for Kalispel to come and her action was urgent, appealing. The imploring gesture that followed was almost a holding-out of her arms.

"Ump-umm, lady! Not me," Kalispel was muttering, feeling his heart in a cold vise. "Not after last night! You can walk on me—an' spit on me—an' insult me scandalous, but when you gave that hombre what I yearned for an' never had—I was through!"

Sydney edged along the rail. Plainly she was gathering courage or strength to come to him. When she got as far as the porch post she clung to that and watched him, her posture and demeanor most expressive of trouble and weakness. At length she gave up and went into the cabin.

Kalispel seemed released from the vise. He gazed around in inexpressible relief. The sun had set, yet fan-shaped rays shot up toward the zenith and illuminated the valley. The broken clouds of purple and gold appeared edged with fire. And for a moment longer a marvelous color bathed the fringed peaks. Then it faded, and that fading of the exquisite glow appeared to resemble what had happened in Kalispel's heart.

That Sydney should wave to him, beckon for him, almost hold out her arms! That was as incredible as his strange callousness to her entreaty. Too late! He understood that. Not that she had failed him so often, but that she had lightly given what he had regarded sacred! He would have killed men and moved mountains for her kisses.

TWILIGHT fell and dusk mantled the valley floor. Jake called him to supper. Kalispel went in, shaking himself as if to throw off fetters. He ate without his usual gusto. Then came a timid knock on the cabin door.

"Somebody knockin'," whispered Jake.

Kalispel stared at the door. Another knock, fainter, brought him to his feet, on fire within and cold without. Slowly he swung open the door. The broad flare of lamplight shone upon Sydney Blair. Kalispel grasped the manifestations of her passionate trouble before a sense of her beauty waved over him.

"Come in," he said, and as she entered he indicated Jake, who stood staring as if at an apparition. "My brother, Jake—Miss Blair."

"Glad to meet you, miss," replied Jake.

Sydney bowed. Then her wide dark eyes traveled back to Kalispel: "I must see you alone."

"Jake, will you leave us?" said Kalispel, tensely, and it was as if he girded up his loins for battle. Jake went out. Kalispel turned up the lamp to increase the light. "Sydney, you look shaky. Please sit down."

SHE made no move to take the chair he offered.

"Why did you not come?"

"Do you need to ask that?" he countered.

"You saw me wave and beckon and—hold out my hands to you, like a drowning woman?"

"Yes, I saw you. An' I reckoned I'd spare you some pain—an' myself hell, if I didn't go."

"Then you *were* there last night!" she affirmed tragically, and sinking on the couch she covered her face with her hands. "I couldn't tell. Oh, I was mad."

"Shore you were mad," he agreed. "Yes, I was there . . . an' when he kissed you somethin' in me cracked. I sneaked away then."

"That—was nothing," she whispered, revealing her shamed face. "He pulled me back to the hammock—made violent love to me. I forgot you. I—I thought I was in love with him. . . . And I promised—to—to marry him."

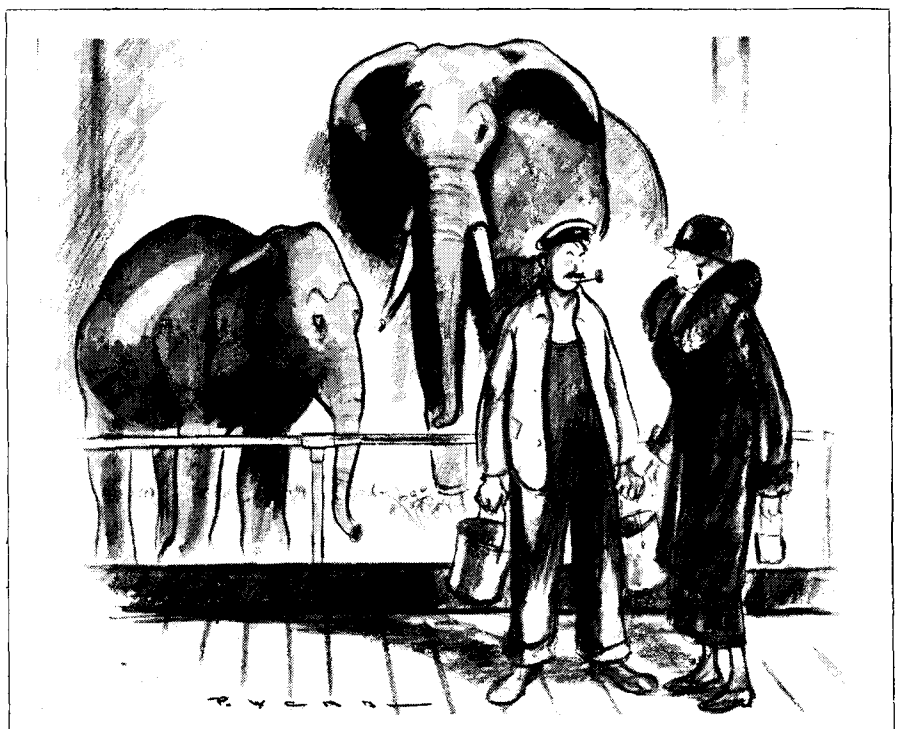
Kalispel's laugh was not harsh, but she flinched at it. "Ah-huh. An' after Nugget got through with you, Mr. Leavitt didn't rate such a good bargain, eh?"

Humbly she shook her head.

"An' what you thought last night you don't think now?"

"I loathe him!"

"Wal, Sydney, that gives me back a little of my respect for you. I reckon you got off easy. A few words of love, a hug or two, an' some kisses—they probably go terrible against the grain



"If we want to break the little fellow's heart we just tell him he'll wind up bein' a book-end, lady" *Paul Webb*

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for so proud a girl as you. But there's no harm done. An' if you despise him—why, that ends it."

"Ends it, yes. But not my shame."

"That will wear away, Sydney. I reckon you felt the same when I mauled an' kissed you so scandalous."

"No. I was furious, but not ashamed."

"Wal, nothin' much can be done about it. I remember when I was a kid an' learned cuss words my mother used to wash my mouth with lye soap. You might try that. I have a piece here somewhere."

"Don't jest!" she importuned.

"All right," he retorted, harshly. "An' *now* you want me to kill Leavitt?"

"Oh, no, Kalispel, no!" she cried. "I don't care what he has done—what he *is*. But it'd be horrible to kill him. An' you cannot forever escape yourself!"

"Humph! You'd care a hell of a lot, wouldn't you?" he exclaimed, unable to resist that gibe.

"YES, I would care," she replied, steadily, with unfathomable eyes on his.

"Wal, that doesn't matter at all. Ever since I first saw Leavitt an' read in his eyes that he'd done away with my brother, I've intended to kill him. An' I'm goin' to do it!"

"'Vengeance is mine,' sayeth the Lord. 'I will repay,'" she quoted, solemnly.

"Beautiful words, Sydney. But they don't go out here. . . . What did Nugget tell you?"

With a little cry of distress Sydney again covered her face.

"Never mind, if it hurts," he added, relenting. "I reckon I can guess."

"I *will* tell you," she cried poignantly, "if it kills me."

When Kalispel did not reply, she went on:

"She came. She stood in the door. She said, 'I want to tell you something.' —And I asked how she dared address me. 'I'm sorry you're like that,' she said. 'I'm wondering where Kalispel will get off?' I was amazed at her. She stood there white and cool, with the sweetest face, the bluest eyes—the very prettiest girl I ever saw. Then she came in and shut the door.

"'You've given Kal Emerson a rotten deal,' she went on. 'And I'm here to call you for it. . . . He was a wild cowboy, a bad hombre, as they say in the South. One way and another he has been driven to defend his name, his life, or someone who needed a friend, until he became notorious. He's what the West calls a gunman, a killer. But all the same he's a better, finer, truer man because of that. The West has to have such men. Don't *I* know? Good Lord! How many drunks, bums, thieves, adventurers, gamblers—how many low-down men do you guess I've seen shot in the street or dragged out of dance halls? Yes, and I've seen good boys like Kalispel go down—worse luck. . . .

"'You are to get it into your head, Miss Blair, that this Kal Emerson is a better man than your father, a better boy than your brother, if you have one. He was so clean an' straight—so true to *you*—that he could dance with me, be my friend, with never a word that you could not have been glad to hear. I loved him! . . . He brought a boy to see me, Dick Sloan, and that boy, too, was clean and fine. He loved me. I treated him badly. I did all I could to make him despise me. I couldn't. . . . Then Kal came for me—dragged me out of Borden's hall—scared me stiff because I thought he meant to beat me—and I can't stand that. . . . Dick wanted to marry me and Kal made me promise. . . . I'm living in Dick's tent now. And I might be his sister! We will be married as soon as it's possible. I'm free. I'd be—happy if—I could forget.'"

Sydney's husky, failing voice trailed off. For several moments there was silence.

"She fascinated me," went on Sydney. "And then she changed somehow. The scorn—the earnestness—the sweetness all fled. 'Now for your new lover Leavitt,' she began, with a terrible look at me. 'I'll make short work of him—and the rest of this job. . . . Rand Leavitt is two-faced, and one of his faces—the one *I* know—is that of a dog. I know he made 'way with Kalispel's brother and jumped his claim. But I can't prove it. He sold your father two worthless claims, which I *can* prove. If your father has been robbed, as I've heard, one of Leavitt's men did it. But *that* side of Leavitt is the least vile. All this time that he's been making love to you, he's been trying to get me. Oh, you needn't glare at me! I can prove that, if you need proof. Any of the girls at Borden's will corroborate my statement. . . . Leavitt played the gallant lover to you. He vilified poor Kal and talked marriage to you. To *me* he showed the beast. In many ways you couldn't understand if I told you. But you'll understand this. He beat me when he couldn't get the best of me. He has beaten others of the girls. He likes to beat women. . . .'"

Sydney panted in her agitation, and for a moment could not continue.

"She saw I was faint," she presently went on. "'I could tell you more, Miss Blair,' she continued. 'But unless you are mad indeed I've told enough. That is the kind of man Rand Leavitt is!' . . . She left me without another word."

Kalispel paced to and fro in the confined space of the cabin, and tried to avert his face from his visitor. He divined that the most trying part of this interview might yet come.

"I have told you—about all," said the girl, haltingly.

"Shore. An' it's been hard on you."

"Can you—forgive me?"

He was silent and stared fixedly at the smoldering fire.

"I was a proud, egotistical, conceited thing," she went on, humbly. "And out here only a tenderfoot. I love the beauty of this wilderness. But I hate the raw, the crude, the toil, the blood. I thought I could stand it. I fear now I never can. . . . Please forgive me."

"I reckon. . . . All except last night. That I can't forget. . . . Maybe in time.'

"Kalispel, I do not know myself. I am weak or crazy—or both. I *was* jealous of that girl Nugget. I despised myself. But I was. And yesterday I grew furious at you. I wanted to hurt you, drive you insane with jealousy. I *had* loved you. I thought you'd killed it. . . . And in the end all I did was—promise to marry—Rand Leavitt."

"There was one thing I didn't understand, Sydney," queried Kalispel. "Why did you get Leavitt to tell you where he hid his gold, knowing I might be there to hear? You didn't think Leavitt was a thief then."

SYDNEY'S face flamed scarlet. "I don't know, Kalispel. It was just part of my madness. Maybe I had an idea it might prove to me if you were a bandit. I wanted to believe the worst of you. Can't you understand? Or maybe I just wanted to show you how much Leavitt cared for me—to tell me where he hid his fortune. Oh, I don't know what it was—I was just out of my head."

Kalispel nodded. "I guess—I understand, Sydney," he said slowly. Then, "Sydney, what will you do?" he queried, as if suddenly released.

"Is there nothing—for you—and me?" she faltered.

"Hopeless," he burst out, with dry lips. "I am a gunman, a killer. I mean to do for Leavitt an' Borden be-

(Continued on page 40)

But He'll Soon Eat Everything He Likes *when he hears about* "TUMS"

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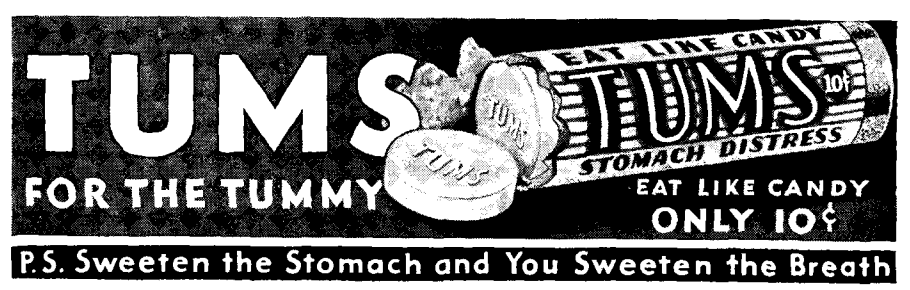

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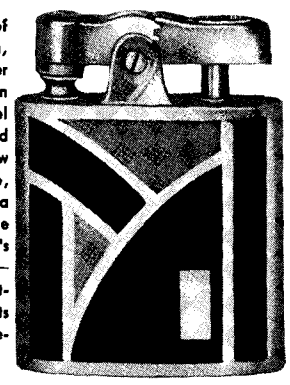

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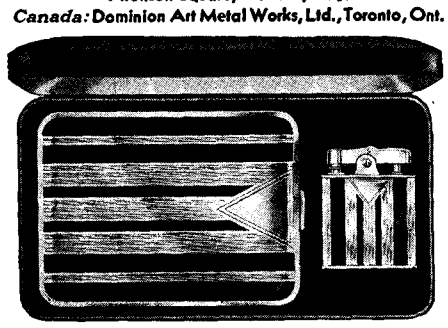

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(Continued from page 39)

fore I leave here. . . . You are a lady, far above me, too fine for this bloody West. . . . Wherever I go my name will follow me. If you—you married me you'd be a pioneer's wife. You'd have to pitch hay, bake bread, cut off the turkey's head, milk the cows—an', as Jake said, look after a brood of kids. . . . You see it isn't a pleasin' prospect."

"It would be if I were woman enough," she replied and, rising, faced him with eloquent eyes that made him weak. Then she moved toward the door.

"Aw! I'll see you home, Sydney," he replied, hurriedly, and followed her out.

The night was dark and windy with storm in the warm air. He led the way for her among the boulders, and once had to take her hand. She clung to his a moment and then let go. They reached her porch without speaking again. She started up, then turned to him, so that her face gleamed pale, with shadowy eyes.

"No woman like me could ever love you like that girl does. No other woman could ever have such cause. . . . It was a revelation to me."

"Aw, Sydney, you exaggerate. Nugget is grateful, of course, but—"

"She blazed with it," interrupted Sydney. "And out of this ghastly lesson I'll get most from that."

"I'm awful glad you see the kid fair an' straight now. She never was bad!"

"Thank God you saved her!" returned Sydney, with deep emotion. "Good night, Kalispel."

HE BADE her good night and wended a thoughtful and sad way among the boulders, while the old black mountain rumbled its low thunder.

There had been humility, remorse, and scorn of self in Sydney's capitulation. Like a pendulum she had swung over to the other extreme. She had all but killed something beautiful and wonderful in Kalispel; and now it struggled to rise again and live. Under the dark and threatening sky, where he walked his beat, he was to find that love did not die so easily. His survived, and he was glad that was so, for he hated hate. Sydney still cared for him, in some degree, enough to sue for his forgiveness and his allegiance.

But in the light of all her vacillation Kalispel realized that he was not the man to make her happy. One wild hope shook him to the core—to take her and his gold, and go back where she belonged, where his fateful gun-play would never be called upon again. This idea, however, was untenable. He belonged to the West. They were incompatible. The biggest thing he could do for Sydney was to conquer his longing for her, to renounce her beauty, and to let her go to a better and more suitable mate. He succeeded, but it was the bitterest victory of his life.

It did not leave him peace. The long strife wore his nerves raw. What seemed left was a stern duty to expel these softer emotions which had made him weak, and get back to the grim and hard passion that had obsessed him before this upheaval.

Jake returned to the cabin late, to find Kalispel burning the midnight oil.

"Hello," he said. "I allowed I'd let you have plenty of time with your lady love."

"Wal, I had plenty, believe me," replied Kalispel, gruffly.

"Peaches an' cream, thet girl, an' sweet on you, Kal, or I'm a born fool."

"You are a born fool, Jake."

"Reckon I better change the subject, or get bored. . . . Lots of talk downtown."

"What about?"

"Masters an' Leavitt have locked horns, it seems. You know Leavitt has been sore about Masters' election. Wal, they're at odds now about a vigilance committee. Masters wants one elected by the miners, with him, of course, at the head. An' Leavitt holds that he has power to appoint the vigilantes."

"Whew! That'll make a hell of a mess. Jake, keep this under your hat. Leavitt is the boss of these bandits."

"Thunderation an' damnation! Is it possible? But I'd believe anythin' of thet man. . . . Are you shore, Kal?"

"Absolutely positive."

"Can you prove it?"

"I could to honest, fair-minded men. Not to Leavitt's crowd."

"An' that's the rub. Son, look here. If Leavitt organizes a band of vigilantes to catch an' hang his own outfit—thet will be a hell of a mess."

"Worse. They'd hang me."

"I wish you'd bored thet —— long ago," declared Jake, thoughtfully. "What're we goin' to do?"

"Hang on an' see what comes off. But I'm bound to say, if this news of yours isn't just camp gossip, it's gettin' sort of hot around here."

"I should smile it is."

"An' I'm at the end of my rope."

"Wal, thet's good. Just so long as you'll not be at the end of their rope!"

"How's the weather?" asked Kalispel, as he began to pull off his boots.

"Mistin' a little. But clouds breakin' some. It'll rain shore, sooner or later. Then it'll turn off cold an' winter will set in colder'n blue blazes."

Kalispel lay awake for a long while, and then slept late, far into the morning. Upon arising he shaved and then partook of a belated breakfast which Jake threatened he would not keep hot any longer. Kalispel did not waste words that morning. From the open door he saw that the storm still held aloof. Securing Blair's wallet he wrapped the bulky thing in a burlap sack and set out.

"Mind camp," he said to Jake. "From now on one of us must be here all day."

The hour was about noon. He found the kitchen door of Blair's cabin open. Father and daughter were at lunch. "Howdy. Excuse me, but this is sort of ticklish," said Kalispel, as he went in and closed the door.

Blair's greeting was cordial and curious. Sydney had been weeping. Her smile was something to conjure with.

"Can you be trusted—now?" he asked Sydney, with strong emphasis on the last word.

SYDNEY submerged the old outraged dignity, but it took an effort. Kalispel unwrapped the burlap sack and laid the wallet on the table.

"Can you be trusted to take care of this yourself?" demanded Kalispel.

Blair leaped up in great excitement. "For the land's sake! My wallet! . . . Let me feel—let me look!"

"No, I will," declared Sydney, after a gulp, and she snatched the wallet away from Blair's clutching hands. She opened it. "Yes—yes—the money appears to be all here. Oh, how glad I am! . . . Kalispel, where did you get this wallet?"

"Where do you suppose?" he launched at her keenly.

She flushed. "I—I did not mean anything. . . . But where?"

"I stole it from Leavitt."

Blair betrayed his excitement by cursing prodigiously.

"Sydney, it's not likely Leavitt will suspect you or search your house," said Kalispel. "But hide the wallet in your bed or on your person. An' never forget it. Pack your belongin's an' plan to leave the valley with one of these freighters as soon as this storm is over. I wouldn't advise it till then. You might get caught up on top. An' that'd shore not be any fun."

"Pack! . . . Are you leaving, too?" she inquired, tremulously.

"No. Not unless I get chased out."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and dropped her telltale eyes. "Come back and let me thank you."

"Kal, I just noticed you're wearing two guns," said Blair, his eyes popping. "Must be going to a prayer meeting."

"Ornamental, that's all, Blair. So long," drawled Kalispel and, cautiously opening the door, he saw that the coast was clear and went out.

Once at the gateway of the town it seemed to Kalispel that he was entering Laramie or Medicine Bow or Butte or Kalispell. It was not a happy nor an easy mood. Thunder City did not look as if it had lost half of its inhabitants, for the thoroughfare was as crowded, as loud, as bustling as usual. But the fact was that at least half of the miners had decided against being snowed in on a bonanza diggings the bright bubble of which had burst.

Kalispel had no particular objective just then except to ascertain the facts about the Masters-Leavitt controversy. If the argument developed into a dispute, that would be favorable to Kalispel. He went into one place after another. The business of buying, selling, freighting, eating, drinking, gambling, gossiping, prevailed as always. Kalispel received his meed of greetings and avoidances. Far ahead he espied Haskell and Selby, the latter still with his arm in a sling, standing in front of the Dead Eye Saloon. They crossed the wide street obviously to let Kalispel pass.

AT LENGTH he ran straight into Masters, who emerged from his office with none other than Borden.

"Hello. Just the man I'm lookin' for," ejaculated the sheriff.

"Wal, if you want anythin' short of arrestin' me you got to keep better company," replied Kalispel, curtly.

Borden broke out of his rigidity; his swarthy face paled, his jaw bulged, his big eyes dilated; and with an imprecation he strode swiftly away up the street. Kalispel turned deliberately to watch him.

"Chip on yore shoulder, eh? An' packin' double hardware?" drawled Masters. "Will you come in an' have a little talk?"

Kalispel followed him into the little board shack without troubling to reply. The room contained a rude table piled high with papers, two boxes for seats, a sawed-off shotgun and a rifle.

"I needn't tell you that walls have ears," warned Masters, dryly, as he fastened his searching, eagle eyes upon his guest. "Our little plan to locate the bandits didn't work, eh?"

"Not yet. An' I reckon I'll lay off that," replied Kalispel.

"Just as wal. It might have turned out embarrassin' for me."

"Masters, I don't need to make bluffs to get a line on the bandits," declared Kalispel, pointedly, as he sized up his man. "Do you want to know who's their chief?"

"Emerson, I'm not so damn' keen as I was," drawled the sheriff.

"Gettin' cold feet?" queried Kalispel, just a little sarcastic.

"No. My feet air always warm an' they stay on the ground. I'm leery, Emerson. I want to find out more before I act."

"More about what—or who?"

"I reckon you could tell me, Emerson."

"I reckon I could. But it looks like I'm playin' a lone hand."

"You mean I've got to show my hand heah? Declare myself for Kalispel Emerson or against him?"

"You savvy," said Kalispel slowly.

(To be continued next week)

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The Great Abduction

Continued from page 28

"Gerryman," he announced to the others. He walked into the living-room and was thus close at hand to open the door when the secret service man rang. But Gerryman was not alone. With him were two other men, one of whom Meridew recognized instantly as Secretary Patten. The other Gerryman presented as his chief, Larned Treherne.

"Glad to see you again, Meridew," said the Secretary of State.

But Treherne dispensed with any formalities.

"Alone?" he snapped.

"Ned Dabney, publisher of the Leader, and Miss Dale are breakfasting with me," Meridew replied.

"Fine," said Treherne. "Want to cross-examine that girl."

Patten, that suave old diplomat, caught the angry glint in Meridew's eyes.

"You mean, Treherne, to let her tell her story again, so that you can catch anything that she, or Gerryman, or Mr. Meridew may have overlooked?"

"Sure, that's what I mean," said the gruff Treherne.

MERIDEW stepped onto the porch and returned immediately with Myrna and Ned Dabney. Patten and Dabney knew each other, but he presented the Secretary and Treherne to Myrna, and Treherne awaited no introduction to Dabney. He merely nodded brusquely and turned, almost aggressively, to the girl. But Patten interposed.

"Miss Dale," he said, "would you mind going over, in all the detail you can bring to mind, the incidents of last night and everything bearing upon those incidents, no matter when they occurred?"

As though she had spent hours marshaling the chronology, Myrna began with her servant in Italy. She went straight through her story up to her arrival in this apartment last night. Neither Patten nor Treherne interrupted. And at its conclusion Gerryman nodded soberly.

"Just as I'd practically memorized it," he said, "and if anyone can pick a clue out of that—"

"But we have," cried Myrna.

"Where is it?" demanded Treherne.

"The newspaper clippings that Ken—Mr. Meridew," she corrected herself, "found in Bramer's room at the Rockwood. Remember them?"

"Some stuff about wheat and the President of Cuba? I read them," said Gerryman.

"But on the *backs* of them. Advertisements of Maine camps, right near where Mr. Brockridge was going fishing next month."

"And Bramer said they were intending to grab him next month. Well, for the love of Mike," cried Treherne, "let's find out where those papers are—"

"Here," said Meridew. "And it was Miss Dale's idea, and the Leader has a man out now, finding out who rented any of those camps. We'll hear from him—"

"And then what?" demanded Gerryman. "We don't dare make a move. Bramer would kill—"

"He'll kill anyway," cried Myrna. "He'll kill the President for the mere sense of power it will give him."

Patten whitened.

"Gerryman—you've seen the man. What do you think?"

"I don't know," said Gerryman.

Treherne turned to Patten.

"I think the young lady is probably right," he announced.

"Then what—*what* are we to do?" Patten cried.

Treherne drummed with blunt fingerends upon the arm of the chair which he had taken.

"We'll do what the President would want us to do," he stated. "We know that Mark Brockridge wouldn't take anything lying down. He's sensible; if a gun's stuck in his stomach, and there are other guns ready to be used against him, he's going to do what any normal man would do. He's going to yield—for the moment. But if I could talk to him now, I know he'd say not to give up a dime. He's that kind of baby, and those that don't know it just don't know him."

He raised a nervous hand to forestall objection from the white-faced Patten.

"That doesn't mean that if we could get him back—were *sure* to get him—I wouldn't say to part with the ransom. What his cold nerve would order and what I'd do might be two very different things. Mark Brockridge could risk his life, but I can't risk the President's life. As a matter of fact, my advice is to pay the ransom. But it isn't my advice to sit lazily back in our chairs and wait for this Bramer person to produce Brockridge. The young lady has seen Bramer in action. That means that she knows more about him, what he's likely to do, how he's likely to react, than Gerryman or Meridew, who have heard him talk but haven't seen him act, could possibly know. If she's here to tell us that she believes he'll kill Brockridge anyway, then I'm here to believe her."

"You advise payment, then?" demanded Patten.

"Payment and action," said Treherne. "You've rounded up all of Bramer's known haunts, haven't you?" he asked Gerryman. "And haven't found a scrap of paper that would tell us anything, eh? Then let's do some figuring. We know that Bramer had planned to grab the President a month from now, up in the Miramaque Country. He'd have to have a place up there. So he'd get himself a camp. He'd know that when the President disappeared all camps would be searched. But you could hide a prisoner out in that country so that he couldn't be found for ten years. It would take that long for all the guides to explore all those waters. Probably Bramer knows that country. He *must* know it. Now, hiding the President wouldn't be different from hiding any ordinary citizen. But Bramer wouldn't think so. Nobody would think so. Anyone would figure that hiding Brockridge would need something more than the ordinary hiding place. That's mere understanding of ordinary psychology. So it's a dollar to a dime that they've taken Brockridge down there."

"BUT you say," objected Patten, "that even natives might not be able to find the hiding place."

Treherne's thin lips twisted mirthlessly.

"If they'd snatched Brockridge while he was fishing, the innocent renters of a near-by camp wouldn't have him in their camp. Indeed, no, they'd have him canoed miles away. But if he's snatched in New York—who on earth would dream of looking away down in Maine for him? Get the point? There's weakness always in any plan, or in its execution. Bramer, to convince the President that he means business, tells him that he'd planned to do it next month. Believe me, no matter how cool

(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

a bird he is, he was excited inside when he pulled this one. And excitement made him talk. If he remembers that Miss Dale heard him mention the fishing, he might change his hide-out. But you can bet your bottom dollar that he doesn't remember what he said. I don't care how hard-boiled he is; when he pulled this fast one his nerves were jittering. So, if we can tie up one of those camps with him—"

He paused and looked, almost defiantly, around at the faces of the others.

"Well, what then?" demanded Patten.

"We shoot down to that country by plane instantly. We do what Brockridge would have us do—try to rescue him. But we don't let Bramer know that. We stall him if we can. If he won't be stalled, we give him the money. But, before or after he's paid, I'm on my way to the Miramaque. And I'm taking Miss Dale with me. Got the guts, Miss Dale?" he asked brutally.

"I have them," she replied.

"I thought so," said Treherne. "You see, you can recognize the other men that pulled the trick. If you see one of them—well, then we know. Anything wrong with the plan?" he asked.

THE Secretary's pallor grew more pronounced.

"But it—it might sign the President's death warrant," he protested.

"Hell's bells, we've got to bet it one way or the other. Bramer has threatened his death if an attempt is made at rescue, hasn't he? Anyway, he's said that if he's detained, or followed, the President will be killed, hasn't he? Well, that means the same thing. If we try a rescue they'll kill him. That's his word. But Miss Dale says he'll kill him anyway. So which way do we bet? On Bramer's honesty and common sense? But he hasn't honesty, and he hasn't common sense, or he'd not pull this trick. He's a bloody-handed killer, and Miss Dale, who's seen him work, says he's a paranoiac. I say—bet it her way. Bet it that it's our only chance to save Brockridge."

"It's up to you, Treherne," said the Secretary.

Treherne looked at Meridew.

"Hope you don't mind our turning your apartment into our headquarters. But any signs of activity at the Albemarle and some of those damn' newspaper men—beg your pardon, gentlemen—but the reporters would tumble that something was on. The word's out now that Brockridge has a slight cold, and all appointments are canceled." He glared suddenly at Dabney. "I hope your wife—"

"Mrs. Dabney's a publisher's wife," said her husband. "She's kept secrets before."

"Oke," said Treherne. He rose, walked to the wall at the roof's edge, then came back again. "Wish your newshound would hurry up and get us some dope on those ads," he said to Dabney.

He picked up the telephone and got Trowbridge, Brockridge's secretary.

"Treherne speaking," he said. "Any news? *What!* Well, what did you say?" He listened a moment. "I suppose so. You couldn't do anything else, I guess. Mannering's brought the stuff, eh? Phone me if anything comes up."

He hung up and turned to the others.

"Some nosey pup thinks he saw Brockridge last night down on Twenty-third Street. Anyway, he went to the Beacon office and spilled his tale. And the Beacon sent a man up to see Trowbridge. Wanted some kind of a yarn about the Chief Executive wanting to learn at first-hand the conditions in the great city. You know. But Trowbridge said the man was nuts, that Brockridge had gone to bed at seven last night and was still there with a cold. But if some more nosey lads—coppers, maybe—saw all the President's bodyguard down on Twenty-third Street—try and keep that one out of the news. Oh, well, until it *does* break, it hasn't broken, eh?"

The phone rang, and Treherne snatched for it. Physically, he was nearly as nervous as Gerryman had been last night, but his mind seemed under better control, thought Meridew.

"For you," said Treherne.

Meridew took the telephone.

"Hello? Oh, Pike. Come right up."

"Pike. The reporter that Merton sent out," he said to Dabney.

Young Pike was typical of his profession and his generation. Nothing awed him, least of all his own publisher, at whom he grinned engagingly. He whistled softly as he recognized the people present.

"Will you let me add it up, Chief, just to prove I'm worth more dough than the city editor thinks? Miramaque Country camps, and the Secretary of State is here, and the President's bodyguard and the chief of the secret service, and President Brockridge, so the rumor has it, is in bed with a cold. And the President spends two weeks late in August chasing little trouts and little basses from pool to pool. I bet I could figure something."

"Try and get it printed in the Leader," said Dabney dryly.

Pike nodded.

"Like that, eh? Brilliant young journalist stumbles on big story and keeps it to himself, eh? Oke with me, Chief. Only—do I get a whack at it when it breaks, or does Meridew here grab the glory?"

"If there's glory, Pike," put in Meridew quickly, "I'll let you have it. Meantime, you haven't been here, you haven't seen anyone here, you don't know anything and you guess less."

"In other words, I keep my own counsel. By me that is all right," grinned the youth. "I tell my tale and depart, eh? Well, only one of those camps, I hate to tell my publisher, was rented. Maybe the Leader isn't such a hot medium for renting camps. Mrs. Sarah Bailey, Carlington Apartments, Park Avenue, rented her camp on Lake Wamsemuck to one Tomasso DiSalvo, attorney at law, with offices in the Superfilm Building just off Times Square, and with a residence in the Greystone Hotel on West End Avenue. And I trust that Mrs. Bailey doesn't have to sue DiSalvo for her rent, because she'll never collect. He'll throw so many counter actions in her face that she'll go broke paying her own lawyer."

"YOU know DiSalvo?" asked Treherne.

"Sure," said Pike. "Who doesn't that knows New York? You remember the Oddering gang—five years ago? That trial made a big shot of DiSalvo. Got them all clear, and every one of them deserved the chair. Counsel for all the tops in the racketeering line when the old chair is waiting for them. And personal counsel and—if my guess is right, and rarely does Mr. Pike guess otherwise—partner of Carl Bramer. And if you don't know who Bramer is—"

"We know," interrupted Treherne dryly. "And you're sure of this?"

"Of what? That Mrs. Bailey rented her camp to DiSalvo? I'm sure of it if she's sure. That's what she told me. I didn't ask to see a copy of the lease. No reason the lady should lie about it, is there?"

Treherne reached for the telephone. He asked for a number in Washington. He held the telephone while he waited for a connection to be made. Then he spoke into the instrument:

"Lambert? Treherne. Get in touch with Brouillard. He's at Calais, Maine,

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Advice to Parents Editor

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now. Tell him to get over to Sabinocket right away. Tell him to get hold of Isham at Bangor. Isham is to go to Sabinocket. They can pick me up at the airport. I'll be there in six hours."

He hung up and looked at Gerryman.

"Hang it, Gerry, I need you with me. But you've dealt with Bramer and he might think something was funny if you stepped out. You and Secretary Patten will have to handle him."

"BUT what are you doing?" asked the Secretary.

"I'm going to Wamsemuck."

"But Houlton's the best way to Wamsemuck, to the whole Miramaque Country," said the Secretary. "I was there last August—"

Treherne grinned.

"Sure. I was there, too. That's why I'm going by the other way. A little longer motor-ride, but—they might know if an airplane dropped in at Houlton. They won't know about Sabinocket. Let me handle this end my way, Mr. Secretary. Miss Dale, how soon can you be ready to go?"

"Now," she replied.

Young Pike whistled.

"And you're not printing this story, whatever it is, Chief?" he asked Dabney.

The publisher shook his head.

"And you're forgetting it, Pike."

Treherne rose.

"I can get customs people, I suppose, but—damned if I want anyone in on this whose discretion—the only service men near enough are Brouillard and Isham. And if I take any from here—I'm sort of afraid that Bramer may be keeping tabs on us, might learn about it if Carey or Samuels or any of the rest disappeared."

Meridew, hope beating in his breast, leaped to his feet.

"What about me?" he asked.

Treherne eyed him.

"Like trouble?"

Meridew shook his head.

"Certainly not. But this occasion—"

Treherne spoke to Gerryman.

"Meridew's ill. Get a trained nurse and stick her in his bedroom. If Bramer comes here and misses him—that's the way out. And we can't take too many precautions. Matter of fact, he may have spies around outside. Don't think so, though. The boys downstairs would have found it out and told me. And that's all, I guess. Mr. Secretary, stali Bramer until tonight, if he comes before that. Then surrender the jack to him."

"Shall we have him followed?" asked Patten.

Treherne shook his head.

"No. If I'm wrong—if we don't find what we look for at Wamsemuck—then we have to trust Bramer. If we do—well, we'll hope to get him later. But that isn't half as important as getting the President. Well, folks, ready?"

(To be continued next week)

Tobias the Terrible

Continued from page 8

is just tossed around himself more than somewhat by a doll. In fact, Little Mitzi starts crying with him.

"Why," Joey Uptown says, "I never hear of a greater outrage in my life, although," he says, "I can see there is some puppy in you at that, when you do not return this Trivett's punch. But even so," Joey says, "if I have time I will go back to this town you speak of with you and make the guy hard to catch. Furthermore," he says, "I will give this Miss Deborah Weems a piece of my mind."

Then I tell them how Tobias Tweeney comes to New York figuring he may meet up with some desperate characters of the underworld, and they hear this with great interest, and Angie the Ox speaks as follows:

"I wonder," Angie says, "if we can get in touch with anybody who knows such characters and arrange to have Mr. Tweeney meet them, although personally," Angie says, "I loathe and despise characters of this nature."

Well, while Angie is wondering this there comes a large knock at the front door, and it is such a knock as only the gendarmes can knock, and everybody at the table jumps up. Good Time Charley goes to the door and takes a quiet gander through his peephole and we hear a loud, coarse voice speaking as follows:

"Open up, Charley," the voice says. "We wish to look over your guests. Furthermore." the voice says, "tell them not to try the back door, because we are there, too."

"It is Lieutenant Harrigan and his squad," Charley says as he comes back to the table where we are all standing. "Someone must tip him off you are here. Well," Charley says, "those who have rods to shed will shed them now."

At this, Joey Uptown steps up to Tobias Tweeney and hands him a large Betsy and says to Tobias like this:

"Put this away on you somewhere," Joey says, "and then sit down and be quiet. These coppers are not apt to bother with you," Joey says, "if you sit still and mind your own business, but," Joey says, "it will be very tough on any of us they find with a rod, especially any of us who owe the state any time, and," Joey says, "I seem to remember I owe some."

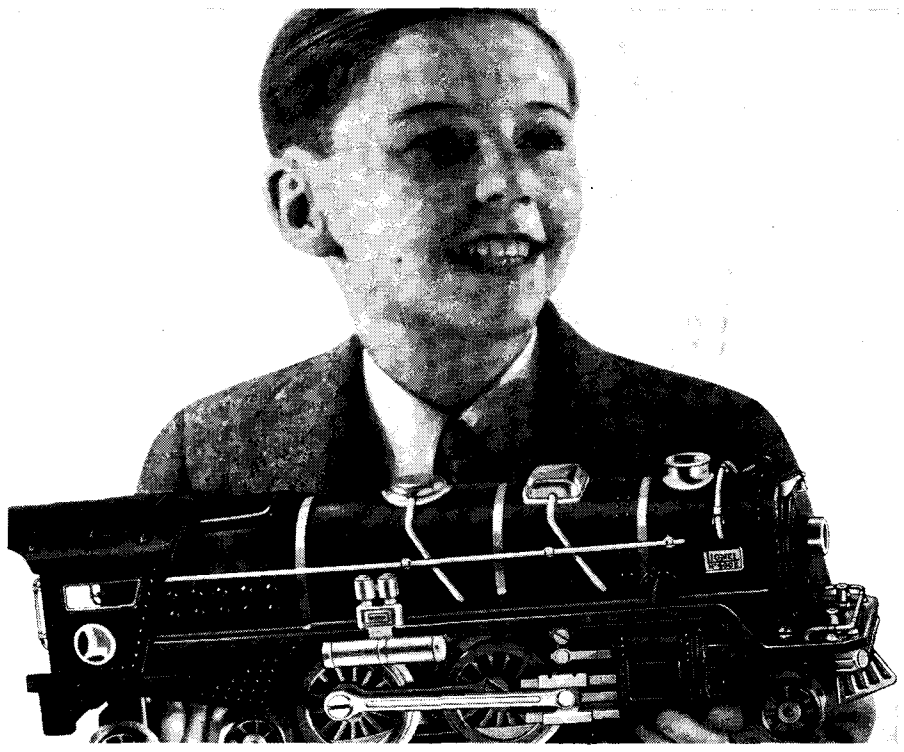
Now of course what Joey says is very true, because he is only walking around and about on parole, and some of the others present are walking around the same way, and it is a very serious matter for a guy who is walking around on parole to be caught with a John Roscoe in his pocket. So it is a very ticklish situation, and somewhat embarrassing.

WELL, Tobias Tweeney is somewhat dazed by his couple of drinks of Good Time Charley's liquor and the chances are he does not realize what is coming off, so he takes Joey's rod and puts it in his hip kick. Then all of a sudden Harry the Horse and Angie the Ox and Little Mitzi and all the others step up to him and hand him their Roscoes, and Tobias Tweeney somehow manages to stow the guns away on himself and sit down before Good Time Charley opens the door and in comes the gendarmes.

By this time Joey Uptown and all the others are scattered at different tables around the room, with no more than three at any one table, leaving Tobias Tweeney and me alone at the table where we are first sitting. Furthermore, everybody is looking very innocent indeed, and all hands seem somewhat surprised at the intrusion of the gendarmes, who are all young guys belonging to Harrigan's Broadway squad, and very rude.

I know Harrigan by sight, and I know most of his men and they know there is no more harm in me than there is in a two-year-old baby, so they pay no attention to me whatever, or to Tobias Tweeney, either, but go around making Joey Uptown, and Angie the Ox, and all the others stand up while the gendarmes fan them to see if they have

(Continued on page 44*)*



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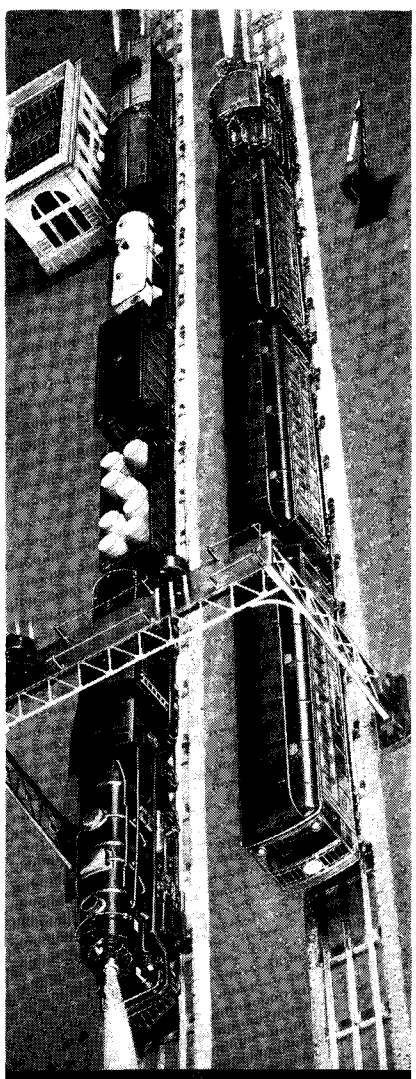

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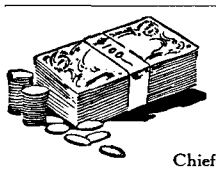

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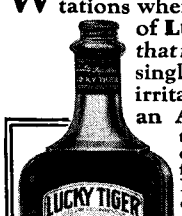

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(Continued from page 43)

any rods on them, because these gendarmes are always laying for parties such as these hoping to catch them rodded up.

Naturally the gendarmes do not find any rods on anybody, because the rods are all on Tobias Tweeney, and no gendarme is going to fan Tobias Tweeney looking for a rod after one gander at Tobias, especially at this particular moment, as Tobias is now half asleep from Good Time Charley's liquor, and has no interest whatever in anything that is going on. In fact, Tobias is nodding in his chair.

Of course the gendarmes are greatly disgusted at not finding any rods, and Angie the Ox and Joey Uptown are telling them that they are going to see their aldermen and find out if law-abiding citizens can be stood up and fanned for rods, and put in a very undignified position like this, but the gendarmes do not seem disturbed by these threats, and Lieutenant Harrigan states as follows:

"Well," he says, "I guess maybe I get a bum steer, but," he says, "for two cents I will give all you wrong gees a good going-over just for luck."

Of course this is no way to speak to parties such as these, as they are all very prominent in their different parts of the city, but Lieutenant Harrigan is a guy who seldom cares how he talks to anybody. In fact, Lieutenant Harrigan is a very tough copper.

But he is just about to take his gendarmes out of the joint when Tobias Tweeney nods a little too far forward in his chair, and then all of a sudden topples over on the floor, and five large rods pop out of his pockets and go sliding every which way around the floor, and the next thing anybody knows there is Tobias Tweeney under arrest with all the gendarmes holding onto some part of him.

WELL, the next day the newspapers are plumb full of the capture of a guy they all call Twelve Gun Tweeney, and the papers say the police state that this is undoubtedly the toughest guy the world ever sees, because while they hear of two gun guys, and even three gun guys, they never before hear of a guy going around rodded up with twelve guns.

The gendarmes say they can tell by the way he acts that Twelve Gun Tweeney is a mighty bloodthirsty guy, because he says nothing whatever but only glares at them with a steely glint in his eyes, although of course the reason Tobias stares at them is because he is still too dumfounded to think of anything to say.

Naturally, I figure that when Tobias comes up for air he is a sure thing to spill the whole business, and all the parties who are in Good Time Charley's when he is arrested figure the same way, and go into retirement for a time. But it seems that when Tobias finally realizes what time it is, he is getting so much attention that it swells him all up and he decides to keep on being Twelve Gun Tweeney as long as he can, which is a decision that is a very nice break for all parties concerned.

I sneak down to Judge Rascover's court the day Tobias is arraigned on a charge of violation of the Sullivan law, which is a law against carrying rods, and the courtroom is packed with citizens eager to see a character desperate enough to lug twelve rods, and among these citizens are many dolls, pulling and hauling for position, and some of these dolls are by no means crows. Many photographers are hanging around to take pictures of Twelve Gun Tweeney as he is led in handcuffed to gendarmes on either side of him, and with other gendarmes in front and behind him.

But one and all are greatly surprised and somewhat disappointed when they see what a little squirt Tobias is, and Judge Rascover looks down at him once, and then puts on his specs and takes another gander as if he does not believe what he sees in the first place. After looking at Tobias awhile through his specs, and shaking his head as if he is greatly puzzled, Judge Rascover speaks to Lieutenant Harrigan as follows:

"Do you mean to tell this court," Judge Rascover says, "that this half-portion here is the desperate Twelve Gun Tweeney?"

WELL, Lieutenant Harrigan says there is no doubt whatever about it, and Judge Rascover wishes to know how Tobias carries all these rods, and whereabouts, so Lieutenant Harrigan collects twelve rods from the gendarmes around the courtroom, unloads these rods, and starts in putting the guns here and there on Tobias as near as he can remember where they are found on him in the first place, with Tobias giving him a little friendly assistance.

Lieutenant Harrigan puts two guns in each of the side pockets of Tobias' coat, one in each hip pocket, one in the waistband of Tobias' pants, one in each side pocket of the pants, one up each of Tobias' sleeves, and one in the inside pocket of Tobias' coat. Then Lieutenant Harrigan states to the court that he is all finished, and that Tobias is rodded up in every respect as when they put the arm on him in Good Time Charley's joint, and Judge Rascover speaks to Tobias as follows:

"Step closer to the bench," Judge Rascover says. "I wish to see for myself just what kind of a villain you are."

Well, Tobias takes a step forward, and over he goes on his snoot, so I see right away what it is makes him keel over in Good Time Charley's joint, not figuring in Charley's liquor. The little guy is just naturally top-heavy from the rods.

Now there is much confusion as he falls and a young doll who seems to be fatter than somewhat comes shoving through the crowd in the courtroom yelling and crying, and though the gendarmes try to stop her she gets to Tobias and kneels at his side, and speaks as follows:

"Toby, darling," she says, "it is nobody but Deborah, who loves you dearly, and who always knows you will turn out to be the greatest gunman of them all. Look at me, Toby," she says, "and tell me you love me, too. We never realize what a hero you are until we get the New York papers in Erasmus last night, and I hurry to you as quickly as possible. Kiss me, Toby," the fat young doll says, and Tobias raises up on one elbow and does same, and it makes a very pleasing scene, indeed, although the gendarmes try to pull them apart, having no patience whatever with such matters.

Now Judge Rascover is watching all this business through his specs, and Judge Rascover is no sucker, but a pretty slick old codger for a judge, and he can see that there is something wrong somewhere about Tobias Tweeney being a character as desperate as the gendarmes make him out, especially when he sees that Tobias cannot pack all these rods on a bet.

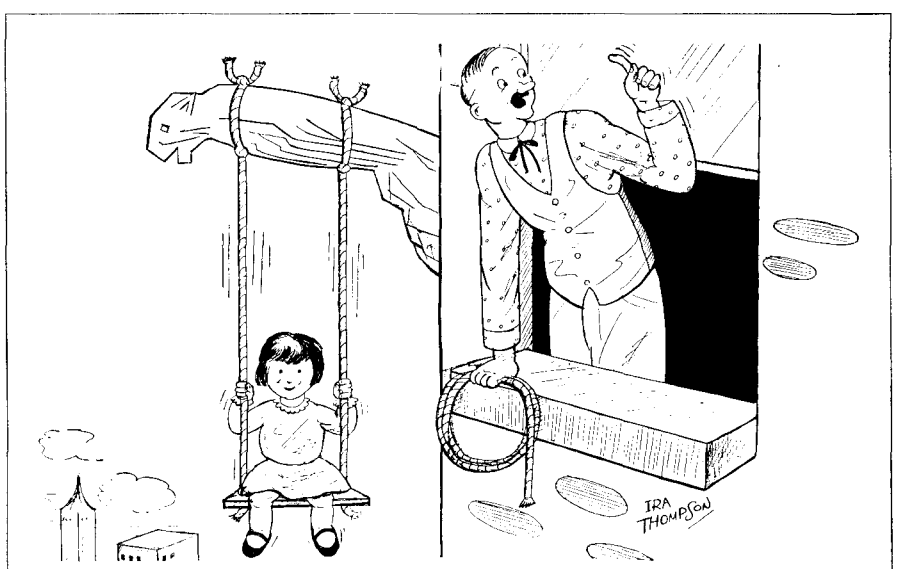
So when the gendarmes pick the fat young doll off of Tobias and take a few pounds of rods off of Tobias, too, so he is finally able to get back on his pins and stand there, Judge Rascover adjourns court, and takes Tobias into his private room and has a talk with him, and the chances are Tobias tells him the truth, for the next thing anybody knows Tobias is walking away as free as the little birdies in the trees, except that he has the fat young doll clinging to him like a porous plaster, so maybe Tobias is not so free, at that.

Well, this is about all there is to the story, except that there is afterwards plenty of heat between the parties who are present in Good Time Charley's joint when Tobias is collared because it seems that the meeting they all attend before going to Charley's is supposed to be a peace meeting of some kind and nobody is supposed to carry any rods to this meeting just to prove their confidence in each other, so everybody is very indignant when it comes out that nobody has any confidence in anybody else at the meeting.

I NEVER hear of Tobias Tweeney but once after all this, and it is some months afterwards when Joey Uptown and Little Mitzi are over in Pennsylvania inspecting a brewery proposition, and finding themselves near the town that is called Erasmus, they decide it will be a nice thing to drop in on Tobias Tweeney and see how he is getting along.

Well, it seems Tobias is all married up to Miss Deborah Weems, and is getting along first class, as it seems the town elects him constable, because it feels that a guy with such a desperate reputation as Tobias Tweeney's is bound to make wrongdoers keep away from Erasmus if he is an officer of the law, and Tobias' first official act is to chase Joe Trivett out of town.

But along Broadway, Tobias Tweeney will always be considered nothing but an ingrate for heaving Joey Uptown and Little Mitzi into the town sneezer and getting them fined fifty bobs apiece for carrying concealed weapons.



"Oh, Doris! Come see what I've made for baby!" *Ira Thompson*

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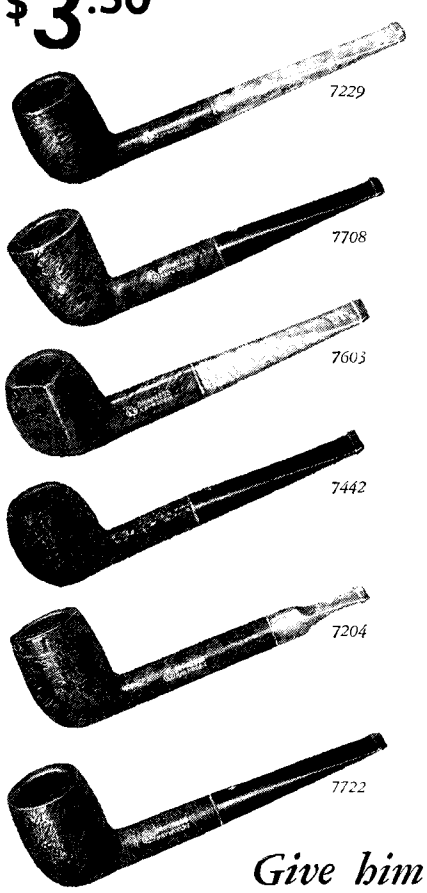

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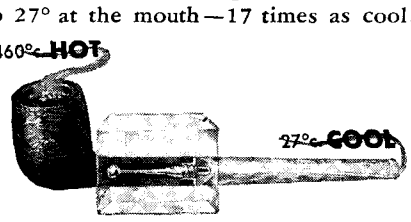

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Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City. Established 1851

Artists don't need Ruffles

Continued from page 9

"Every play that is any good has a rhythm of its own," says Nazimova. "One can find it with music."

During the rehearsal period, she is invariably miserable. Before The Good Earth opened, she refused to see anyone. She could think of nothing, do nothing, see nothing but O-lan and the problem of making her live.

"When I first read a play," she says, "I hear the speeches fitting into each other in my own mind with the flow that I believe belongs to them, and I can give my own lines so that they sound pretty good. Then, after rehearsals begin, and I hear the other characters breaking in with a different rhythm from what I had imagined, I am no good at all. For three weeks, at least, I am discouraged. I wonder if I can ever play the part. It is terrible. Then, after that, we finally swing into the rhythm that I heard first—and, well, sometimes I am not so bad again."

She studies with a fidelity to the part acquired in the Moscow Art Theater, where she had her early training. There is never any halfway about her in anything.

A Fire too Beautiful for Fear

When she came to this country with Paul Orleneff's company, playing in Russian, she soon made up her mind to stay here, and learned English in less than three months.

She was a sensation in Hedda, in A Doll's House, The Master Builder and Little Eyolf in her tours of the country as well as in New York, where a theater was named for her. Later she played in many other plays, but returned to Ibsen again in 1918, adding The Wild Duck, one of her favorites, to her repertoire. Then she went into pictures, which still were silent.

An episode of this Hollywood period shows one of the sudden, swift twists of thought that pop up in her. One of our conversations turned to the subject of fire, because of the necessity of properly dousing a cigarette, I believe—mine, not hers. We both agreed that fire was the one thing of which we were afraid. The story she told brought out the person that is sensitively affected more by the subtle overtones and underlying meanings than by the actual occurrences themselves. She is, in fact, a person of overtones. While she is speaking very simply, a thousand little notes come into her voice and swift expressions flit across her face that tell more in their comment than her words.

"And yet the one time that I had to face a fire," she remarked thoughtfully, "I suddenly found that I was not afraid of it. I had a beautiful home in Hollywood. For a long time I had dreamed of how happy I should be when I could have the things that I wanted around me, and so I had built and furnished my home with all those things that I had dreamed about. One morning I was wakened by my maid urging me to dress quickly, saying that the houses on the hill opposite were burning and the fire would soon reach my house.

"I rushed to the window and saw the flames rolling down the hill—they seemed to overlap one another like waves, and they were so beautiful that I forgot to be afraid and stood there fascinated. Finally, my maid forced me to dress. Then I realized that I must save whatever I wanted most.

"I went into my bedroom and looked around. I thought, 'There is nothing I want in this room.' Then I went into another room and the same thing was true. I went to my library. 'No,' I said to myself, 'I cannot take all my books.' And so I went from room to room and I found there was nothing that I could not do without, nothing that I felt I had to save. Finally, I wandered back to my bedroom. There were some new snapshots on my desk, so I put them in my pocketbook and left. I was quite calm. I had gone down the street only a block or so when the maid came running to me and said they had control of the fire and it had not quite reached my house. So I went back, but I did not like the house any more."

Because she had had an unpleasant experience in it?

"No," said Nazimova, "because I had walked through those rooms and discovered that when it came down to the last test there was nothing there that really mattered to me. Now," she added, "I have not so many things—and I am happier."

It was shortly after this that she came back to the stage of the theater that has been her real life. After a brief appearance in New York she went to London, where, for the second time, she triumphed. Then, returning to this country, she played with the Civic Repertory Theater in The Cherry Orchard and Katerina. Year before last she joined the Theater Guild to do A Month in the Country, and once more New York critics began to rave. Last season she made us gasp with her portrayal in the O'Neill play. It was, without question, the finest performance of the season. And now, this year—O-lan!

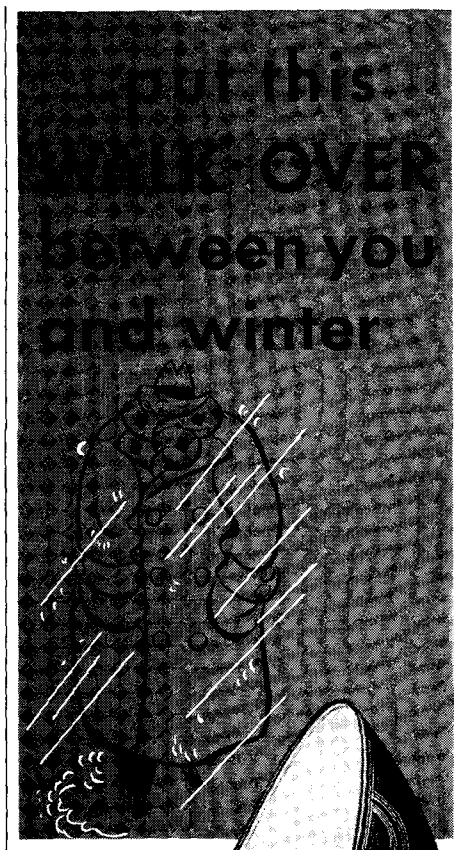
She is incalculable—she is always full of new wonders. Twenty-five years after she made her first sensation in America, she is again the sensation of three successive theatrical seasons! And she has no interest in seeing her name in lights. She has had the glory of stardom and the thrill of having a theater named for her, but—like the house in Hollywood—she no longer wants them. She is interested only in seeing the play come to life and in playing her character with all that she has learned to put into it. She has more eagerness, more joy in creation than any woman of the theater I have ever known. And she has more real humility.

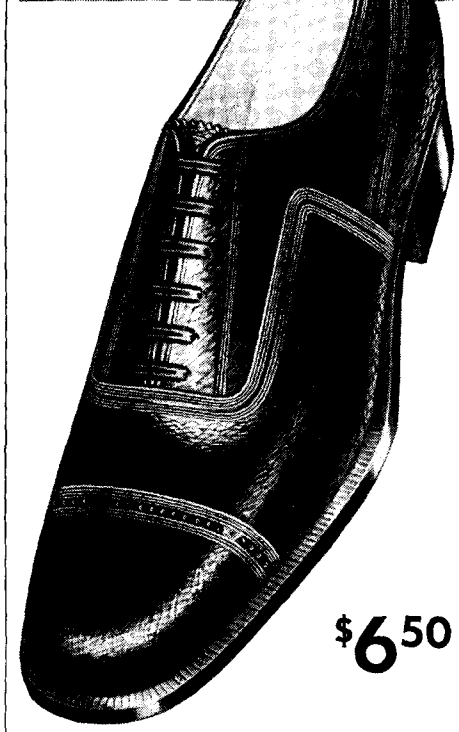
Hauptmann's Tribute

When the great German dramatist, Gerhardt Hauptmann, was leaving this country, all that the ship-news reporters could get out of him consisted of bursting enthusiasm for the performance of Alla Nazimova.

"Not since the young Duse have I seen such acting!" he cried, and he sent to her a photograph of himself with the inscription: "*Für Alla Nazimova, die Russische Duse—mit tiefer Bewunderung.*" But the "Russian Duse" whom he regarded with such "deep admiration" did not take it as might one great artist accepting the tribute of another great artist. Not at all! Hers was the delight of receiving a surprising, unexpected and overwhelming gift. And when I suggested that, after all, it was entirely as it should be, she looked at me with a sort of gentle reproach and said remindfully, "But you know, he is a *very* great man."

One cannot define her. One cannot really describe her. I cannot tell you how she was dressed the last time that I saw her. I have a recollection of something of a deep, live blue with a splash of red across it. Was that what she wore? I am not sure. Perhaps a painter would explain it was Nazimova.





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The Locked Door

Continued from page 16

wish some of 'em was good ones. We'll go see Lincoln & Wells."

We went to the office of the building management company and saw Mr. Wells.

"What did Millen go to that building for, Mr. Wells?" O'Malley asked him.

"That's inexplicable. That building is not under our management and he cannot have gone there on business. He was undoubtedly carrying several hundred dollars, and he was a careful man, and I cannot imagine his going into a building he knew nothing about."

"You tell us what his job was."

"Most of the tenants in buildings which we manage pay their rent by check or come here to the office and pay it. Every month there are a number who, for various reasons, are delinquent. Millen called on those people and collected the rent when possible and, if they could not pay, received their explanations."

"You know where he would have gone that day?"

"Approximately."

WELLS sent for a list and showed it to us. It gave the street numbers of something over half a dozen buildings and the names of several times that number of tenants. There were some folders on Wells' desk with a map of that part of New York, and O'Malley took one and marked the location of the buildings on it with a lead pencil.

We came out of the place.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"A guy that's got a job like Millen had don't do any more traveling than is necessary. He might start at the building nearest the office and work away from it, or he might start farthest away and work back. Anyway, I figure he'd take 'em in some regular order. I'm going around to 'em and see if we can find out where he went that day."

We went to the building nearest to the office. It was on West End Avenue. Millen, it proved, had been there between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the murder. All the tenants who were behind in their rent had seen him. At the second building, which was on Eightieth Street, and the third on Eighty-sixth, it was the same way. At the fourth building none of the tenants had seen Millen in several weeks.

"I begin to see through this," I commented. "After Millen left the building on Eighty-sixth Street he would naturally have come here. He never got here, so whatever happened to him began somewhere between."

"You try to make it easy. We're only guessing he'd have come here. We don't know where he went when he left that building."

"What were you expecting to find?" I asked.

"I thought maybe we'd find some building where some of them had seen Millen and some of 'em hadn't; then we'd know that what happened to him started in that building. Well, I'm going to quit and start again tomorrow."

I met him the next day.

"Headquarters dug up something that might interest you," he told me. "This Andris family that lived in that apartment went to South America when they left there."

"Then it doesn't matter whether they kept a key or not."

"It looks that way."

"So," I said triumphantly, "we come back to the janitor who was the only one who did have a key."

"I don't guess he had anything to do with it."

We took up where we had left off the night before and visited another building. The tenants had not seen Millen.

"We've got only one building left," O'Malley said. "It's on Amsterdam Avenue and there's only one guy there ain't paid his rent, and I can't fit it in how Millen would have went there."

"The Eighty-sixth Street building," I said, "is nearest the one where the body was found. You can take it from me that he went directly from Eighty-sixth Street, where we lost track of him, to where they found him."

"We'll finish the job, though, by going to this Amsterdam Avenue place."

We went out there. The one tenant who had not paid his rent was named Jaklin. A large-framed blond woman opened the door and her husband, who was a heavy-featured, unintelligent-looking man, sat by a window reading a newspaper. O'Malley made his usual inquiry.

"If you're from Lincoln & Wells," the man said, "I went to their office and paid my rent yesterday. Show 'em the receipt, Hilda."

The woman brought the receipt.

"That's all right," O'Malley told them. "I guess you promised Millen that you'd do that."

"We ain't seen Millen. He ain't been here for a month."

"Well, you won't see him again."

O'Mailey sat down.

"No," the man agreed. "I saw that in yesterday's newspaper. Who knocked him off?"

"Nobody knows. But whoever done it picked up a nice piece of money."

"He had money on him, did he?"

"He'd collected several hundred dollars' rent, but that wasn't anything. This guy Millen didn't believe in banks."

The man and woman looked at each other. O'Malley got up to go.

"What do you mean, he didn't believe in banks?" the man inquired with interest.

"He'd lost some money in a bank once, so he didn't trust 'em. He kept his savings on him. He had about three thousand dollars in bills sewed up inside his clothes, and whoever done the murder must have knew that and took the clothes along."

We went out.

"Where did you get that information about money in Millen's clothes, O'Malley?" I asked curiously.

He looked at me with a queer expression. "I heard it this morning. Well, now we've been to all these places and got nothing. I'm going over to the precinct station and sit around."

"If that's all you're going to do," I said, "I'll leave you."

"I'd advise you to come along."

WE WENT to the precinct station and O'Malley went into the captain's room and talked with somebody while I waited outside. He came out again and sat down and we didn't do anything. At one o'clock I went and got some lunch, but O'Malley wouldn't go with me, and I brought him back a sandwich. Still we didn't do anything except talk with the desk officer when he wasn't answering the phone or talking with somebody else. About three o'clock the phone rang and the officer answered it.

"This is for you," he told O'Malley.

"Where from?"

"Queensboro Bridge."

We went out and got into a police car and drove over Queensboro Bridge. When we got near Flushing a plain-clothes cop who was sitting on the curbstone stopped us and got in with us and jerked his thumb toward a side street and we turned that way.

We were near Flushing Bay. There were coal yards and other business places. The tide was out and the wet mud was gleaming, and there were marshes and rank vegetation which hid small shacks. Then we came to a second plain-clothes cop sitting in some bushes. He got up and we followed him and came to a shack, and went around to the door and looked in, and there sat Jaklin pulling apart some muddy clothes. He started up and tried to get away from us but the cops grabbed him.

"All right, fellow," O'Malley told him. "You're the guy we want."

"CLEAR this up for me, O'Malley," I said, somewhat later. "I saw what you did but I don't understand it."

"Why, when we found this Millen was a rent collector, I figured this wasn't nothing but a case of murder for robbery. Millen was a cautious guy and took no chances, so whatever happened to him happened while he was carrying on his business. But there hadn't nothing happened in the buildings we went to because the tenants all corroborated each other. They all said he was there and went away, or else that he hadn't come there. The one place something could have happened to him was at Jaklin's, because Jaklin didn't have no corroboration. Jaklin hadn't paid his rent and after Millen was dead he paid it, but we didn't have no evidence against him.

"I figured, when Millen came there to collect the rent, Jaklin might have made some excuse to get him to go to the other building with him, and then knocked him off. He took his clothes off to see if he had money hidden, and afterward he carried the clothes away with him to make it harder to identify him. He'd searched the clothes, of course; but when I told him and his wife Millen had money sewed into his clothes, they thought Jaklin must have overlooked it. I guess him and his wife had quite a pretty argument before Jaklin made up his mind to come out here and fish up the clothes again. They tell me he had business pretty often in Flushing and, after he'd killed Millen, he seems to have brought the clothes out and sunk 'em in Flushing Bay. Of course I'd had him watched."

"But," I said, still thinking of the janitor, "how did Jaklin get into the apartment? How about the key?"

"I don't know about the key."

When we got to the police station they had Mrs. Jaklin there and they took both their pedigrees. When they asked Mrs. Jaklin who her relatives were, she said she had none except a brother in South America.

"Your brother named Andris?" O'Malley asked her.

She saw she'd made a slip and wouldn't answer; finally she nodded.

"There's your key!" O'Malley whispered to me. "I guess when Millen come for the rent, Jaklin told him his brother-in-law had the money, and Millen went with him to get it. They probably knocked on the door and got no answer, and it didn't excite Millen's suspicions that Jaklin had a key to his brother-in-law's apartment."

"Good for you, O'Malley!" I commended. "This was nice work!"

"Yeah? There ain't nobody but you going to think that. They're going to think Jaklin was so dumb that anybody could have caught him."

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Just to be Stubborn

Continued from page 11

So I seen he was kidding me and I would have told him about the red-headed guy only Mary Lawrence had told me not to, so I tell him that any real New York or Chicago gangster would be afraid to come up in these hills for fear of getting lost, but as long as I am hired to guard the wedding presents I think I should guard them.

So everything is very jolly but after supper I says I will go back to the barn.

"Nonsense," Mr. Lawrence says, "we will give you a bed here in the house and you will get a good night's sleep."

I SAYS I would prefer to stay on the job so he says he will move a cot into the barn and some blankets and I tell him I can always take a nap in a chair but he insists, so I help him carry the cot out of his studio into the barn. And pretty soon I think it is a good chance to take a nap so I take off my shoes and my coat and my gat and turn in and I am all set when I hear a knock on the door and in walks Mary Lawrence.

"I am terribly sorry to disturb you, Mr. O'Donnell," she says, "but my conscience is troubling me. I cannot bear the thought of Dick sitting in jail and not knowing when he can get out."

"Madam," I says, "if nobody appears against him they will let him go when he sees the judge in the morning."

"I know," she says, "but it is all my fault. I should not have been so vindictive. I find I cannot stand it. Mr. Perkins has called up long distance to say he is on his way. I think we will just have time to drive down to Litchfield and arrange for Dick's release and get back here before Mr. Perkins arrives."

"But what about guarding this place?" I says.

"That needn't worry you," she says. "I will take the responsibility."

So I put on my shoes and my gat and get into her roadster and she starts off down the road as if she was going places.

When we get to Litchfield we explain to the sheriff that it is all a mistake and we are withdrawing any charges so finally he says it is all right and the jailer leads us down the corridor to the cell where they put this guy and he is asleep.

"Oh," Mary Lawrence says, "he would just go to sleep as if nothing had happened."

So the jailer yells at this guy to wake up and he opens his eyes and looks at her and says "Hello, Mary." And she says, "Wake up, Dick, we are going to take you home." And this guy looks at me and winks and says, "Well, if it isn't old angel face himself."

When we get out to her roadster this guy takes it for granted he is going to sit beside her and she tells him he can get into the rumble. And he says, "Mary, I would be delighted to ride in the rumble as usual but I have no overcoat and this beautiful night is frosty." And she says, "Oh, very well." So he climbs in beside me.

For the first mile or so nobody says anything. And then this red-headed guy says, "This really is a beautiful night, with the moon coming up." And she doesn't say anything. Then he turns to me and he says, "Angel face," he says, "I hope you don't mind my calling you angel face because it is one of the few terms of affection in my vocabulary that I am allowed to use in the presence of the lady."

"You can call me anything you like," I says.

"Very well, angel face," he says. "What I was thinking is that it is a perfectly beautiful autumn night and what could be a more beautiful experience than to be rescued from jail on such a night by the most beautiful woman in the world, whom you have always loved," he says, "though you may not always have been as tactful as you wish you had been about it. In fact," he says, "there is only one thing about it that is not beautiful."

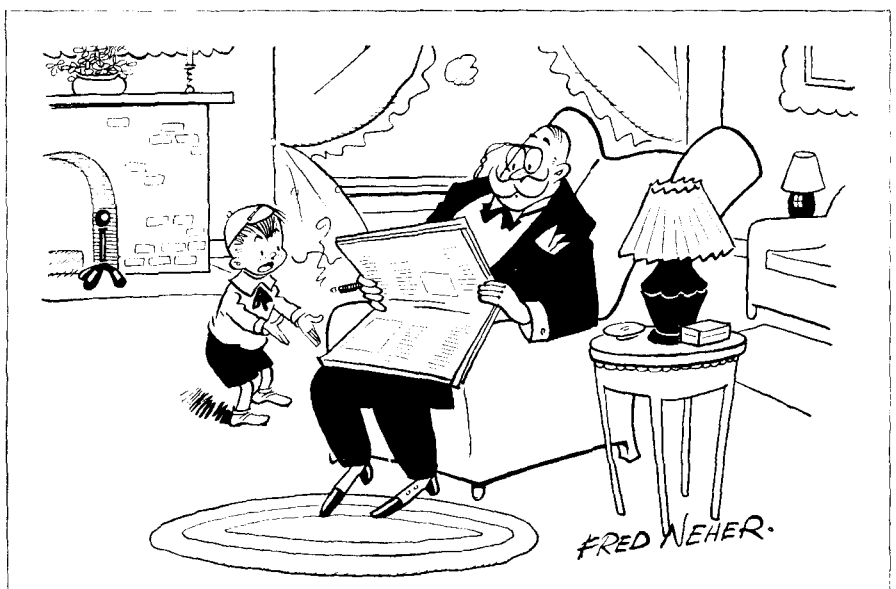
"Yes?" I says.

"AND that, angel face," he says, "is you. Through no fault of your own," he says, "and not that you are not one of the best guys in the world, which in my opinion you are," he says, "you are in the wrong place. For how can I tell her how much I love her with you sitting between us," he says. So if you will consider taking a taxi or any other vehicle you can hire at my expense in the next town, I would not only consider you a beautiful character but I will reward you by certified check or coin of the realm or whatever you prefer."

"Pay no attention to him, O'Donnell," this girl says.

"Very well," he says, "if you prefer it we will have it out in the presence of Mr. O'Donnell. And I shall be glad to trust to his judgment and permit him to decide which of us is wrong."

(Continued on page 48)



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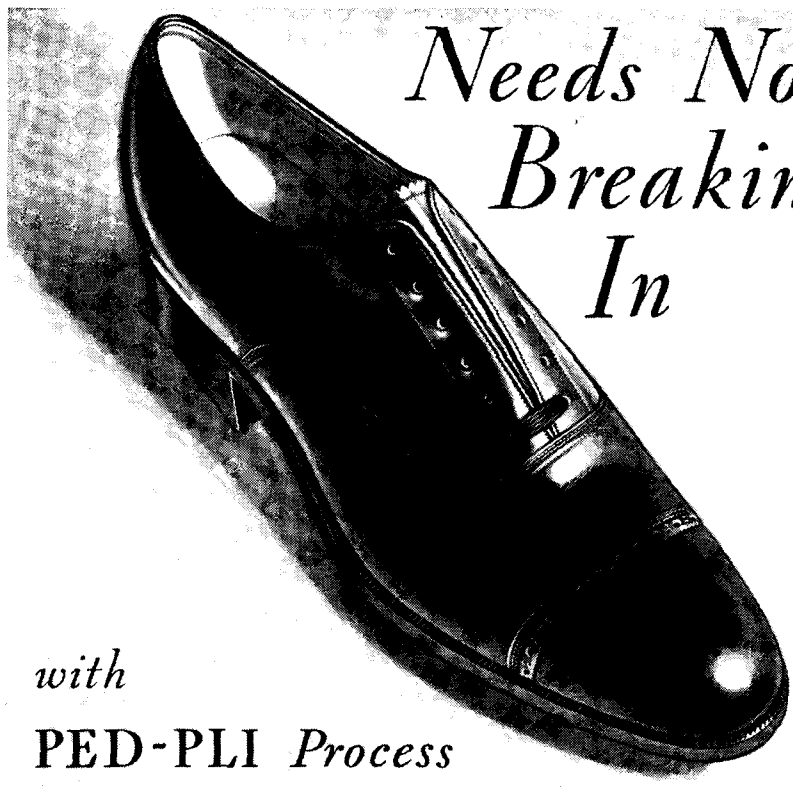

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(Continued from page 47)

"If you say another word, Dick," this girl says, "I will stop the car and ask Mr. O'Donnell to throw you out."

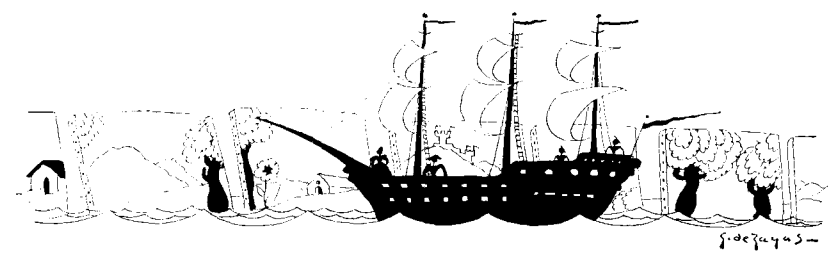
"Dearest," he says, "this is not the time for persiflage."

"Please do not speak to me," she says.

So this guy turns to me. "O'Donnell," he says, "you are a man of the world. You have seen much of the follies of men. You understand that marriage should be based on love. But, in addition, there should be something else. There should be a certain compatibility of temperament—a capacity for enjoying the same diversions, laughing at the same people, and living the same kind of life—in order that love may last.

"Now," he says, "it so happens that I fell in love with Mary and she fell in love with me and we discovered we were the same sort of people. I am careless, easy-going, and unworried. So is Mary. She is like her father, who long ago figured out that there was no use answering letters, because if it was important people would write again. I am like that, too. In short, Mary and I were made for each other.

"But," he says, "I thought that Mary slighted me and in a stupid fit of jeal-



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The most stupendous deception in history was played on Catherine II of Russia about 1780 when she sailed down the Dnieper River to see her new territory. To preclude her disappointment in the barren country, her ministers lined the banks with thriving towns and farms — all painted on wood and canvas.—*By David Patton, Athens, Alabama.*

Not so many years ago English ministers frequently wore black kid gloves during their sermons, ground mummy powder was an important ingredient in many European medicines, and the Japanese recited 108 prayers to purify themselves of their 108 different sins.

In the United States today there are several thousand boys and girls of 13 years and younger working at regular full-time jobs—and some of them are even under eight years of age.

Using water from its thousands of hot springs, Iceland now is able to grow large quantities of vegetables, fruits and flowers throughout its long, cold winters.—*By A. S. Brun, Oslo, Norway.*

Some scientific practices have not been changed or improved since the day they were formulated many centuries ago. For example, the six degrees of brightness assigned to the stars by the Greek astronomer Hipparchus 2,000 years ago are still in use today.—*By Marguerite Cook, New York City.*

One of the most astonishing cases of abnormal human growth was that of a girl exhibited at a meeting of the Physical Society of Vienna in 1894. Although only five years of age, she weighed 250 pounds.

A new drug, five times as potent as morphine, has recently been brought to America from Germany. It is particularly useful in the last stages of cancer because it virtually relieves all pain and permits the patient to be up and working.

In one very large industrial plant in this country 65 per cent of the jobs are thoroughly learned in one day's training while 94 per cent of them are fully mastered in one week.

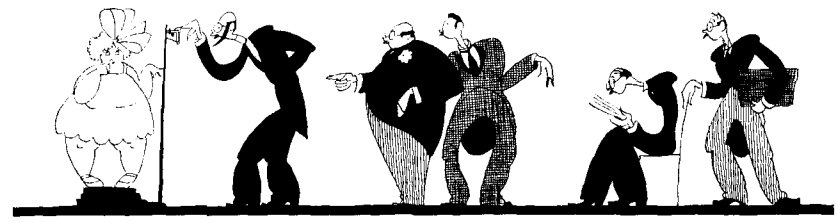
A newly discovered species of cynipid or gall-wasp uses the world's strangest method of race propagation. It crawls into other insects and lays its eggs within their eggs.

A shoe company in Czechoslovakia still employs 35,000 traveling salesmen, the furs of the world come from 174 kinds of animals, and fine blends of English whisky sometimes contain the products of 20 different distilleries.

Approximately 10,000,000 optimists put $4,000,000 worth of coins into the gambling slot machines of the United States every week. Of this amount, $3,000,000 goes to the owners while the remaining $1,000,000 is generously paid back to encourage a new crop of losers.

Old superstitions based on childish credulity still greatly influence our behavior. A recent survey made among 488 adults of superior intelligence revealed that altogether they were familiar with, and knew persons affected by, 1,224 different superstitious beliefs.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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ousy I did what only a hound or a man in love would do. I took her best friend to a dance," he says. "And to make matters worse," he says, "what does Mary do but turn up at the next dance with this impossible Perkins. I knew, of course, that she had picked him out because she knew he was the most objectionable rival in the neighborhood. Where I made my mistake was in saying so. Whereupon Mary told me that she was in love with him. And we had words. And before we were through I said things I bitterly regret, and Mary decided she would make good her threat and marry this bird out of spite."

This Mary Lawrence stopped the car. "Dick," she said, "you will either stop talking or you will get out and walk."

"I have only one thing more to say," he says.

"O'Donnell," she says, "throw him out."

"At least," he says, "I might ask O'Donnell here what his judgment is," he says. He turns to me. "Angel face," he says, "in view of all that I have told you, don't you consider it a mistake for Mary to marry this Perkins instead of me?"

"Throw him out, O'Donnell," she says.

I GET this guy by the collar. "Listen," he says, "I will say no more. In fact," he says, "I have nothing more to say except that I love Mary with all my heart and that I am not a ne'er-do-well. I went to England on business and I am happy to say that I am now in a position to marry. It was only when I received a cablegram from her father warning me that she was about to marry George Perkins that I dropped everything and caught the first boat home in order—"

"Will you stop?" she says.

"Yes, darling, I will," he says.

And he stops. He doesn't say another word until we arrive at the house. And we all go into the living-room where everybody is enjoying themselves in front of a log fire, cracking nuts and mulling cider. And as we walk in I see this Perkins.

"Why, George," Mary Lawrence says, "how quickly you got here."

And then this Perkins sees this guy Dick, and he says to Mary, "Where have you been?"

"Why, George," she says, "I have been down to the Litchfield county jail to get Dick out. O'Donnell mistook him for a burglar trying to steal the wedding presents this afternoon."

"It may be," this Perkins says, "that O'Donnell was mistaken in thinking he wanted to steal the wedding presents. It may be that he only wants to steal the wedding."

I see these two guys was going to mix it and I stepped between them.

"Gentlemen," I says. But that is as far as I got. One of these guys got me on one side of the face just as the other guy got me on the other side of the face and, my mouth being open, it cut heck out of both cheeks on my teeth.

And when these guys seen what they done they both sort of stopped breathing hard.

"Boys," Mr. Lawrence says, "it would be more fun for the rest of us if we knew what you were fighting about."

Neither of them says a word. So Mr. Lawrence turns to Mary. He says, "Mary, will you tell us?"

And I see tears running down her cheeks.

He puts his arm around her very gentle and he says, "What's the matter, Mary?"

And she says, "Dick got in from London today and came out here to try to persuade me to marry him and of course George objects."

Mr. Lawrence turns on Dick. "Do you really think it's sporting of you," he says, "to try to break up the wedding?"

Dick looks at him and says, "Well, really—" and then stops.

"Really, what?" Mr. Lawrence says.

"Never mind," Dick says.

"But I do mind," Mr. Lawrence says. "What excuse have you for making all this trouble?"

"Well, sir," Dick says, "after all—it was you who cabled me she was going to marry George Perkins."

This Perkins jumps forward. "Mr. Lawrence," he says, "is that true? Did you cable this hound to warn him?"

Mr. Lawrence looked at him. He was quite a nice guy, this Lawrence, even if he was a painter. "Yes, George," he said. "I did."

"What for?" George yells.

Mr. Lawrence had his arm around Mary. She put her head on his shoulder. "Because I knew he was in love with her," he says.

"Didn't you think I was in love with her?" this Perkins yells.

"Yes, I did, George," Mr. Lawrence says.

"Then," this George Perkins says, "what do you mean by trying to double-cross me?"

Mr. Lawrence looks at him, a little sad. "Because, George," he says, "I noticed that Mary was in love with him."

"Noticed it!" this Perkins says. "Noticed it! How could you notice it?"

"I did notice it," Mr. Lawrence says.

This Perkins takes Mary by the shoulder. "Mary," he says, "is it true?"

She lifts up her head and looks at him fair and square. "Yes," she says, "it's true. I—I'm terribly sorry but it's true."

"Very well," this Perkins says. "I can do nothing but accept the fact that I am double-crossed."

And this Perkins sort of bows himself out. And everything is sort of stiff, with Mr. Lawrence still standing there with his arm around Mary. And everybody looking first at her and then at this Dick.

"Mary," Dick says.

She shakes her head. "No," she said, "I won't marry you."

And her father pats her on the back.

"I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man in the world," she says. "Because," she says, "he's incapable of taking anything s-s-seriously—e-e-even m-m-me."

"Look at him, Mary," her father says.

So she looks at him and this guy that has kidded everything so far has tears running down his face. So she looks up at her father. "At least," she says, "you understand me. I will never forget your standing there and looking George in the eye and saying you sent that cablegram to Dick."

Her father looks at her. "But I did send Dick a cablegram," he says.

And then Mary straightens up and looks at Dick and then at her father and then back at Dick.

"I—I—" she says.

"I got two cablegrams signed Arthur Lawrence," Dick says. "One said, 'She is really going to marry Perkins,' and the other said, 'If you still love Mary you had better come home.' "

"Well," this Mary Lawrence says to Dick, "this is the first time I ever heard of the first one but the second one sounds familiar—as if—as if I had heard it before."

So then this Dick grabs her and she lets him and everybody is happy.

"I SEE it all," I said to Spike O'Donnell. "Only I don't see how you righted the great wrong. Nothing could have kept those two apart."

Spike O'Donnell rubbed one cheek tenderly and then the other. "If I hadn't a been right where I was," he said, "those two guys would have killed each other."

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The Best will Serve

THIS is the last time that the country will have to endure a lame-duck Congress and a holdover administration for the four long months between the November election and the March 4th inauguration. Before another campaign is fought the so-called lame-duck amendment will unquestionably have been ratified.

The nation needs leadership now. Obviously, a defeated President cannot lead. He can, however, shorten the interregnum.

Sixteen years ago President Woodrow Wilson told Joseph P. Tumulty, his secretary, that he intended to resign and to ask the Vice President to resign after appointing Charles Evans Hughes Secretary of State in the event the Republicans won the 1916 election. Mr. Wilson's victory made this drastic step unnecessary.

The problems confronting the nation now are more serious even than those faced in 1916. President Hoover would add mightily to his own personal prestige by calling upon Governor Roosevelt to assume the burden of office immediately.

Such an act of renunciation would be unprecedented but it would be justified by the emergency.

The most effective step which the President-elect himself can take is to announce without delay the names of the members of his Cabinet.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, or any other man upon whom the burdens of this time are placed, needs the aid of the ablest and most public-spirited citizens of this republic. Now as never before the office must seek the man and not the man the office.

Partisanship must be entirely ignored. Governor Roosevelt was elected by Republicans as well as Democrats. He would do well by his country to draft Republicans as well as Democrats for his Cabinet.

Draft is the word. The men needed must be drafted for service. The most useful undoubtedly will be disinclined to accept office. Neither money, fame nor the prestige of office will influence the kind of man eminent and competent enough to be needed for the work ahead. The only argument which will not be denied is patriotism.

Newton D. Baker, for example, would undeniably be reluctant to leave his home in Cleveland. Mr. Baker achieved a great record as Secretary of War under President Wilson. He is content to serve as a private person. The nation, however, needs his great abilities.

Who in the State Department could give the American people more confidence that our international affairs will be conducted with wisdom, skill and honor?

And how about former Governor Frank O. Lowden as Secretary of Agriculture? Mr. Lowden is a Republican. He aspired to the Presidency and lost. Yet no man in this country is today better able to administer our agricultural policies.

Harry Flood Byrd, large-scale farmer and, as governor of Virginia, famous for his success in profitably reorganizing state finances, is another eminent American whose services should be drafted.

For the Treasury Department someone of the caliber of Owen D. Young or Melvin A. Traylor of Chicago should be drafted.

Neither could accept office without personal sacrifice and yet one or the other is vitally needed. During the months ahead the Federal Treasury will require as seldom in our history the steady hand of sober, experienced leadership.

The office of Attorney-General will require the direction of a statesman of first-rate abilities during the years ahead. John W. Davis of West Virginia is among the most eminent and gifted of American lawyers. He is conservative, able and honest. He would add great strength to any administration. Why not draft him?

Albert C. Ritchie, governor of Maryland, is another first-rate executive who should be summoned to public service. Governor Ritchie would be a competent head of the War or Navy Department. He might well be entrusted with the long-deferred responsibility of merging these departments into a single Department of Public Defense.

Bernard M. Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board during the World War, would provide distinguished gifts, wide experience and brilliant leadership to the Department of Commerce.

The Post Office is a political department and tradition accords it to the successful manager of a Presidential campaign. So James A. Farley, Governor Roosevelt's manager, will doubtless be offered this post.

In some fashion President-elect Roosevelt should make use of the extraordinary gifts of Alfred E. Smith. He would be a superb Secretary of Labor and in any department his intelligence and magnificent sense of public service would shine.

In making and announcing such appointments far in advance of his inauguration, President-elect Roosevelt would upset tradition and establish a precedent. The times justify and demand unusual action.

In no more spectacular manner could Governor Roosevelt reassure the nation than by calling to service immediately men so well qualified that all would know that the best man available will be in office.

The makings of a brilliant Cabinet: 1, Frank O. Lowden; 2, John W. Davis; 3, Harry F. Byrd; 4, Bernard M. Baruch; 5, Newton D. Baker; 6, Owen D. Young; 7, Alfred E. Smith; 8, Melvin Traylor; 9, Albert C. Ritchie; 10, James A. Farley

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